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THE
BALLOON TRAVELS
of
ROBERT MERRY
and his
Young Friends,
Over various
Countries
in
EUROPE.
EDITED BY PETER PARLEY.

THE

BALLOON TRAVELS,

OF

ROBERT MERRY

AND HIS

YOUNG FRIENDS,

OVER VARIOUS COUNTRIES IN EUROPE.

EDITED BY PETER PARLEY.

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this volume, is to entertain and instruct the reader by carrying him, in imagination, with a party of adventurers in a balloon, over the most interesting portions of Europe.

The design of the writer is, in fact, to make every reader a party to the voyage, a companion of the various adventures, from the beginning to the end. Hence, he is permitted to listen to all that is said and done, and to participate in all that is seen and felt, throughout the expedition.

However it may appear to be a mere work of fancy, it is still believed that it will give the readers the advantage of seeing some interesting portions of the Old World, in a new

and striking point of view. It is an easy mode of traveling—that of gliding along in the air—and the opportunity it affords of rapidly passing from country to country, looking down upon each, and studying it like a map—surely must prove an effectual mode of impressing their form and appearance upon the mind and memory. However the general thread of the story may be imaginary, the geographical and historical representations are designed to be correct. It is hoped too, that the occasional passages of moral instruction, given in the conversations of ROBERT MERRY, may be useful, by imparting sound morals and good manners. At all events, it is believed the work may contribute to the innocent pleasure of youthful readers, and for this object it is mainly intended.

PETER PARLEY, *Editor.*

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BALLOON TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

Merry. Well, my young friends, I am going to write a new book, and I desire to consult you about it.

All the children. Oh, a new book!

Ellen. What is it to be about?

Laura. What is to be the name of it?

James. I hope it is to be a Fairy Tale.

Peter. I hope it's to be about wild animals, and Indians, and going to sea, and all sorts of adventures.

Seth. I hope it is to be about——— about——— about all sorts of things!

Merry. Stop, stop, my friends. It won't do for every body to be speaking at once. I propose to call my book

Truth more wonderful than Fiction!

James. That sounds very well, but after all, what is it to be about? What are the wonderful truths which you mean to tell of?

Merry. I am going to give an account of some of the curious things in Geography and History.

Laura. Oh, we've all read Geography and History.

Merry. I know that very well, but perhaps I may still find something to say on these subjects which is new and interesting. Tell me, Laura, what is geography?

Laura. A description of the earth.

Merry. Yes, geography is a description of the earth—of its form, its size, its motions, its climates and seasons, its mountains and rivers, its animals and vegetables, its towns and cities, its antiquities, its nations and tribes.

James. We have learnt all that in our geography book.

Merry. I am very glad to hear that you know so much. But let us look into this book of engravings a moment. Here is a picture of Mount Etna!

Laura. Oh yes, I have seen it before. Etna is a famous volcano, or burning mountain, in the island of Sicily.

Merry. You are quite right, Laura. And now let me ask if you should not like to go there?

Laura. Certainly.

Merry. And should you not like to go there with me? And when we get there, should you not like to hear me tell you some stories about this wonderful place?

Laura. Of all things; that would indeed be a pleasant way of studying Geography and History. But how could you get to the top of Mount Etna with your lame foot?

Merry. Sure enough? Suppose we go in a balloon!

Laura. Oh, now you are joking. It is really too bad to raise my hopes so high, and then to disappoint me.

Merry. But you know people now-a-days travel about in balloons. A short time since a man named Godard, with six of his friends, ascended in a balloon from Paris. Having gone about forty miles they descended to the earth, and got some supper. A part of the company now remained behind, but the rest got into the balloon, and the next morning alighted at the town of Spa, in Belgium. Thus they had traveled a great part of the night, and gone a distance of one hundred and sixty miles in ten hours.

All the children. Oh, wonderful! wonderful!

Merry. Well, another man in Paris, named Poitevin, has taken up a small horse in a balloon, and carried him five thousand feet into the air. The same man has also carried a wagon and two horses with him up as high as the clouds. He has also taken up six Arabs at once in his balloon. Some people suppose that traveling from one country to another will soon be very safe and very common.

Laura. That is, indeed, very wonderful; and now, Mr. Merry, I suppose you intend to hire Mr. Poitevin's balloon, and take us with you into the air, and go sailing all over the world, to see the mountains, and rivers, and volcanos, and other curious things.

Merry. Well Laura, that is not a bad guess. Sup-

pose I do hire a balloon, will you and James, and Ellen, and Seth, and Peter, go with me and travel over the world?

Laura. Are you really in earnest Mr. Merry?

Merry. To be sure I am.

Laura. Of course we will go.

Ellen. Don't be too sure of that, Laura. Is it not dangerous Mr. Merry?

Merry. A little dangerous perhaps, but think of the pleasure we shall have, in sailing along over hills and mountains, lakes and streams, towns and cities.

Laura. It will be a capital mode of studying Geography, the land and sea lying all spread out before us, like a map?

Merry. Certainly.

James. I suppose we can stop, and examine places that we are interested in.

Merry. Of course.

Seth. And beside, we shall be hungry, once in a while, and shall be obliged to stop and get a dinner or supper?

Merry. Yes, no doubt.

Peter. But where shall we go to?

Merry. We can go where we like.

Ellen. I want to go to Jerusalem.

Laura. I want to go to Egypt.

Peter. I want to go to Mount Etna.

Seth. I want to go to London and Paris, and Constantinople, and everywhere else.

All the Children. Oh it is delightful, Mr. Merry. Do let us go!

Merry. Well, well, it is all settled: when shall we start?

James. Right away!

Laura. No, no, we must make some preparation.

Merry. Well, come all hands to-morrow, and we will have a trial. We can set out here from Boston, and if we don't like it, we can return.

All the Children. That's right—that's right!

Ellen. But Mr. Merry, you said you were going to write a new book.

Merry. Certainly, I am going to write an account of our voyage.

Laura. Why don't you call it Balloon Travels, then?

Merry. That would indeed be a very good title.

James. Well, is all agreed Mr. Merry; we are to come to-morrow?

Merry. Yes.

Peter. Had'nt I better bring a bag of ham and sausages, and bread and cheese and crackers, and a little currant jelly, and a few other things?

Merry. Don't trouble yourself Peter—I will see that everything is prepared.

CHAPTER II.

The Start.—Excitement.—Reflection.—Poetry.—A Nap.

Merry. Good morning, my friends! I hope you are all well.

Ellen. Good morning, Mr. Merry! Are you actually going?

Merry. Pshaw, Ellen—do you suppose I am a child—to promise a thing and not do it? (*He goes to a window and opens it.*) Look there!

All the Children go to the window and look out. Why it is a real balloon!

James. It is already full of gas!

Peter. How it bobs up and down, as if it was in a hurry to get away.

Merry. Come, boys and girls, are you ready?

Laura. Really, Mr. Merry, it is so sudden!

Ellen. And it looks so skittish! Are we to ride in that little bit of a car?

Merry. Certainly.

Laura. Why it is only a wicker basket. It really looks too frightful.

James. What nonsense! Come let us get aboard!

Peter. You havn't forgotten the bread and cheese, Mr. Merry?

Merry. No—no,—I tell you everything is provided for! Jump in—jump in! Sit down boys! Now let go the ropes! Steady, steady!

Peter. Why, we are going right straight up like a soap-bubble!

Laura. Dear me, how my head swims!

Merry. Shut your eyes Laura, shut your eyes! Sit still, James, or you'll tip us all over!

James. It is wonderful—we are already above the tops of the steeples: the people down in Boston there, don't look larger than grass-hoppers!

Laura. It is indeed, sublime! It seems as if we stood still in the air, and the earth, with all its hills and valleys, was sinking away from under us.

Ellen. We are already far up toward the clouds. See, we are drifting to the east, and there lies the blue ocean. Oh, I can trace the outline of the coast, with all its capes and promontories and headlands! What a wonderful spectacle—deep, quiet bays, studded with islands; busy villages scattered along the shore; and the numerous vessels, seeming like flocks of white birds, arriving at and departing from their several ports! On we go! Now the land has glided from us, and is hidden in the mist of the distance. Now we can see nothing but the skies above, and the blue, boundless ocean beneath!

Laura. Oh! it seems almost frightful.

James. Frightful? I think it is beautiful. Do you think that this traveling in balloons will ever become common, Mr. Merry?

Merry. That is quite possible—nay, probable. I have told you that it is common in Paris to carry up

wagons and horses, and sometimes a dozen people go up at a time. They have learned to manage balloons so well, that accidents are extremely rare. People who have been up several times, seem to have no fear, and enjoy their airy voyages very much. The great difficulty is to guide balloons, for you know that at present, they drift in the current of the wind, just as a boat without oars would drift in a current of water. By means of oars and rudders, boats and ships are directed whichever way we please. Many persons are now trying to devise something that will answer the purpose of oars and rudders to balloons. There is a man in Paris, named Pétin, who is now constructing a ship with which he expects to navigate the air. He has three immense balloons, to which are attached a light framework, a hundred feet long. Upon this, he has two small and very beautiful steam engines, which are to work the oars or rudders for sailing the ship. He has also several immense wings, ingeniously adapted to aid this operation.

James. Do you think he will really be able to sail in the air with this immense ship?

Merry. It is very probable he will not succeed, but even if he fails, some other person may take advantage of his invention, and at last make it successful. Many things, which are common now, seemed impossible fifty years ago. When Robert Fulton was at work at his steamboat, people laughed at him, and said that to attempt to apply steam to navigation was altogether

absurd. Yet Fulton succeeded, and nothing is more familiar to us, now, than steamboats. When it was proposed to run steam-cars upon railroads, many wise persons deemed it ridiculous; but railroads are now the common means of traveling from one country to another.

Peter. But, Mr. Merry, it seems to me there is one thing very much against balloons, and that is that there are terrible storms, and wind, and thunder, and lightnings up in the air. What would a balloon do if caught in such a tempest?

Merry. It must do as the Parisian aëronauts do; it must rise above it.

Peter. Oh—I did not think of that.

Merry. Mr. Poitevin, the great Paris air-traveler, has often been caught in clouds and thunder-storms, and he has always escaped by rising into the higher regions, where he finds a calm atmosphere.

Laura. That is a beautiful idea—and it suggests another: but—— but——

Merry. But what? Speak, Laura!

Laura. I am afraid to speak, for James and Ellen are always laughing at me.

Merry. Why do they laugh at you?

Laura. They say I am so poetical—so fantastical!

Merry. Don't mind them, Laura: tell us what you were thinking of.

Laura. Why, you said that above the clouds and storms, there was a calm and tranquil region, to which

the balloon-voyager might escape, in case of need. It suggests to me the idea that still beyond, there is a region more tranquil, more secure, more peaceful to those who have found the voyage of life too stormy and tempestuous. I once thought of this, and wrote some lines about it.

All the Children. Repeat them, Laura: repeat them!

Laura. I will, if James won't look so queer.

James. How do I look?

Laura. Why, you wink at Ellen with your lip; I know what that means.

Merry. Poh—poh—Laura. Don't mind James. Come—begin!

Laura. Well, I will repeat the lines—though I had nearly forgotten them:

How fair is the landscape—
 How lovely the hue,
That robes yonder mountain
 In tissues of blue!
How soft winds yon river—
 How sweet spreads the vale—
How lovely the fragrance
 That comes on the gale!

Oh, sweet is the scene
 Of earth's beauty to-day—
But to-morrow it fades
 In the tempest away.
Ah, then comes the cloud
 With its shadows of night,
And pleasures, like flowers,
 Sink down in their blight.

Alas! is it thus, that
Happiness flies—
Uncertain to-day—
And to-morrow it dies?
Look, pilgrim of earth,
To yon region above,
There, there is thy home—
In that region of love!

The cloud and the storm
That trouble thee here,
Belong to the earth,
And not to that sphere.
There, the sun is unclouded—
There peaceful the scene—
And the soul like the stars,
Ever bright and serene.

Ellen. Very good; excellent. You must be the poet of our expedition, Laura.

Laura. Well, and you shall be the story-teller.

James. And Mr. Merry, will be the captain!

Ellen. And Peter shall be the cook!

Merry. What will you be James?

James. Oh, the doctor!

Merry. And you Seth?

Seth. Nothing! (*All the Children laugh heartily.*) Well, you may laugh as much as you are a mind to: I don't care. Dear me, how sleepy I am! (*He stretches himself out and falls asleep.*)

James. Well, I feel sleepy too.

Ellen. And so do I.

Laura. And so do I.

Merry. And so do I. Well, we'll all go to sleep. I'll wrap you up warm, for its very chilly. There snug down! You needn't be afraid—there's no danger up here of running ashore, or getting against icebergs, or being sent to the bottom by a ship or steamer. Hum—hum—ha—a—a—(*Goes to sleep.*)

CHAPTER III.

Color of the Sea.—Poetry of the Sea.—Serious reflections.—Land, ho!—Ireland.—The Giant's Causeway.

Merry. (*Rubbing his eyes.*) What a nap I have had! I feel as if I had been snoozing for a week; I must wake up these children.

Laura. Oh dear—dear! Where am I?

Ellen. Why—what's the matter? Have we run aground?

James. Where are we—I can't see any thing?

Seth. Why, I should think we were all in a feather bed. What does it mean?

Merry. We are in a cloud, and all around us is like a thick fog.

James. Well, that is a pickle!

Peter. Speaking of pickles—Mr. Merry, have we got any on board?

Laura. Oh, see, the cloud is clearing away! What

a scene! Here we are, high up in the heavens, and far below is the blue boundless ocean.

Peter. You call the ocean blue, Laura: I thought it was green.

Seth. There must be something very strange about the sea;—sometimes they call it blue, and sometimes green; sometimes black, and sometimes silvery; sometimes golden, and sometimes yellow; and then there's the Red Sea, and the White Sea, and the Black Sea, and the Yellow Sea. One would think the ocean like a chameleon, changing its colors according to the object which is near it.

Merry. And it is really somewhat so, Seth. The sea, at different times, has many shades and hues. Sometimes it reflects the sky, and then it is blue; sometimes it reflects the color of the green plants and weeds that are growing down in its bosom; sometimes it catches a golden color from the setting sun; sometimes it has a silvery tinge, from the fleecy clouds that are floating above. It is this changeableness of the ocean, in part, that makes it so attractive, and renders it the favorite subject of poetry and song.

Laura. I think that is quite true, but it seems to me that there are still other reasons why the ocean is so poetical. It has not only many changes of color, but great variety of aspect. To-day it is smooth and peaceful; to-morrow it is rough and stormy. There is also something mysterious about its hidden depths—where sharks, whales, and other monsters

dwell. It has also a thousand caves, grottos, and even groves of coral, where it is said the mermaid dwells. The sea also is a scene of danger; thousands have been wrecked by it, and down in its bosom, "full many a score fathom, their forms decay."

Ellen. I think I can tell what you are thinking about, Laura.

Laura. What?

Ellen. I think you had in your mind Percival's beautiful poem of the "Coral Grove"—

"Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,"

and William Diamond's touching ballad of the "Sailor Boy."

Laura. I was not aware of it—yet I think you are right, Ellen. We often speak in the language of others, when we are not conscious that we are doing so.

Merry. That is a sensible remark, Laura, and I wish to draw a lesson from it. If we catch the language of others, we should be careful of the company we keep. It is the same as to books, for these are our companions. If we would exalt and refine our conversation, we must exalt and refine our minds by reading the best authors. We may consider the mind as a garden. If we would have it free from dangerous plants and poisonous weeds; if we would have our garden of the soul blooming with fresh and healthful flowers, we must sow it over with the seeds of beautiful and pure thoughts, derived from the society of good people and from good books.

Laura. That seems to me very just, Mr. Merry. Nothing can be so important as to have this garden of the soul thus planted and thus kept free from the weeds of vice and sin; thus productive of healthful bloom and life-giving fruit. Oh, how terrible it would seem to have our chief inheritance in life;—the immortal mind,—grown over with poisonous plants, and hateful weeds!

Merry. Very true, my dear Laura, that is a very striking thought. It would indeed be terrible—fearful beyond conception—to have the soul—the seat of all our emotions, the fountain of all our thoughts, the spring of every pleasure and pain, thus become a scene of vice and wickedness; a garden, where, instead of good fruits, thorns and briars and noxious plants shoot up, and cover and encumber the ground. How dreadful is a human soul, engrossed with evil thoughts—envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Let us beware of this, and let us remember, too—that if our hearts become thus evil, we shall be to blame for it: we shall be our own worst enemies, and work our own destruction. But see—the sun has gone down, and the stars are beginning to appear.

Ellen. Really Mr. Merry, I cannot find words to express my feelings—every thing seems so strange—so beautiful,—so wonderful!

Merry 'Tis, indeed most wonderful to be thus gliding along in our aerial ship, and to see the earth and sky, so tranquil, so sublime. How stupendous are

the thoughts that come over the mind! One might almost desire to leave the dark and stormy world below, and to rise up to the skies, and dwell forever in the pure and peaceful abodes of the stars! I cannot but think, my dear children, that something like this will be the feeling of the soul, when, liberated from the body, and forgiven of its sins, it rises on its wings of light, to seek its home in heaven.

Laura. I think I have often had such thoughts, when looking into the sky.

Merry. Yes, God has surrounded us with many things which invite us to religious contemplations. The stars above, glimmering in the great canopy of heaven, lead our thoughts to Him who made them. The wonderful spectacle which we behold in the bosom of a smooth sheet of water—a reflection of the sky and its majestic scenery—has always struck me as a beautiful and eloquent sermon, preaching of God and heaven, of purity and peace. But come—it is time to think of our voyage, and to take a reckoning. How many miles do you think we have gone?

Ellen. That depends on our speed. How fast does a balloon travel, Mr. Merry?

Merry. It goes according to the rate of the wind, from four to fifty miles an hour.

Seth. I hope we've almost got there!

James. Got where, Seth?

Seth. I don't know where we are going!

Merry. I have laid our course for the first land in



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Europe. What will that be—can any one of you tell?

Laura. Ireland.

Merry. Yes, Ireland is the nearest part of Europe; suppose, then, that we land there.

James. Yes, yes—we'll land in Ireland.

Seth. When we get there!

James. Really, I'm getting tired.

Peter. And I'm awful hungry.

Seth. And I'm awful dry.

Merry. Well, well, I can see land!

All the Children. Land, ho!

Merry. Yes, and it is Ireland: I have seen it before, and I know it well. This is the northern coast, and there is the Giant's Causeway!

All the Children. Oh, the Giant's Causeway! the Giant's Causeway!

Merry. Very well; now take care, while I let out the gas. See, here we descend! How beautiful the land looks, with the sea circling along its rocky shores. Look out there! Bang! Here we are on the Coast of Ireland!

CHAPTER IV.

Merry and his friends on the North Coast of Ireland.—Description of the Scenery.—Giant's Causeway.—Love of Country.—Geographical Description of Ireland.—History.—The Carthagenians.—Round Towers.—St. Patrick.—The Druids.—Conquest of Ireland by the English.—Poverty of the Irish.—Approach to England.

Merry. Well, Laura, how do you like it?

Laura. Why, I'm so giddy—so bewildered, I hardly comprehend where I am or what is before me. How strange it seems to be actually in Ireland! And this is the north coast?

Merry. Yes; here before us, you see is the ocean; to the north-east yonder, is Scotland, bordered by groups of wild and rocky islands. But this Irish shore—how bold it rises from the water! What a lofty and frowning battlement of eternal rock does it oppose to the sea, seeming to say, "Hitherto mayest thou come, but no farther!"

Ellen. It is very grand.

Merry. Yes. Look down at the surf which beats with ceaseless thunders at the feet of these rocks, seeming to exhaust itself in idle fury and impetuous, though melancholy murmurs. How solemn, how suggestive of lofty and poetic thoughts, is this battle-ground between the sea and the land! The ocean, the mightiest emblem of Omnipotence, seeming to be resistless in its pride and in its power, dashes against a barrier mightier than itself. It is resisted—arrested

—defeated. It recoils, as if in anger; it heaps up its scowling waves; it calls upon the tempest, and this puts its broad shoulders to the accumulated mass of waters. The gigantic battering ram is driven, roaring and foaming, with a voice like that of a multitudinous army, against the audacious enemy. Broken into spray, scattered like mist, blanched like sleet or snow, the baffled tide rolls back—a fugitive subdued, chastened, overcome! Yet the defeat is momentary; the tide prepares to renew the attack. Again the billows are rolled up; again they rush headlong against the rock; again they are baffled and beaten back. And this battle never ceases; it has been waged since "creation's dim and distant morn." Even when the tempest is lulled, and the ocean seems to sleep from exhaustion and fatigue, the ever-toiling tides are tossing, and swelling, and breathing along the little bays and around the promontories which have been chiseled and scooped out of the solid rock, in this restless and ceaseless conflict of sea and land.

Ellen. Is it not here Mr. Merry, that there are so many curious caves cut out of the rock by the waves?

Merry. Yes; if we were to take a walk along the margin of the sea, and at the foot of this shore, we should find deep excavations, and even shadowy caverns winding far under the land, where we might hear the echo of the ebbing and flowing tide. Here, if we had time, we might dream of mermaids, and,

perchance, attempt to imitate their song. Or, if our fancy were more sober, we might be content to conjure up historical tales of the time when the Danish sea-kings roamed wide and free over this northern ocean, and at one period held their revels and stored their plunder in these dusky caves, and at another made them their retreat from the pursuit of their enemies. Or, if we indulged a still less romantic train of fancy, we might recall more recent events, and think of these wild wave-worn temples as the resort of pirates at one time, and the den of smugglers at another. Yet, whatever turn the mind may take, the scene along this coast of the north of Ireland, like every other which bespeaks the eternal war of the elements, rouses up trains of solemn and imposing meditation.

Laura. It is certainly very wonderful.

Merry. But in the midst of this scene is one of the greatest curiosities of nature—a mass of rock, reaching from the cliff down to the water, and even extending under it as far as we can see, consisting of upright pillars of stone, all formed into five, six, or seven regular sides. These pillars are jointed, or divided, but so nicely fitted that a knife-blade cannot be inserted at the joints; yet, when pushed, they easily separate at these places. In some instances, the pillars are seen standing in masses together, and these appear, at a distance, like the pipes of an immense organ; and one place, on account of this resemblance, is called "*The*

Organ." But the precise spot, here before us, called the *Giant's Causeway*, seems like a vast stubble-field of short pillars of rock, standing upright. You may walk over many acres of these, whose tops shelve down from the cliff to the sea, and slope away under the water.

James. It is indeed amazing. I have often heard of this place, but I had no idea it was so extensive, so curious, so imposing. Pray why do they call it the Giant's Causeway?

Merry. You must know that the Irish people in early times were a fanciful race, and fond of tales and legends about the battles of sea-kings and the wonderful achievements of heroes; so it was very natural for them to imagine that this was the work of giants, and that, ages ago, these had built a causeway across the sea from this part of the island, over to Scotland. Such an idea was favored by the fact that, on the opposite coast of Scotland, the island of Staffa is found to be built of rocks, jointed in a similar manner.

Ellen. This was the fancy of the early and ignorant people of this region; but what was the real origin of this wonderful work? I suppose geologists could tell us?

Merry. Yes. Geology teaches us that it is the result of crystalization, at a time when the mass of the earth was melted, and then suddenly plunged into water.

James. Yes, yes; I understand: instead of assign-

ing this curiosity to the day when there were giants in the land, we are rather to believe that once upon a time—long, long ago—all Ireland was boiled in an immense pot, and these rocks came out of it like so many potatoes!

Peter. Well, I have always heard that Ireland was a great place for potatoes; but I never heard of their being boiled so hard before!

Merry. Nor in so big a kettle, Peter! But come let us get into the balloon, and continue our ride. You see it is all filled with gas, and ready to receive us. There, up we go! Don't hold your breath so, girls; we shan't break our bones. Now look down—what a superb prospect! How green the land is! No wonder they call it the Emerald Isle, and Green Erin. I can readily believe that the people who are born here should love it.

Ellen. I believe we all love our native country.

Merry. Can you tell me why it is so, Ellen?

Ellen. I suppose it is because we are made to love things which belong to us; and, beside, in the country of our birth we have our home. There our father and mother lived. When we think of home, we think of them. That home sheltered us in infancy; there we had our first sports—our first pleasures; there we became first acquainted with life and all its delights; there we made acquaintance with hills and valleys, flowers, and birds, and flowing waters. When we think of home, all the fond memories of childhood rise

up before us. Home seems to us a father and a mother—loving us, beckoning to us, taking care of us, blessing us! And this love of home, as we grow older, extends to the country around, and at last to the whole land, the state or kingdom, which we call our country, or our native land. It has blessed us, we naturally give it blessings in return.

Merry. Excellent, excellent, my dear Ellen; and now can you tell me what word signifies and expresses all this love of country?

Ellen. It is *patriotism*, I believe.

Merry. And patriotism is a prominent feature of the Irish character. The history of Ireland shows this abundantly.

James. I should like to read the history of Ireland.

Merry. It is very interesting; but we must first study its geography a little. The shape of Ireland you see is a long, irregular oval. Its coasts are rocky, and very deeply indented by the sea. It is three hundred miles long and about sixty miles from England, being separated from it by the Irish sea. The principal river is the Shannon; this is very small, compared with our rivers, being only about two hundred miles long. The chief city is Dublin, which contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. There are a number of other large cities, but the people live chiefly in miserable villages, consisting of mud huts. There are some rich

people in Ireland and some fine castles, but there is a great deal of poverty and misery.

James. But, Mr. Merry, Ireland looks very green and bright, and I do not see why the people should be poor and miserable.

Merry. That is a natural remark, James; but what seems strange to you, is not difficult to explain. The best way to make you comprehend this, will be to give you a sketch of the history of Ireland. Many, many years ago, before America was discovered, and while the people of England and France were savages, Ireland was inhabited by tribes of nations, who had come over and settled the country from Spain. They were called Celts, and spoke the language which the rude Irish speak now. Almost three thousand years ago, the merchants and traders of Phenicia and Carthage, visited the coast, and established trading posts here. It is supposed these people built the Round Towers, of which nearly eighty are still existing in Ireland.

Laura. I should really like to see one of them.

Merry. Well, give me the glass; no doubt we can find one. There, standing on the coast, to the north-east of that city yonder, is one of them! Take the glass, and you will easily make it out.

Laura. I see it: but what town or city is that close to the sea?

Merry. Belfast.

Laura. And what large city, enveloped in smoke, is that farther south?

Merry. That is Dublin.

James. Oh, is that Dublin? I should like to stop there.

Merry. No, no, James; we hav'nt time. We must go straight to England.

Ellen. Well, Mr. Merry, please continue the history of Ireland. I am quite interested in it.

Merry. After the Carthaginians had settled in Ireland, and traded there for several centuries, other people came into the island, and at length there was a large population there. The country was governed by a great number of chiefs, called kings, who kept up a constant war with each other. The Irish, at this time, had priests called Druids, who taught a strange kind of religion in temples made of stones set in circles, or in deep groves of oak trees. They often sacrificed human beings to their deities. In this state of things, a man by the name of Patrick came from France, and introduced the Catholic religion. This was about fourteen hundred years ago. He was a Roman Catholic, and the people have been mostly Catholics ever since. The more ignorant classes even believed that Patrick, who is called St. Patrick, performed many miracles. As there are no snakes or other venomous reptiles in the island, these people believed that Saint Patrick destroyed them.

James. I don't wonder the Irish are so fond of St. Patrick.

Merry. It is very natural, certainly. Well, after a time, Ireland was conquered by the English. This took place about eight hundred years ago. The English were a different people from the Irish, and had a different religion. So it very naturally happened that the two races disliked each other. The English government was very severe, and tried to make the Irish give up the Catholic religion and adopt the English religion; and, hence, many wars took place between them. All this time, the people of Ireland increased in numbers, so that the population, a few years since, was seven or eight millions. Still, as most of the wealth of the country was carried away to England, it continued to be very poor; and, as was very natural, the people were not only unhappy, but discontented. They broke out into frequent rebellions, but they were always subdued by the English. Thus Ireland has gone on, conquered and kept down, in a state of poverty, by the dominion of England.

James. I now understand why Ireland is so poor, while it is yet so fine an island: it is because the people have been badly governed, and perhaps oppressed for many hundred years, by the English.

Merry. Yes, that is no doubt the reason. Of late, it is thought, the British government has changed its policy, and is really inclined to do more justice to Ireland. I sincerely hope it may be so.

James. Still, if they continue to be unhappy at home, they can come to America?

Merry. Certainly: thousands of them do come every year, and many of them are very useful and very happy, there.

James. And some are very troublesome.

Merry. No doubt.

Ellen. But see, we are leaving the land, and are again over the water!

Merry. Yes, and this is the Irish Channel.

Seth. How swiftly we do go!

James. Oh, I see the land on the other side of the channel!

Merry. That is England.

All the Children. Oh, England! England!

CHAPTER V.

The Island of Great Britain.—Fog and Smoke.—Liverpool.—Beauty of the Country.—A Nobleman's Country Seat.—The Peasantry.—Manchester.—London.

Merry. Well, now that we are going to take a view of England, we may as well have a glance at the map. Here we see a large, irregular island, called Great Britain, on which we find England, Wales, and Scotland. England covers about two-thirds of the whole; Wales is a small piece on the west, and Scotland occupies the north. There are so many fine railroads in these countries, that it is hardly necessary to travel in a balloon. We can go from Liverpool to London, a

distance of two hundred and twenty miles, in four hours. However, we have not time enough for even this mode of traveling; so we must continue in our aerial car, till we get to London.

Ellen. How beautiful it is thus to glide along, swifter even than the birds.

Laura. Yes; but although we are now over England, it seems very dim.

James. I don't see anything but mist or smoke.

Laura. The whole country seems to be covered with fog.

Merry. England is indeed a very foggy country, but it is early morning, and the mist will clear away soon.

Seth. I think I can see a hole in it already.

Laura. Yes, yes, it is clearing away. Oh, how green and beautiful the country is!

James. Yes, it is quite clear, and I can see over a great extent of country. It seems to be very hilly, yet almost entirely covered with towns and villages.

Anna. What is that large town that looks so black, just by the side of the sea?

Merry. That is Liverpool.

James. Is that Liverpool, where the New York steamers come to? Let us have a good look at it. What a multitude of ships there are along the wharves!

Seth. Yes, but what makes it look so black? I should think all the houses were painted with soot.

Merry. The people burn coal here, in all the houses. There are also a great many manufactories, and these use a great deal of coal. The smoke mingles with the fog, and covers the city with a thick cloud. The particles of soot and moisture settle upon the buildings, and give a dark and gloomy aspect to the place. Still, Liverpool is a great town, and owns a greater amount of shipping than any other city in the world. There are also a great many interesting objects here; but we must hurry away, for there are a multitude of things to be seen in England. We will take our course to the eastward, and as we pass along, we must be particular to observe the country.

Laura. It is indeed most beautiful. Never did I see a country so finely cultivated. And what a multitude of towns and cities!

Peter. Yes, and only look through this spy-glass! All the fields appear like gardens. The ploughing is as straight as if it were done by a rule. Oh, everything is so neat and perfect! But what are those green lines, which seem to mark out the fields?

Merry. These are hedges, which answer the same purpose as fences of stone and wood do in our country.

Peter. Oh, are these hedges? How often have I read about them! What a beautiful appearance they give to the country!

James. The whole scene is indeed charming. But what fine place is that—an immense building with a delightful green lawn in front?

Merry. That is some nobleman's country seat.

Laura. Oh, how charming it is to be in England, and see a nobleman's country seat! Let me take the glass, James. Thank you! Oh, I can see a flock of deer, grazing like sheep in that beautiful lawn. That thick, dark wood, at the left, I suppose, is the park. What a fine thing it must be to be a nobleman, and have such a splendid estate, and have everybody take off their hats, and bow respectfully to you as you pass along!

Merry. Such ideas are very natural, Laura. But look yonder, at a little distance from the nobleman's magnificent hall! Here you see a large collection of thatched cottages. The people who dwell there are called peasants; they labor all their lifetime for this nobleman; they own no land—no property. Their clothes are poor; their food is of the coarsest kind. Very few of them can read or write. Such is their ignorance, and such their poverty, that they cannot escape from the condition in which they are born. They live on, from father to son, in the same dejected state; and all this is necessary, in order to support the magnificence of this nobleman. Wherever you find a great lord, with a rich and splendid estate, you find not very far off, a numerous and ignorant peasantry. Their degradation is necessary to his splendor. This being the case, would you like to be a great lord, my dear Laura?

Laura. Oh, no! I did not think of that. But are there many of these great lords in England?

Merry. Yes, the greater part of all the land in England belongs to rich proprietors; these cause it to be finely cultivated, and hence the country here is so very beautiful. But look yonder, a little to the east. That is Manchester.

James. Manchester? What an immense place! Indeed, the whole country around seems to be covered with towns and villages, as far as the eye can reach.

Merry. Yes, and you will observe a great number of tall, tapering chimneys, sending forth columns of smoke. These are furnaces, or the chimneys of factories. Manchester is one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world. I am sorry we have not time to stop and see what is going on in this busy place. It greatly resembles our city of Lowell, though it is five times as large.

James. Oh, I am delighted with England, there are so many interesting things to be seen! I think this balloon traveling is very well for some countries, but I should like to go over England on foot.

Laura. Oh, yes; that would be delightful! We could then stop and examine every thing, and Mr. Merry could explain everything to us.

Merry. That would take a long time, Laura.

Jane. Yes, but we should have a great deal of amusement, and gain a great deal of knowledge.

Merry. And it would take a pretty large book to tell about it. No, no, that won't do. But I will make a bargain with you: we will hurry along in our bal-

loon, and stop at London for a day or two. How do you like that?

All the Children. Oh, that's capital! We'll stop at London.

Merry. Yes; and we are already approaching it. Do you see there?

James. And is that London! What a dim looking place.

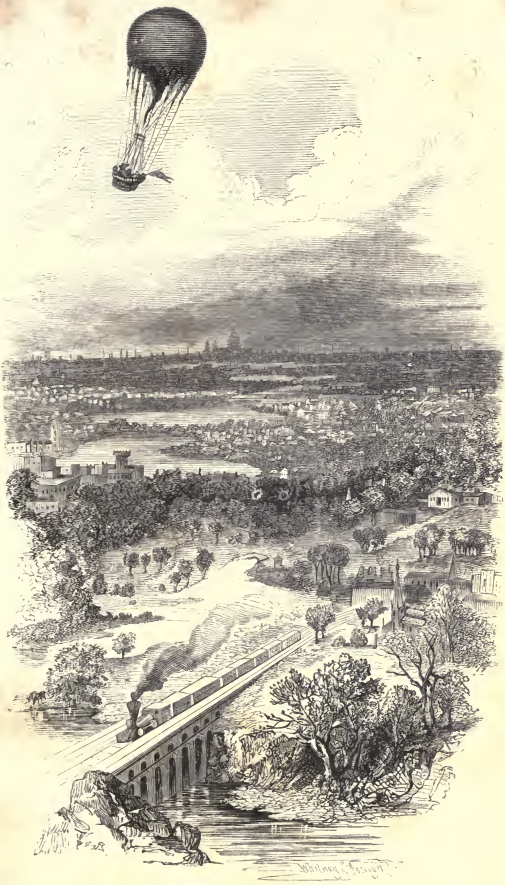
Laura. It is completely enveloped in smoke, but still I can see a vast space covered with houses and streets, and in the midst—dividing it into two parts,—is a small river, crossed by bridges. That I suppose is the Thames.

Merry. Yes; but you must not pronounce it *Tuimes*, but *Tems;* that is what the English call it.

Peter. Well, they may call it what they please: it is a little muddy stream after all.

James. But what a swarm of vessels, boats, and steamers there are upon it. London is indeed a wilderness of streets and houses and shops and people.

Merry. Here we are, over the very center of the city! Avast there! Steady! Steady! Well, we are now in Trafalgar Square, and this is Morley's Hotel!



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CHAPTER VI.

Breakfast.—Morley's Hotel.—Waiting to see the Lion wag his tail.—St. Paul's.—The Queen.—Prince Albert.—The Crystal Palace.—The Tower.—The Docks.—The Tunnel.

Merry. Now children, you have had a good night's rest. I suppose you have a good appetite. What will you have for breakfast?

All the Children. What you please, Mr. Merry.

Peter. Only let us have enough of it.

Merry. Well, ring the bell, Peter. (*Peter rings the bell, and a waiter, with a black coat, white neckcloth, white apron, and a napkin rolled up under his arm, appears.*)

Waiter. What will you please to have, sir?

Merry. Give us some breakfast, if you please.

Waiter. Tea and toast, sir?

Merry. Yes.

Waiter. Muffins?

Merry. Yes.

Waiter. Fried sole?

Merry. Certainly.

Waiter. Nothing else, sir?

Merry. That will do.

Waiter. Thank you, sir. (*The waiter disappears.*)

Merry. Now children, while the waiter is getting the breakfast, let us look out of this window. (*The Children go to the window.*)

Ellen. Oh, what a superb place! Is this Trafalgar Square?

Merry. Yes.

Laura. What a beautiful reservoir of water.

Seth. What a magnificent column, with an image of a man on the top of it.

Ellen. Oh, see that splendid building to the right!

James. What a multitude of people are going along in that street!

Seth. See that enormous house, with a great big stone lion on the top of it!

John. It's all very magnificent, but it seems to me the air is very smoky.

Merry. What a set of chatterboxes you are!

Ellen. You must excuse us, Mr. Merry, but it is all so wonderful. This is London! I really have never imagined any thing so superb—so grand. It seems to me that the people ought to be as large as giants, to build such mighty monuments. But pray, Mr. Merry, tell us the names of these things.

Merry. Well, to begin. Here we are, at Morley's Hotel. To the right you see a great building, called the British Museum, which is full of pictures and books and curious antiquities, and many other wonderful things gathered from all quarters of the world. This lofty and beautiful column in front, is called Nelson's Pillar. It is erected in memory of Admiral Nelson, who was a famous British naval officer. That statue on the top is said to be an excellent likeness of him. This large house to the left, with a lion on the top, belongs to a British nobleman, called the

Duke of Northumberland. This street, which runs by the side of it, is called the Strand.

James. Oh, yes! I have often heard of the Strand, and I remember a curious story about that stone lion.

Merry. Well, tell us the story.

James. Some years ago there was an American in London by the name of Perkins. He was famous for contriving many useful machines, and he invented the steam gun, which would shoot a hundred bullets in a minute. He was also a good deal of a wag. One day, he was coming along the Strand, and as the street is always filled with people, he stopped on the sidewalk, and began to gaze at the stone lion. There it stood, with its long, straight tail sticking out just as it does now. When the people saw Mr. Perkins gazing at the lion, they stopped and began to gaze also. Pretty soon there were two or three hundred people. At last, one of the crowd spoke to Mr. Perkins, and asked him what he was looking at. "Why," said he, "I'm waiting to see the lion wag his tail!" He then slipped out of the crowd and disappeared. But it was a full hour before the people understood the joke, and for a long time the street continued blocked up so that no carriage could pass.

Merry. I have heard the story before, and it is a very good one; it shows the curiosity which, I think, belongs to the people of all great cities, and which is gratified by the most trifling incident. But here is our breakfast. How nice it looks! These English hotels

seem to furnish every thing in perfection. Come, let us sit down.

Ellen. Oh, these muffins! they are excellent.

James. And this sole—I never tasted anything so good. Have we the same kind of fish in America?

Merry. A very few are said to be caught near New York, but it is extremely rare.

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Now, having finished our breakfast, let us consider what we shall do. London is an immense place, and it would take us a year to see all its curiosities.

Ellen. I should like to go and see the Queen.

James. I want to see the Tower.

Seth. I want to see the Tunnel.

Peter. I want to see St. Paul's Church.

Laura. I want to see Regent's Park.

Merry. Why, at this rate, we shall have to stay in London the rest of our lives.

Ellen. Well, Mr. Merry, the best way is for us to take you for our guide, for you have been in London before, and know all about it.

All the Children. Yes, yes! that is the best plan.

Merry. Agreed. Now I propose that we go to the top of St. Paul's Church.

To this proposition the whole party assented, so they set out, and after passing through a street, crowded with people and carts and carriages, called the Strand, they came to Fleet street.

Passing through this, and going along Ludgate Hill, they came to St. Paul's. This they entered, and after having admired its sublime interior, and having looked at the beautiful marble monuments of famous men, they ascended to the top of its tower. They were a little fatigued, but they were well repaid.

Ellen. What an amazing scene! On every side, it looks like an ocean of houses.

James. Yes, but it is covered with fog or mist.

Merry. But you must remember it is only ten o'clock in the morning. It is now clearing away. Do you observe that bending river, seeming to divide the city into two parts?

Laura. I see it! Oh, is that the Thames?

Merry. Yes.

John. Why, what a dirty little brook it is!

Merry. It is larger than you think; though it is much smaller than our great rivers. It is crossed by numerous bridges, and some of them are very beautiful.

Seth. Which way does the water run?

Merry. Its general course is from west to east. In the midst of the city, it makes a bend to the south, and then turns northward again. Now look to the west end of the town, and I will point out various objects to you. You see a tall building with two towers? That is Westminster Abbey. It is a very old and beautiful church where many celebrated poets have been buried. Near by is an immense edifice, covered with turrets.

You see it standing close to the river. That is the Parliament House, where the House of Lords and the House of Commons assemble to make laws for the British Empire. A little to the right is Buckingham Palace, where the Queen lives.

Laura Oh dear! dear! I must have a good look at that.

Merry. Well! take this spy-glass.

Laura. Thank you. What a superb place it is. Why it looks like a dozen houses all put together! And the grounds around are so beautiful! What charming walks there are! Can't we go and call upon the Queen, Mr. Merry?

Merry. I am afraid it would not be proper for such humble people as we are to present ourselves to her majesty.

Laura. But they say she's a very good woman.

Ellen. And they say she's got a great many beautiful children.

James. And Prince Albert, her husband,—they say he is a very kind gentleman.

Ellen. And they say he is very handsome.

James. Pshaw Ellen—what is that to you?

Ellen. Don't be offended James. A cat may look at a king: and I a poor Boston girl, may admire a prince.

Laura. I should much prefer seeing the queen.

Merry. What would you say, Laura, if you were introduced to the Queen?

Laura. Really I don't know; I havn't thought of that. I suppose I should ask her how she liked London, and whether all her family were well. You needn't laugh, James. Let me ask what you would say to Prince Albert, if you were to meet him.

James. Oh! I should ask him about—about—his Shanghae chickens: I understand he has got some as big as young Ostriches.

Ellen. Well, I would ask him about the Crystal Palace, which he caused to be built.

Two or three of the Children. Oh! where is the Crystal Palace?

Merry. The Crystal Palace which was first built, and in which was the great exhibition, is now removed to Sydenham, in the vicinity of London. You can see it yonder to the east, with the glass.

James, (*looking through the spy-glass.*) Oh! it is exactly like the pictures of it; I should think I had seen it a hundred times.

The Children, one after another, take a long look at the Crystal Palace, making various exclamations ——.

James. I am more and more astonished at this wonderful city.

Merry. It is indeed a most wonderful place. Mr. Webster was here some years ago, and he was so much impressed with its vast extent, that he kept saying—"Amazing—amazing!" But you have seen only a very small part of it yet. Do you observe, in the very

midst of the city, those extensive fields or gardens called Parks? There is Regent's Park, surrounded with beautiful houses, and decorated with beautiful groups of trees and shrubs, and flowers, and with winding pathways. There are also Hyde Park, and Green Park, and several others. All these are charmingly laid out, and here the people may walk at their pleasure.

Seth. How I should like to live in London!

James. London is very wonderful, but I like my own country best. Still, I should love to stay here a year and see every thing.

Merry. A year would hardly be sufficient. You must remember that London contains nearly three millions of people. It has about ten thousand streets, lanes, courts, and squares. But come—we must not spend too much time in looking at the West End. Let us turn to the East. Do you see that large, square, turreted building, standing close by the river?

Laura. Yes, yes! I see it. That, I suppose, is the Tower.

Merry. You are right, and a very curious place it is. It is a very old building, and was formerly the palace of the kings of England, and many sad events have occurred there.

Laura. Oh yes! it was there, was it not, that the two princes, sons of Edward IV., were murdered by the wicked, crook-backed king, Richard III?

Merry. Yes, and I don't wonder that it has ceased to be the royal residence. The kings and queens of

England, I should suppose, could hardly be happy in a place so full of terrible remembrances.

James. What use is made of the building now?

Merry. There is in it a depository of ancient and modern armor, which is beautifully arranged, and extremely interesting. In a little room, also, are the crown jewels, which are shown to visitors. There are also many other curious things there. Now let us look beyond—down the river. Do you not see something that appears like a forest of dried trees? These are the shipping, collected from all quarters of the world. The docks which have been erected to enclose these ships, have cost millions of dollars, and are some of the most wonderful works that have ever been devised and executed by man.

Laura. But where is the Tunnel?

Merry. It is a little beyond the tower; but you cannot see it from this point of view, for you know it extends under the river.

Seth. Will you describe it, Mr. Merry?

Merry. It is a vast passage, dug under the Thames; you can descend at one end, by means of stairs, going down sixty or seventy feet; you then walk to the other end, and there you ascend by similar stairs. In this way, you go from one side of the river to the other.

Seth. Do carriages and carts cross in this way?

Merry. No; it is only used by foot passengers. But I think, my young friends, you must be tired by this time. We have only taken a glimpse at London,

and that is a good day's work. We will go back to Morley's Hotel, take our dinner, and talk over what we have seen.

James. Well, let us return. But stop a moment! Do you see that big show bill: PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL, PUBLISHED HERE! I should like to go in and buy a copy.

Merry. No, no, James: that is a mere take-in: the book is not by Peter Parley.

James. What do they mean then?

Merry. Why, among the thousand cheats in London, there are booksellers, who get bad and wicked men to write books, and pretend that they are by Peter Parley. The London people don't understand the cheat; so they buy them, and take them home to their children. Thus, these booksellers make a great deal of money. This house, here, in Holborn-hill, DARTON & Co.—every year publish a counterfeit Parley's Annual, and they have made themselves rich by it.

James. But it seems to me that is very mean, as well as very wicked. I shouldn't think the parents would like to put such false books into the hands of their children.

Merry. It is no doubt both mean and wicked, and no parent would give such books to their children, if they knew them to be counterfeits; but the booksellers and authors, engaged in this species of swindling, take great pains to cover up their fraud, and to make all the public believe that their books are genuine. So, here we are at the hotel!



KISSING A PRINCESS. p. 51.

CHAPTER VII.

The Royal Family.—Kissing a little Princess.—About Kings and Queens.—Wales.—Poverty, Ignorance, and Misery.—Scotland.—Walter Scott and Robert Burns.—Wit and Ridicule.

Merry. Well, children, we have now been several days in London, and have seen a great many things; what shall we do next?

Laura. Why, we have not seen the Queen, nor the young princes and princesses.

Merry. I am afraid we shall not be able to see them: they have not time to attend to all the people, who would be glad to call upon them. So they receive only a few persons, and those of very high quality. Sometimes they may be seen riding about, and once in a while they walk in the parks. A few years ago, they were walking in the Queen's park; all the English people there, know them, and so, out of respect, they kept apart, for it is not considered polite to speak to any of the royal family when they are thus abroad. But there chanced to be an American lady walking there, with her little girl. The latter saw the royal party, and being very much delighted with the appearance of one of the young princesses, she rushed up to her and took her hand and gave her a real American smack on her cheek!

Laura. Dear me! Was'nt the queen angry?

Ellen. What did the princess do?

James. I don't see any thing to be angry about.

Seth. Why if she did'nt like it, she might wipe it off.

Peter. Well, I don't see why she wanted to kiss her!

Laura. But do tell us about it, Mr. Merry.

Merry. You all chatter so, I can't get in a word. It seems the queen was not angry: and the little princess was rather pleased, because both she and the mother saw that the child was a stranger; that she did not know the custom of England, and instead of intending to be forward or impertinent, she was moved by a real feeling of pleasure and admiration on seeing the handsome princess.

Ellen. Well, I like that; it seems to show good sense and good feelings in the Queen and her child.

James. I thought Mr. Merry, that these royal people were very apt to be offended, and that it was dangerous to go near them. Do they always go about with swords in their hands and crowns on their heads?

Merry. No, James; the queen I suspect, never carries a sword. Sometimes on great occasions, she wears a crown, as when she appears before parliament. At other times, she dresses and appears like other ladies. Kings and queens, are generally well bred, and behave like other well-bred people!—that is, they are kind and polite and gentle in their manners.

James. But do you like kings and queens, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Many kings and queens, are personally, very amiable. I believe Queen Victoria is a good

woman, as well as a good queen. She has a large family, and brings up her children well. She teaches them to be good, polite, honest, faithful, pious; and thus she sets a good example to all mothers: she also thus qualifies her children to be good rulers, in case they ever came to the throne. In our country, we prefer to be governed by rulers of our own choice: but in other countries, the people prefer to be governed by kings and queens. But come, we must consider what is now to be done.

Anne. Let us go to France.

James. I prefer going to Spain.

Seth. Why, we have not been to Wales or Scotland.

Merry. That is true, but if we should go to all the interesting places in the world, we should never finish our voyage, even though we had fancy for our sails and an enchanter for our guide.

Laura. Suppose you tell us something about these countries, Mr. Merry, and that will do as well as if we visited them.

All the Children. Yes, yes, do tell us about them, Mr. Merry!

Merry. I will do so cheerfully. Wales is a mountainous region, in the south-western part of the island of Great Britain. It abounds in lakes and streams, and two of its mountains—Snowdon and Plinlimmon, are each nearly four thousand feet high. Instead of being foggy and mild in its climate, the air is clear and brac-

ing. Snow is common in winter, and some of the peaks are covered with it eight or nine months in the year. Wales, indeed, seems an entirely different country from England, and the inhabitants have always appeared to be different from the English. There are no very large cities, and the people are chiefly occupied in raising cattle, sheep, and wheat. There are also mines of iron, coal, and slate, and some of them are so deep and extensive, that the miners live in them with their families.

Laura. What a horrid life that must be!

Merry. Certainly, but in England and Scotland, as well as in Wales, thousands of men, women, and children spend their whole lives in mining; and such is their state of poverty, ignorance, and degradation, that they seem scarcely above the brutes. Girls, boys, and women are made to carry bags of coal, and even to drag them in carts along the galleries of the mines, thus doing the work fit only for beasts of burthen. A great many of the miners do not see the sun more than once or twice a week.

Ellen. This is very sad; why do not the poor creatures come to America?

Merry. Thousands of them come every year, but there are many other thousands who cannot get money enough to pay their passage. They have no other way than to drag out their toilsome existence, as their fathers and mothers have done for many generations.

Jane. But there are such immense riches in Eng-

land, and there are so many rich people there, I wonder they allow these scenes of ignorance and poverty, which appear to exist in England, and Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland. Why do not the rich spare some of their needless wealth to the poor, and make them happy?

Merry. There are several reasons why they do not do it. Rich people are too apt to be selfish, and to desire to keep what they have, and to get as much more as possible. So apt are riches to harden the heart, that our Saviour says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." And, beside, in England, the very design of the government is to make a few persons very rich, so that they may live in splendid houses and ride in superb carriages, and thus gain an influence over the minds of the people, which they may use for the purpose of keeping them in a state of submission. Some leading men in England, therefore, by design, keep the great mass of the nation in ignorance and poverty, believing or pretending to believe that this is the best way, and that this is the system which God intended to be practiced on the earth. These great people who are called the *nobility*, claim to be born with better blood than others, and that, by virtue of this, God has given them the right to rule and reign—the right to be rich themselves and keep others, beneath them, in ignorance and poverty, as their servants and slaves.

Lucy. But is this the opinion of all the great men in England?

Merry. No, no; not at all. There are many, very many, persons there who deplore this state of things, and would gladly change it. Some of the nobility are good, liberal, christian men, and use their influence for the happiness of the nation. There is, indeed, a constant improvement in the condition of the people here, and all things considered, it is probable that England is now, not only the richest, but the most highly civilized portion of the globe. Still there are thousands, I may say millions, who are sunk in hopeless ignorance, poverty, and degradation.

Ellen. It is sad to think, that where there is so much wealth, knowledge, and power, there should be so much misery. Is it the same in Scotland?

Merry. No; there is less wealth, and at the same time less suffering in that country.

Seth. Will you tell us something of Scotland, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Scotland, as you all know, occupies the northern part of the island of Great Britain. It is divided into two portions—the *Lowlands* and the *Highlands.* The former consist of hills and valleys, and being finely cultivated, they are very beautiful; the latter are mountainous, and famous for their charming lakes, wild dells, dashing waterfalls, and bleak, desolate ridges, peaks, and cliffs. The inhabitants of the Lowlands are devoted to agriculture, manufactures, and

mining. Edinburgh is the chief city, and is a very interesting place. It is divided by a valley—the dry bed of a lake—into two parts, the *Old Town* and the *New Town.* In the former is a Castle, rising like a lofty pyramid; in the latter is Calton Hill, on which is a superb monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The Highlands are occupied by people who are much devoted to the raising of sheep and cattle. In former times, these were a wild race, divided into clans, who kept up almost perpetual wars with each other.

James. What sort of people are the Scotch?

Merry. There are many good and many bad persons, as in all other countries. But, on the whole, the people of Scotland are well-educated, industrious, and thrifty.

James. I should like to go to Scotland, for I have read a great deal about its mountains, and rivers, and lakes. And then the history of the wars between the highland and lowland people, are so full of romantic stories!

Merry. This country has been made interesting to the world by its poets and its other authors. Nearly every river, and lake, and mountain, is familiar to those who have read the tales and poems of Scott, and the verses of Burns. Many people think that poets and writers of romances are idle and useless creatures; but how much pleasure have these authors given to mankind! Beside, what an interest have they ex-

cited, in behalf of their country, all over the civilized world! How have they taught the people of Scotland, themselves, to love, honor, and defend their native land! How have they taught them to be content with their homes! How have they elevated the sentiment of patriotism, and made, not the lakes and rivers only, but the bleak mountains, wild torrents, and dusky valleys, objects of endearment!

Lucy. Oh, I admire the writers of Scotland, and especially Burns. His songs are so beautiful!

James. I admire Sir Walter Scott; his romances are exceedingly interesting.

Merry. Of all Scott's works, I prefer his poem of the Lady of the Lake. When I was young, it was first published, and it caused a great sensation. Such is the impression made by this poem on the mind, that I have known several persons who could repeat it from beginning to end.

James. It seems to me, Mr. Merry, that there is something rather flat in the beginning of the poem; it runs thus:

> "The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made,
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

Merry. I see nothing flat in this; on the contrary, it appears to me a beautiful opening to the story.

James. But it sounds so like the beginning of the Lady of the Wreck, by George Colman.

Merry. Repeat the lines; I do not recollect them.

James. I have not a perfect remembrance of them. The book was written in ridicule of the Lady of the Lake. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, and it begins something as follows:—

"The pig at eve was lank and faint,
Where Patrick is the patron saint,
And with his peasant lord, unfed,
Went grunting to their common bed—
* * * * *
While hailstones pelted, mighty big
The towers of Castle Blarneygig."

Merry. Ah, James, there is a touch of the wag in you, which is very dangerous. Be careful my boy, that your love of the ludicrous does not extinguish altogether your sense of the true and the beautiful.

James. But do you not approve of wit and humor?

Merry. Wit and humor are good, when duly appreciated, but a mind that has indulged either, to excess, is like a drunkard, who has lost his taste for pure water. A mere wag is like one who wears spectacles of wrinkled glass, which present every thing in distorted shapes. He may be amusing for a time, but in the long run, he is an intolerable bore. He is a dangerous companion, for he is likely to put a pair of his own spectacles upon your nose. It has so chanced with you, Master James. You have had companionship with George Colman, and he has taught you to read the Lady of the Lake, with a distorted and debased

taste. He has done you a great injury in thus turning a pure fountain of pleasure into a disturbed and muddy pool of coarse associations.

James. But am I not to read books of wit and humor?

Merry. Very moderately, if at all, until you are several years older than you are now. It will be time enough when you are twenty. But what I wish especially to warn you against now, is that class of books, called *travesties*, in which a beautiful subject is turned to ridicule by a low and vulgar imitation. Colman's Lady of the Wreck, is one of the most despicable of these, and not the less so, that it is written with talent worthy of a better end and aim. Wit and ridicule, in good hands, may sometimes do good; but in the hands of persons who care only to cause a laugh, they are turned equally against truth, humanity, virtue, and religion: any thing, indeed, to which wit can attach a ribald joke, or upon which sarcasm can bestow its lash. I do not know of a greater misfortune to a young person, than to get a relish for ridicule, and a habit of viewing every thing and every body in a ridiculous light. We all dislike to see a person squint with his eyes; but one who has got a taste for ridicule, has a squint in his mind, which is infinitely worse. But enough of all this. I must not spend my time in preaching, while we have so much to do. I suppose we must be off in our balloon, unless you choose to hear a little about the history of England.

Jane. I should like to hear about the history of England, there are so many interesting stories in it.

Merry. Well, Ellen is our historian you know.

James. Yes, yes; come Ellen, tell us some history stories about England.

Peter. Don't tell very long ones, Ellen.

Merry. That is hardly polite, Peter.

Peter. Why, I was thinking Mr. Merry, that it was about dinner time.

Merry. No, no; not for an hour or more. Come, Ellen, begin.

CHAPTER IX.

Historical stories of England.—About Cæsar and the Romans.—The Ancient Britons.—The Danes and the Saxons.—King Alfred.—Harold.—William the Conqueror.—Beef, Pork, Mutton, and Poultry.—Modern Languages.—How England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland form the United Kingdom.—Queen Victoria.—Dickens.

Ellen. Well, once upon a time there was a great empire, the capital of which was a splendid city called Rome, situated in the center of Italy. Nearly two thousand years ago, there was a famous Roman general, called Cæsar. He marched a large army into France, which was then called Gaul, and conquered the country, after many bloody battles. Having heard about the island of Great Britain, he got some vessels, and

sailed across the channel with his soldiers, and attacked the people there. They were very brave, and defended their country; but Cæsar and his troops beat them back, and landed on the island, and forced the nation to acknowledge the Romans as their masters.

Peter. What kind of people were these Britons?

Ellen. They were almost complete savages; they lived in miserable huts, built of mud, stones, and sticks; they dressed in the skins of animals, and had many rude and cruel customs. Cæsar and his men soon went away, but after some years, other Roman generals came and conquered the whole people of Britain, except the Scotch, at the extreme northern border. For nearly five hundred years the Romans ruled over the island: they taught the nation to live in better houses, to build cities, to till the fields, to read books, and to make clothing of wool and linen. It came at last to be the custom for the sons of wealthy Britons to go to Rome to be educated, just as young men among us, now go to Europe, to complete their studies.

James. It is very curious to think that the people of Great Britain were once so ignorant; and that a nation who are so learned and powerful now, should formerly have been conquered by the ancestors of a nation so feeble and degenerate as the Italians are at the present day.

Ellen. We can hardly say that the ancient Britons were the same nation as the modern English. After a

time, that is about 450 years, A.D., Rome itself was attacked and overthrown by fierce tribes from the north of Europe. The Roman government in Great Britain of course ceased, and for many years the people there, suffered from the inroads of barbarians, some from Scotland, some from Denmark, and some from Norway. Among these were tribes of Angles and Saxons, who at last conquered the whole of England, and laid the foundations of the kingdom which exists at the present day.

Laura. I suppose the people of England are called Anglo-Saxons from these tribes.

Ellen. Yes; the larger part of the present English nation are the descendants of these people; though many are also descended from the ancient Britons, many from the Romans, and many also from the Normans, who afterwards conquered the country.

Seth. It seems then that the English must have had all sorts of grandfathers and grandmothers.

Merry. Certainly they are of very mixed descent; but as Ellen has said, the main element of the nation is Anglo-Saxon.

James. When was it that the Normans conquered England?

Ellen. I was going to tell you, that England, which had long been divided among several Saxon kings, was in the year 800, A.D., united into one, under Egbert. In 875, A.D., Alfred, one of the best and most famous of all the kings of England, came to the throne. He however had great trouble with the Danes who

invaded his kingdom, and actually forced him, at one time, to wander about from place to place, and even to conceal himself, lest he should be killed by his enemies. Once he lived for a time with a countryman, whose wife, not knowing who he was, set him to watching the cakes that were cooking in the oven. When he was careless, and let them burn, she gave him a good scolding. After a time he gathered his people, and prepared to give battle to the Danes. In order to find out their situation, he attired himself as a minstrel, and went into their camp, and played and sang to them. Having learned all that he desired to know, he came away. He then attacked them, and gained a complete victory. At last, having fought fifty battles with these rude and fierce Danes, he reigned quietly, and for many years he devoted himself to the business of his kingdom. He was a good and wise king, and is generally called Alfred the Great.

Laura. It seems to me that King Alfred was something like our Washington.

Merry. There was some resemblance between them: both were real patriots; and both had the good fortune to be of the greatest service to their country, and to be cherished in the memory of after ages. But go on Ellen!

Ellen. The last of the Saxon kings was named Harold; he was defeated and killed at the battle of Hastings in the year 1066, by William, duke of Normandy in France, who claimed the throne of England. Wil-

liam became king of the country, and made his followers dukes, earls, and barons. He also, introduced many changes in the manners and customs. He even caused the French language to be spoken at court, and to be used in making the laws. Thus while the mass of the people continued to be of Saxon blood, many of the higher classes or nobility, were wholly or in part of Norman descent.

Laura. I remember a curious passage of history which illustrates the state of things at this period. It seems that domestic animals, while alive, retained their Saxon names; but as soon as they were killed, and fit to eat, they were designated by French names. Thus the flesh of an ox became beef (*bœuf*): a calf became veal (*veau*): a pig, pork (*porc*): a sheep, mutton (*mouton*): a hen, pullet (*poulet.*) It is said that the Saxons, who were dreadfully oppressed by their proud and haughty conquerors, complained that every good thing in the country, was converted to their use and pleasure.

Merry. This is true, and thus many Norman French words became mixed in with the Saxon language. In due time, the speech of the mass of the people, sprinkled with these, became what we now call the English language.

James. That is very curious: the English language then is a kind of patch-work, a compound, made up of the languages of the various nations from which the English people are derived?

Merry. Exactly so: and it appears that all modern

languages are formed in a similar way: the French language is composed of the ancient Celtic or Gaulic tongue, mixed with words derived from the Romans who reigned there: the Italian is a mixture of Latin and Gothic; the Spanish, a compound of Iberian and Roman. But let us have the rest of your story, Ellen.

Ellen. From the time of William the Conqueror, the history of England presents a long line of kings and queens, but I think it would be tedious to tell their story, now. In due time England became a powerful country. Wales was joined to it in 1285, Scotland in 1607, and Ireland in 1800. These, all together, constitute the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which is one of the most powerful on the face of the globe.

James. What is the population of this kingdom?

Ellen. About 27,000,000; these are in the British islands. But the kingdom has colonies in all parts of the world, so that Queen Victoria rules over 200,000,000 of people—more than any other sovereign on the face of the earth.

James. Really! Little Vic, as the people call her, is after all, a great personage. But why is her husband not king of England?

Merry. He is a German prince, by birth: a king or queen of England, must belong to the royal family. The eldest son or daughter of the sovereign, succeeds to the crown.

James. But cannot Victoria make Prince Albert king?

Merry. No: the queen, as well as others must be governed by the laws.

James. What is the advantage then of being queen.

Merry. Because the laws provide her with palaces to live in; they give her millions of dollars every year for her use, and besides, her sons are princes and her daughters are princesses. Her eldest son, called the prince of Wales, will also succeed her on the throne and be crowned king. And more than all, the whole British people love and honor their sovereign, and indeed, they feel for her a kind of reverence, which almost amounts to worship. They have a theory that she can do no wrong: that she is of a superior nature, her blood being royal, and her person, majesty itself.

Peter. What an awful creature she must be! Does she eat and drink like other people?

Merry. Yes, and is said to be fond of beef steak.

Peter. Well, I like her for that. By the way, is it not time for dinner?

Merry. Yes, nearly, so let us get home as soon as we can.

CHAPTER X.

Childish ideas of Geography.—Dover.—Calais.—Wars of France and England.—Shakspeare's Cliff.—Description of the country in France.—Politeness of the French People.—Character of the nation.—Paris.—The river Seine.—Arrival at Meurice's Hotel.

Merry. Well my young friends, I think we have been here long enough; where shall we go now?

James. Oh, I like England so much I should be glad to stay here a month longer.

Ellen. England is very interesting, but I wish to go to France: I want to see Paris very much.

Seth. Is Paris in France?

James. To be sure it is; did you never study geography, Seth?

Seth. Yes; but I never got things exactly right. I once thought that the world was on the inside of a great ball; and as to different countries, I imagined them scattered about in all directions. Asia was north, and Africa south; Europe seemed to stand up edgewise, somehow, in the east. As to America, I thought it consisted of father's house and lot and deacon St. John's farm. I once went on the top of West Mountain, and I there saw an extensive valley and a small river and a little sheet of water called Puddle-pond. This latter I took to be the Atlantic ocean. The river I supposed must be the Euphrates, and the valley I fancied was Jehoshaphat. I have studied geography since, and got my ideas a little arranged, but my first notions are so fixed that they very often puzzle me.

James. Oh, Seth! what an innocent you are! Even if I thought such things I would hardly confess it.

Merry. My dear James, you are wrong, there: Seth is right to tell his childish experiences. I have no hesitation in confessing that I had similar difficulties in geography when I was a boy, and it was not till I had studied maps and globes a long time, that I got an ac-

curate picture of the oceans and continents imprinted on my mind. But come—let us get into our balloon.

All the Children. Yes; the balloon—the balloon!

Merry. Well, well; here we are, then! Do you observe—we are over London. Now look down and tell me what you see.

Jane. I see only a vast extent of mist or smoke.

Merry. Yes; but beneath that cloud is London, with its streets, its noise, its wealth, its poverty, its three millions of people. But we must say good-bye to England. Now for France! Which way must we go, James, for you seem to know all about geography?

James. Why, I suppose we go east?

Merry. You are mistaken, James: France lies nearly south of England.

Seth. You had better rub up your studies a little, James, before you undertake to be a balloon pilot. I could have told you that France lay south of England, and that the two countries are only divided by a strip of the sea called the English Channel.

Merry. Very well, my boy; what you say is quite true, and this channel is only 21 miles across at one point; that is, between Dover on the English side, and Calais on the French side. We will turn a little to the south-east, and cross at that place. Here we are, nearly over the English Channel.

James. And is that Dover—that little town on the bluff?

Merry. Yes. You see that dark brown mass of

stone on the hill, just back of the town; well, they call that *Cæsar's Tower*. It was here, or near here, that Cæsar invaded the island. The people were so fierce that he was obliged to build strong forts or towers to protect his soldiers. That old castle is said to be, in part, the remains of one of them. Near it there is a very long cannon called *Queen Anne's Pocket Pistol*, which has an inscription upon it in some foreign language. I remember Peter Parley once told me he had seen it; and an old soldier, who went with him to the place, translated the inscription thus:

"Load me well and swab me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

Laura. Why, Calais is 21 miles off. Surely a cannon will not carry a ball so far?

Merry. Certainly not; but every thing said in rhyme is not true. And besides, we can easily forgive a British soldier for boasting a little, when he is at Dover and speaking of Calais.

Laura. Why so?

Merry. You know that England and France were at war with each other for many centuries. You know that a French prince, William of Normandy, came over to England in the year 1066, with a small army, conquered the country, and became its sovereign. After that, English armies marched over to France, took many towns, and at one time became masters of Paris. The English king even took the proud title of king of France. Calais was for a long time in the possession

of the English, and was not finally given up to the French, till about 300 years ago.

Lucy. Oh, how delightful it is to see these countries, and to hear their history at the same time!

Merry. Yes; but we must not spend too much time in talking history. You see we are half across the channel. Now look back toward England. Do you see that white cliff to the west of Dover?

All the Children. Oh, yes; it looks like a great hill of chalk.

Merry. And so it is a hill of chalk, mixed with flint stones. It is sometimes called *Shakespere's Cliff*, because he described it very beautifully in one of his plays. The Romans, when they first saw these cliffs, called the country *Albion*, which means *White Land*, and to this day England is sometimes called Albion, especially in poetry. But see—yonder to the south is Calais, and the beautiful green hills that rise behind it are in France.

Ellen. Oh, how charming! How smooth the hills are! There are no fences or hedges!

Merry. No. In France, the lands are only divided by trenches, and these you do not see, unless you go close to them. A hundred farms and gardens look like one field, from a distance. And I must tell you another thing: in our country, a farmer generally lives in a house in the midst of his own farm; here, it is otherwise. The people generally live gathered in villages, and go out each day to work on their lands. Hence, you observe that the landscape here in France is not

scattered over with farm-houses, but is spotted with little towns, here and there, consisting of small houses close together. See, yonder is one of these villages!

Seth. Why, it looks like a collection of brown earthen jugs standing close together!

Ellen. That is rather more descriptive than elegant, Seth. But what is that curious-looking building to the east?

Merry. That is what is called a *chateau.* It is a very large building belonging to some rich man. Probably he owns a thousand acres of land. See how curiously the trees are cut along the avenue which leads to the front entrance.

John. Why, the tops are cut as straight as a line. It seems as if you might easily walk on the tops of the trees.

Merry. Yes; that is the fashion in France. The people are very fond of straight avenues, bordered by trees cut in a very artificial manner. Near this chateau, they have woods or forests, and in them, they have straight paths, along the sides of which the tops and branches of the trees are cut so as to look like walls of green leaves, in the summer season.

James. Really, it is delightful to travel in strange countries, and see how many different tastes and ways of living they have.

Merry. Certainly; and one thing more: we ought always to be seeking for information in our travels. We can learn something, if we are wise, any where.

Every country presents something to us which we ought to imitate, and something which we ought to shun.

Lucy. And what should we learn to imitate in France?

Merry. The French are a very polite people, and their politeness extends through all classes. The rich man, in speaking to the poor man, is kind in his manner; he observes toward him all the rules of good-breeding; he treats him as if he respected him; and thus the poor man, so far from being wounded in his feelings, is cheered and comforted. If two neighbors meet, they are courteous, and exchange pleasant words and pleasant looks and ceremonies. Such conduct passes through all the ranks of life, and hence the intercourse with one another is agreeable, and a source of great enjoyment.

Laura. That is certainly a very excellent trait of character in the French, and we ought to imitate it. But are there not some things among the French to be avoided?

Merry. Certainly; no nation is perfect. The French have one great fault: they do not set a high value upon truth, or rather, they do not consider it a sin to violate the truth, on common occasions. Therefore, you must not rely with confidence upon what a French man, or a French woman, may tell you. If it is for their interest to say what is untrue, they rarely hesitate to do it. The reason of this, I believe, is, that they have been badly taught.

James. But, it seems to me, this is a sad fault. A nation without a love of truth, can never be truly great.

Merry. You are quite right, James. Truth is the foundation of morality. It is the basis of all that is good in character and society. Truth comes from God. It is the corner-stone of his law. A person without truth, and a love of truth, in his heart, is left to himself; he is his own law. Now, in order to raise a man to good and great actions, he needs to be inspired by something above himself. How low and little is a creature that acts only from a regard to himself! How great and noble is a being who acts from a regard to God and his law, which includes the good of all living things! How little is a nation which has no other thought than to live to-day, to eat, to drink, and to die, compared with a nation which looks beyond to-day, which considers itself as God's missionary, charged with the duty of improving, elevating, and blessing mankind!

Lucy. Are you comparing France with our own country, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Yes. I see many good things in France. The people are, as I have said, polite, gentle, kind, and agreeable in their manners. I wish very much to see all mankind, and especially our own countrymen, imitate them in this respect. They are also very social and cheerful; and it is their custom to promote cheerful amusements. If any one is in want, or in a state

of suffering, he finds ready sympathy and help. The French are a people of tender feelings, and nothing is more delightful than to see the kindness which is manifested in families between children and their parents, and between brothers and sisters. In all these things we may well take lessons of the French. But still, as I have said, they are deficient in principle. God has made them with lively imaginations and tender hearts, but they seem not to know his Ten Commandments: they have, in fact, repealed God's law, and made laws of their own. Hence, we see that although the French have done a great deal to embellish life, they have done little to dignify it: with all their genius and learning, the nation is in many things weak and childish. For the last sixty years it has seen a constant succession of revolutions, and from all these it seems to have learnt nothing.

Ellen. Have they not several times killed or deposed their kings, and formed republics like ours.

Merry. In 1793, they executed their king, Louis XVI., and established a republic, but very different from ours. Wicked men got the government into their hands, and finally the people were glad to take refuge from agitation and confusion, under the despotism of Napoleon. All Europe became disgusted with his wars, and the French people would not fight for him; so he was sent to St. Helena, where he died in 1821. Louis XVIII., was then placed on the throne, and Charles X., succeeded him. He was forced to fly in

1830, and Louis Philippe reigned in his stead. But he was driven away in 1848, and again a republic was formed. This was overthrown in 1852 by Louis Napoleon; who is now Emperor of France.

Ellen. This does seem to show that the French nation is very fickle.

Merry. Certainly, at least so far as government is concerned. In respect to this, they are very ignorant; but the radical difficulty is that they are deficient in that habitual, every-day honesty, which makes the conduct of men, just, wise, and safe, not for themselves only, but for the community around them. Where there is no truth, no fixed faith, no law higher than the law of man's heart and man's pleasure, there is no foundation for permanent institutions. All is like the troubled sea which cannot rest. What France wants is morality—the morality of the Gospel, which binds man's conscience, and which cultivates truth, and honor, and patriotism, and makes these indispensable requisites of character. But I suppose you, children, will hardly understand all this. And beside, I must stop talking, for we are approaching Paris!

All the Children. Paris! Where is Paris?

Merry. Do you see yonder valley with a small stream, like a blue ribbon, winding through it?

Jane. Oh, I see it: and is that the river Seine?

Merry. Yes: it is exceedingly crooked, and winds about like a serpent. Do you observe the country here? What a number of towns and villages there are



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on every side! And then look at the hills and valleys!

James. How the lands are divided into little patches. Why the whole country looks like an old-fashioned checked carpet, of green and yellow!

Merry. That is quite true: the lands here are very minutely divided. Often a field of a hundred acres will belong to a hundred different proprietors. But look far to the south and you will see Paris.

Lucy. Oh, I can see it! How different it is from London. There is no smoke over it at all. But what are those lines which we see encircling the city?

Merry. Those are the walls: Paris is enclosed by two walls: the outside one is about a mile from the inner one.

Lucy. What is that high hill in the city with windmills on the top of it.

Merry. That is called *Mont Martre.* But, do you see, we are now over Paris. Look down and you can understand its position and plan, very easily. The river runs in a winding course, nearly through the middle, its general direction being from east to west. On the right bank of the river, you see the palace and gardens of the Tuileries; and a little further to the right you see a street three miles long, filled with people moving on its side-walks. That is called the *Boulevards.*

James. Oh dear, dear, what a beautiful city. But, Mr. Merry, let us go down, and stay a day or two. It will be delightful.

Merry. You must remember, James that these people here don't speak English. How do you think you'll get along?

James. Oh, I'll parlez-vous to 'em. Beside, Ellen speaks French, you know.

Merry. Well—pull that cord, Seth. There, the gas is rushing out and down we go! Here we are in the Rue Rivoli—right in front of Meurice's Hotel! *Bon jower, Mister;* can you give us lodgings?

Servant. Oui—oui—oui. Entrez, Messieurs et Mesdames?

CHAPTER XI.

Merry and his friends in Paris.—A French dinner.—Things to be seen in Paris.—About Charity, Geology, &c.—Cuvier and fossils.—Le Verrier and the Planet Neptune.—The Gardens of the Tuileries.—Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie.—The Garden of Plants.—Other interesting things in Paris.

Merry. Well, here we are in Paris!

All the Children. Oh, yes—here we are in Paris!

Merry. What shall we do now—go out into the streets and see the city, or get some dinner?

Several of the Children. Oh, dinner; dinner first!

Merry. Very well—ring the bell, there! Jane, you can speak French, so you must order dinner.

Laura. What shall I call for?

James. Don't let us have frogs!

Seth. Frogs—bah!

Peter. But I have heard it said, that frogs are very good, cooked as they are in France.

Merry. It is quite true.

Seth. I should as soon think of eating mice.

(*A Servant enters. Jane orders the dinner, and the servant retires.*)

James. How droll it sounds to hear people talk French! it really seems to me as if they were only jabbering and making faces at each other. Do you think, Mr. Merry, that French is a good language?

Merry. It is very soft, and well fitted for conversation. It is also a very exact language, and suited to the people, who are remarkably clear in their ideas. It is full of scientific words, or what are called *technical terms*, which shows that the French have paid great attention to science.

Ellen. Are the French a learned people?

Merry. There are more learned men in France than in any other country, except Germany.

James. I thought the French were a vain and frivolous nation. I supposed nearly all the women to be mantuamakers and milliners, and nearly all the men to be barbers and tailors.

Merry. The English nation, for ages, were at war with the French, and therefore a national hatred grew up between the two countries. The English were accustomed to ridicule and despise every thing French, and we in America, have been influenced in this way

by British publications. With all their faults, however, the French are in some things a great people. Paris is certainly the gayest city in the world; but here also there are more libraries, and more learned men, and more artists, and more persons devoted to liberal pursuits—that is, to science, literature, art, taste, and sentiment, than in any other city of the same population. In all that relates to astronomy—that great science which unfolds the mystery and the majesty of the sun, moon, and stars—French scholars take the lead. In chemistry—a study which within fifty years has changed the aspect of society throughout Christendom—the French have been, and still are, the schoolmasters of the world. In mineralogy, botany, ornithology—and almost every other branch of natural science—they have surpassed all other nations, as well as in geology—that wonderful study which has brought us almost into the laboratory of the Almighty, and showed us the processes by which he laid the foundation of the universe; the very labors of the first day, and of the second, and of the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth—preparatory to that sublime seventh day—the hallowed Sabbath, of all future time, and the type of that rest of eternity reserved for the children of God!

Ellen. What was the name of that Frenchman that made such wonderful discoveries, from examining the fragments of bones, shells, and plants, found in the soil?

Merry. It was Cuvier, who formed the science of *palæontology*, or *organic remains*. Many persons, before

his time, had observed bones, shells, and impressions of leaves and stems in the ground, and some curious speculations had been made upon them; but it was Cuvier, here in this gay city of Paris, who made these fossils the study of his life; who was able to deduce from them a beautiful and wonderful science; who showed to the world that whole races of animals, of strange and curious forms and properties, and plants differing from those now in existence, had lived and flourished, and passed away, ages before man himself was created. But I see the *garcon* is bringing in the dinner.

Peter. Well, I'm ready for it!

Ellen. So am I, but I should be glad to hear more about Cuvier: he must have been a very extraordinary man.

Merry. He was so, indeed, but I could name others quite as remarkable. Cuvier is dead, but there is now living in this city a young man, named Le Verrier, who caused the discovery of the planet Neptune—which, as you know, is invisible to the naked eye, and a thousand millions of miles off—merely by ciphering and making calculations in his room! He was occupied in this, four whole years. Merely by figures and calculations he pointed out the place of this hitherto unknown planet; and when the astronomers directed their telescopes to the spot he had indicated, there they found it! But come, I see dinner is on the table.

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Merry. Well—dinner being over—what is to be done?

Ellen. Just come here, Mr. Merry, and look out of the window. Is it not beautiful.

Merry. Yes; you know we are at Meurice's Hotel; this is on the Rue Rivoli, or Rivoli Street, which is one of the finest in the world. The charming grounds before you—where you see those shady groves, and nice gravel walks, and fountains spouting columns of water into the air, and statues and flowers, and groups of children, and thousands of men and women—these are the famous *Gardens of the Tuileries.* The long line of dark-brown buildings at the left is the palace of the Tuileries!

Ellen. Oh, I've often read about the Tuileries and about the kings who have lived there—about poor Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen, Maria Antoinette; and about Bonaparte and Josephine; and Louis Philippe and his family. Indeed—indeed—is that the Tuileries? Come, Mr. Merry, let us go into the gardens?

Seth. Why, can any body go there?

Merry. Yes; it is one of the pleasant things in Paris, that nearly all the monuments, libraries, museums, galleries, collections of art, and green promenades are accessible to the public. But come, my friends, let us go into the gardens!

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Here we are! Is it not charming? You are all silent! Very well; I like to see young people silent in the presence of the beautiful, for it shows that the heart and mind are full! This is indeed a wonderful place.

It speaks not only of the present but the past. These statues are copied from some of the finest that were produced by ancient Greece and Rome. These grounds were laid out by persons skilled in the art of combining things in such a manner as to produce the best effect. This gray old palace was built centuries ago, and not only displays the taste of other days, but it reminds us of a long line of kings and princes who have gone down to their graves, and at last left their superb dwelling-place to others.

James. But who is king of France now?

Merry. Louis Napoleon—a nephew of the great Emperor Napoleon—is the chief ruler. He was elected as president of the republic in 1848, but he made himself emperor a few years after, as I have told you. He is now complete master of France, and does pretty much as he pleases.

James. Does he live at the Tuileries?

Merry. This is his chief palace. Here he receives his ministers and foreign ambassadors. Every winter he has great parties here, consisting of four or five thousand men and women, all in the most beautiful dresses.

Peter. What do they do?

Merry. They walk about, and some dance, and some listen to the music, and some eat ice-cream, and cake and sausages and other things.

Seth. Has the emperor a wife?

Merry. Yes; her name is Eugenie, and a very handsome, amiable woman she is.

Ellen. I thought Louis Napoleon had a number of palaces.

Merry. He has seven in all: that of Saint Cloud, near Paris, is very beautiful and here the emperor spends a good deal of his time. Some of his palaces, however, he never lives in; but he goes to them now and then, just for a feast, or a grand ceremony, or perhaps to hunt deer and wild boar in the forests.

James. Does he do nothing but feast and frolic, and hunt deer and wild boar?

Merry. Yes; he works very hard: he looks over papers; he studies the laws; he writes decrees; he appoints officers; he orders public improvements. But hark! what is that noise? Come this way, children. The people are all running towards the Rue Rivoli. I think the emperor is coming. Let us go and see him as he passes along. Yes; it is he. You see that troop of lancers—men riding on horseback, gaily dressed, armed with swords, and carrying long lances, and with tri-colored flags fluttering at the top! The emperor is in the carriage behind, drawn by four horses.

James. Is that he, the big man with a cocked hat and splendid epaulettes?

Merry. No, that is General Magnan: Louis Napoleon is the small man, dressed in plain clothes.

Ellen. I see him, I see him! What a splendid spectacle! Oh! it is all gone by. Really, that was Louis Napoleon? But, after all, he is a little, brown, dull-looking man. How strange it seems, to see him

dressed like any other gentleman. I thought he would be all covered over with stars and gold lace, and diamonds, and other jewels. How wonderful it is that one little man can have so much power, and make such a noise all over the world!

Laura. Well, I think he is a very handsome man.

James. I think he's horrid ugly; I hate his moustache—it looks so dirty.

Laura. Now I like a moustache.

James. I do not—especially such a thick, reddish-brown one as Louis Napoleon's.

Laura. Perhaps you will think differently, James, when you come to have a moustache of your own.

James. Bah—no, indeed! But see—who is that, coming in a beautiful carriage with four bay horses?

Merry. That is the empress.

All the Children. Oh the empress—the empress!

James. Well, she is indeed very beautiful: and she smiles so pleasantly to every body, and she bows so gracefully to all around. I could not help waving my handkerchief to her.

Ellen. Well, James, here I agree with you: what a fine thing it is to be an empress, and to be so handsome, and so loved by the people! And yet she does not seem to be proud!

Merry. No, the empress has too much good sense and good taste to be proud. Pride, especially that which begets a haughty manner, is a vulgar vice, and belongs only to coarse and low-bred people. But our

time is passing away. Where shall we go now: to the Garden of Plants?

Ellen. Is that where the wild animals are?

Merry. Yes, and many other things. The Garden of Plants is one of the wonders of Paris. It contains a great many acres of ground, most of which are used as a garden for producing all kinds of plants, and trees, and shrubs from all parts of the world. You will find in that garden nearly all the trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers peculiar to our own country. Then there are delightful walks beneath long avenues of trees, arching over you like a roof. At one place, there is a high hill, which you ascend between winding hedges of evergreen shrubs; and, as you go up, you will find a seat beneath the spreading branches of a cedar, actually brought from the mountains of Lebanon.

James. Oh yes; I remember to have read about that tree in the museum. Almost a hundred years ago, a man brought it with him, from its native mountain. It was then quite small. I believe he was shipwrecked, and came near being drowned; but he never forgot his tree. He took great care of it, brought it to Paris, and planted it in the King's Garden, and now it has become a great and beautiful tree. Is not that the same tree you speak of, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Yes, the very same; what is now called the Garden of Plants, was formerly called the King's Garden. It is some distance there, so we must take a hack. There, get in!

Seth. Do tell the driver to whip up: I'm in such a hurry to see the Garden of Plants, and the cedar of Lebanon, and the wild animals!

Merry. It would take at least a month to see all the curious things in the Garden of Plants. There are elephants, and buffaloes, and a giraffe, and a rhinoceros, and deer, and zebras, and wild asses, and bears, and tigers, and beavers, and anacondas, and monkeys, and a multitude of curious birds, and lizards, and serpents, all alive—and many of them walking about on the ground. And besides all these living things, there are immense collections of stuffed quadrupeds and birds, from every zone, and country, and climate; and, finally, there is the wonderful collection of fossil bones made by Cuvier, belonging to the races of animals which lived ages ago, and which have long since become extinct.

Ellen. Mr. Merry, Paris is a very different place from what I expected to find it.

Merry. How?—in what respect?

Ellen. Why, I expected only to be amused, here. I thought all the people were occupied in light and frivolous pleasures. But it seems to me that there is more to make one think and reflect, here, than in any place I ever saw.

Merry. That is quite true, my dear Ellen. Paris is a gay place, and the people are fond of pleasure, and thousands live here only for amusement. But yet the great mass of the people are remarkable for their in-

dustry, their frugality, and their attention to their own proper business; and at the same time, as I have said before, there are many learned men here, and Paris has become celebrated for its works of art, its vast libraries, and its museums. But, see yonder! there is the Garden of Plants. What beautiful rows of trees, and what charming avenues and walks and fountains there are. And mark one thing, the grounds are full of people—for the rich and poor, the high and the humble, are each and all permitted to enjoy this wonderful exhibition. Here we are at the gate!

CHAPTER XI.

Observations upon Paris.—Comparison of France to a sheep-skin.—Geography of France.—The South of France.—History.—Appearance of the Country.—Comparison with our Country.—The people of Europe.—Reflections.—The Pyrenees.

Merry. Well, boys and girls, we have been a week in Paris, and though we have not seen half the wonders of this pleasant city, we must mount our Balloon, and take leave of it!

Laura. Oh, no, not yet, Mr. Merry: Paris is so delightful, and there are so many things to be seen!

James. Why, Laura, we can't see every thing. If we go on as you children propose, we shall not complete our Balloon Voyage in an age.

Laura. That is true; but you know there is only

one Paris: there is no other city in the world so delightful. It is not only very gay and full of amusements, but it is full also of libraries, museums, historical curiosities, and wonderful arts. It is quite interesting to see how the people here combine amusement with study, pleasure with industry, cheerfulness with frugality.

Merry. I think James' idea of Paris is quite correct; but we must really take leave of the city. So, here we go! Up—up—up! There we are; at least a mile from the earth. It is pleasant to be seated in our airy ship once more, sailing along with the wind. We are directly over Paris, but you can hardly hear the thunder of its streets. The city is fifteen miles in circumference, but as we look down upon it from our Balloon it scarcely looks larger than New York Battery. Now, which way shall we go? To the east of France, as you know, are Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, &c.; to the south-west is Spain.

Ellen. Oh, let us go to Spain first.

All the Children. Yes—to Spain—to Spain!

Merry. To Spain, then, we will go. But, as we proceed, I wish to direct your attention to this little map of France. Can any one of you think of any thing which the outline of France resembles?

Ellen. I really do not think of any thing like it.

Seth. It seems to me like a sheep-skin, only it wants the tail. (*The Children burst into a general laugh.*)

Merry. Well done, Seth: you have hit it exactly. I have often compared the map of France to a tanned sheep-skin. At the north, that is, at the extremity of the neck, is the old fishing-town of DUNKIRK. To the east, near the point of the right foreleg, is STRASBURG, which is noted for having a church with a steeple 480 feet high, the tallest spire in the world. To the west, at the point of the left fore-leg, is the city of BREST, famous for its fine harbor and its strong fortifications. At the south-west, at the place of the left hind-leg, is the city of BAYONNE; you see it lies at the foot of the Pyrenees, a range of mountains which divide France from Spain.

James. I remember this city, because the military weapon called *bayonet*, was invented here during a siege in 1523.

Merry. Yes; and took its name from the place where it was invented. Bayonne has been often besieged, but was never taken: hence the French have a proverb about it—*its soil was never polluted by the foot of an enemy.* To the south-east, at the point of the right hind-leg, and not far from the Alps, is FREJUS, a very ancient town, the name of which was given to it by Julius Cæsar, about 2,000 years ago. In the time of the Romans it had an amphitheatre two hundred and twenty feet in circumference, the remains of which are still visible. The city, however, is very much decayed, and is remarkable in modern times only as the landing-place of Napoleon Bonaparte when

he returned from Egypt, and the place of his departure when he was sent as an exile to Elba. At the extreme southern point of the map, which may represent the tail of the sheep-skin, is the town of PERPIGNAN, strongly fortified, and noted as a depôt for wines, oils, brandies, liqueurs, silk, wool, and other products of the south of France.

James. Really, Mr. Merry, this comparison of the map of France to a sheep-skin seems rather droll, but it is in fact very useful. I am sure I shall never forget its shape, nor these five towns, Dunkirk, Strasburg, Bayonne, Frejus, and Perpignan, which occupy its five cardinal points.

Merry. Thank you, Jane, you seem to understand my intentions perfectly. Now you see we are approaching the southern parts of France. The climate here, you observe, is milder than at the north. The sky is clear and the air soft and balmy. At Paris the seasons are much the same as at Philadelphia, but at the south they are like the seasons at Richmond in Virginia. Here, around the cities of Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpelier, and Marseilles, you observe the country is covered with vineyards, olive-trees, fig-trees, and mulberries, the leaves of the latter supporting millions of silk-worms.

Ellen. One thing is very striking here in France, and that is, every thing looks so old. The towns, the churches, the villages, the roads, the fields, even the

people, seem to me to have an ancient and worn-out look, compared with our country.

Merry. There is some truth in what you say, Ellen. France has been occupied for three thousand years, and the present races have inhabited it for nearly two thousand years.

James. I think Ellen should tell us something of the history of France!

Merry. Certainly. Come, Ellen!

Ellen. Well, I will give a very short sketch of it. The first inhabitants of France, so far as known, were called Celts. In after times they were called Gauls. Cæsar conquered them about 50 years before Christ; but so fierce and formidable were those people, that it required nearly ten years to subdue them. The Romans ruled over France as they had done over Britain, for nearly 500 years. But about 450, B.C., tribes from Germany, called Franks, poured in upon Gaul, and conquered the country. From these it acquired the name of France.

James. Who was the first king of France?

Ellen. Some contend that it was Pharamond, a leader of the Franks, who is said to have lived about 420, B.C. In general, however, Clovis is considered as having founded the kingdom of France. He drove out the Romans, and defeated the Germans, and established his authority about 486, A.D. His wife, Clotilda, was a Christian, and by her influence, Clovis adopted Christianity.

James. Was not Charlemagne a king of France?

Ellen. Yes; he was son of a French king, called Pepin the Short, or Little Pepin. He was born at Saltzburg, in Bavaria, but was crowned king of France in 768. He was a very wise man and great warrior; he became master of Germany, Spain, and a part of Italy. Thus he laid the foundation of a great empire. In the year 800, he was crowned at Rome with vast ceremony by the Pope. But at his death, his dominions were divided among his sons, and sad confusion followed.

Laura. Did'nt the Northmen trouble France very much?

Ellen. Yes; for hundreds of years, after the time of Charlemagne, France presents a succession of wars and revolutions. About the year 900, the Northmen, that is adventurers from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, entered the river Seine, and ravaged the country round as far as Paris. Rollo, a Norwegian chieftain married the daughter of Charles the Simple, or Silly Charles, 912, A.D., and became Duke of Normandy. William, who conquered England in 1066, was his descendant. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Crusades agitated all Europe, and in these, France took a leading part.

James. Oh, do tell us about the Crusaders?

Ellen. One thing at a time, James. I am now on the history of France. However, I see Seth is yawning, and Peter is asleep. So, I will only say, that in the

thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, France and England had a constant succession of wars: that in 1789 the great French revolution happened; and that Napoleon Bonaparte became emperor in 1804.

James. I think Bonaparte was a wonderful man.

Ellen. Yes; he was a native of the island of Corsica, but he became a soldier, and rose to be a general; his victories at the head of the French army astonished the world. But his love of conquest alarmed all Europe; he was overthrown and ended his days as an exile and prisoner at St. Helena.

James. But he did many good things for France?

Ellen. Yes; he erected bridges, made roads, revised the laws and established some good institutions.

James. I see that France is what may be called a very old country.

Merry. Yes; and you will understand how and why almost every acre of its surface has been shorn of its forests, and worn out by cultivation. Its old towns, cities, and villages, of stone and mortar, have a very different aspect from the bright, fresh aspect of our American towns and villages. The forests here, most of which have been planted by the hand of man, are poor and stunted, compared with the towering woods, sown and reared by the Almighty, in our valleys, and up and down our hills and mountains. The streams here in France, the Seine, the Loire, the Rhone, the Garonne, are small turbid rivulets, compared with our transparent and gigantic rivers.

James. I am really disappointed in the appearance of the country towns in France: they look so dull and comfortless. It seems to me the people here cannot be very happy.

Merry. It is true that the mass of them are ignorant, narrow-minded, and poverty-stricken, compared with the same class of persons in our own country. If we had time to go into the villages and towns of France, we should find that a large portion do not know how to read and write; that millions can earn but four or five cents a day; that hundreds of thousands are miserably clad, miserably fed, and miserably lodged. Such is their poverty, such their ignorance, that they go on from generation to generation, without hope of improvement, and without the power of changing their condition. And this has been their history for centuries. You may well say, therefore, that both the country and the people of France have a time-worn aspect, compared with the bright, youthful vigor of every thing in our own happy country.

Ellen. I suppose you speak only of the mass of the people?

Merry. Certainly. We all know that Paris is the city of science, art, and pleasure, and that portions of this country are embellished beyond any thing in the United States. We know that the chateaux of the rich are more splendid than any private dwellings of our people. But still, what we have said of the greater part of the towns, the villages, the lands, and

the inhabitants of France, is strictly true. With us, all is advancing, improving, growing. Such villages as ours, with their neat houses, their ample gardens, their intelligent and thrifty inhabitants, their bright churches and meeting-houses, and their abundant schools, are to be found in no other country on the earth. The true glory of our country lies, not in its great cities—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—but in the smaller towns, the villages, the farm-houses, scattered far and wide over our territories. Here are our schools where the million are taught; here are our town-halls, where every citizen learns something of government, and is prepared to take part in the choice of wise and good rulers; and here, also, are the meeting-houses, the churches, of many names and denominations, but all pointing to heaven, all teaching man to refer his actions to God and Eternity; all recognizing the Bible as the great statute-book of a Moral Governor, and all exalting man to the high standard of a being whose chief endowments are an undying intellect and immortal soul.

"America, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Laura. There is something to make us both joyful and sad, in all this, Mr. Merry.

Merry. How so?

Jane. It is a source of joy to think of the many good and happy circumstances in our condition, but it is mournful to reflect upon the ignorance, the poverty, the debasement of other countries. If there are so

much of these evils in France, which I thought to be a happy country, what must be the state of other parts of Europe?

Merry. This is a natural and just train of reflection. There is hope, however, even in the midst of gloom. I believe, in general, that there is a tendency to improvement all over Europe, perhaps all over the world; but I believe this is to be much advanced by America. The masses here, in the midst of their poverty and ignorance, have learnt that there is a country on the other side of the Atlantic, where they may earn a dollar a day; where their children may enjoy good schools, free of charge; where they may themselves worship God according to the dictates of their free consciences; where they may read the Bible, and be brought into communion with its Author; where they have a vote in the formation and administration of government; where there is liberty of speech and of the press; where they may go and come without asking the consent of armed men, or being subject to the inquisitorial watch of hired spies and debased informers. Thousands and tens of thousands, of emigrants from all parts of Europe, have gone to America, and have found pleasant homes there: and they have written millions of letters back to their friends, and told them of their good fortune, and thousands and tens of thousands of other emigrants are still crowding to our shores.

Ellen. You think then that our country may be a blessing to the poor and ignorant masses of Europe?

Merry. Yes—we not only furnish a refuge for those who can escape from these lands of bondage, but our influence tends to shed light upon the world at large. The despotic rulers of the Old World, hard and selfish though they be, are all still warned and instructed, so as to feel the necessity of ameliorating the condition of their subjects. They will indeed grant only what is extorted; but this is already something, and every advancing year will increase the demands as well as the privileges of the people. God said in the beginning, in the creation of this natural world—let there be light, and there was light. The darkness of King Chaos, which had brooded over mountain and valley, was chased away by the sun rising upon a cold, cheerless, imprisoned world. The ice which chained the rivers was melted, and they flowed in glad and joyous freedom. The seeds were warmed into life, and bloom and verdure and perfume were spread over the face of nature. Animal life was breathed into myriad forms, and man, the lord of all, crowned the work of the New Creation. In the rapid but inspired picture of these wonderful events, presented by the Mosaic record, we have, no doubt, an emblematic view of the slower, but still certain regeneration, the New Creation of Humanity. Oh! how happy is our lot, if our country may be, as I devoutly hope and believe it will be, one of the great agents and instruments, under the good providence of God, in a new dispensation, a new decree of the Almighty, proclaiming, "Let there be moral light over the universe we have made!"

Ellen. If this be so, then it is something to be an American.

Merry. Certainly; and this view of our country is impressed upon us strongly, as we travel in other countries —in old, worn and seedy Europe. We should reflect, however, that as we possess many advantages, we lie under corresponding obligations. If we enjoy liberty, independence, prosperity, denied to others, we should take care to let our light so shine that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven. We should take care to be just, wise, prudent, kind, gentle, so as to make the world love us, and thus to recommend our example and our institutions to all mankind. But stay! do you observe that dark line toward the southern horizon? That is the great range of the Pyrenees, and beyond is Spain.

All the Children. Oh, dear, dear, those mountains are the Pyrenees!

CHAPTER XII.

The Pyrenees.—Description of the Country.—Story of Peter the Cruel.—Madrid.

THE reader of this book will find it quite necessary, in order to understand and enjoy it, to study the maps of the countries which were visited by our aerial voyages. If they will do this, they will not only find the story more interesting, but more instructive also.

In the last chapter Mr. Merry and his party were advancing in a southerly direction from France, and were approaching Spain; already had they come in sight of the mountainous range of the Pyrenees, which divides these two countries from each other. We return to them, they being mounted in their balloon, and looking down upon the mountains beneath them.

Merry. Have you ever heard of these mountains—the Pyrenees—my young friends?

James. I have often read about them in my geography.

Seth. And so have I. I remember that the whole length of the range is 270 miles, and the tallest point 11,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Ellen. Yes, and that peak, I remember, is called *Mont Perdu*, or *Lost Mountain.* I have heard a great many strange stories about the Pyrenees.

Laura. Oh, tell us one; it's a good time now that we are here sailing along over them. It seems to be a wild, rugged region, consisting of deep valleys, dark ravines, shaggy slopes, and desolate, rocky cliffs. Some of the tallest mountain tops are covered with snow already, though it is now only the middle of September. Really, I should like to hear a story of the Pyrenees!

Ellen. Well, I will try to remember one. You must know that these mountains are inhabited by simple people, who live chiefly upon their flocks of sheep, goats, asses, and cows. They raise some grain, but their chief dependence is upon grazing. For the most part the whole country consists of mountain-steeps, with

here and there a narrow valley. In some of these valleys there are small villages. A few great roads cross the mountains, by which travelers pass between France and Spain. On some of these roads there are now regular lines of stages, called *diligences*, which enable people to go easily from one country to the other.

But the time of which I speak was at least five hundred years ago, before there were any good roads, and when the mountains were only crossed on foot, or on the backs of horses and mules. At that time there was a king in Spain called *Peter the Cruel*. He was not only a bad king, but he was a wicked man. There was at his court a young man, named Roderick, a native of one of the villages in the Pyrenees. His father and mother were good, pious people, and they had brought him up to love honesty, truth, and justice. He was very handsome and very intelligent, and so by degrees he was advanced till he became one of the king's favorites.

But he now found that his situation was a very difficult one. The king often required him to do wicked and cruel things. Roderick, for a time, contrived to evade these orders; but at last he forgot the good counsels of his parents, and rather than lose his place in the king's favor, he yielded to his commands, and became his master's accomplice in many base transactions.

It was about this time that Peter the Cruel was engaged in war with France, he being assisted by troops from England, commanded by the celebrated Black

Prince. Several battles and skirmishes took place on the western slopes of the Pyrenees, and in one of these King Peter was separated from his troops, and obliged to save himself from the enemy by flight. He was attended only by three friends, one of whom was Roderick. They soon got involved in the labyrinths of the mountains, and found themselves surrounded by the most wild and desolate scenery. Night was now approaching, and they were rejoiced to see at some distance the glimmering lights of a village.

After descending from the mountain by winding pathways, they reached the plain, which chanced to be the very spot where Roderick had been born and brought up. The king was lodged for the night in one of the houses of the village, and though it was the largest and best in the town, he was very angry at his poor fare. The people of the place did all they could to make him comfortable; they brought their best food and their best wine, but his Majesty, accustomed to every luxury, found every thing detestable.

James. What an ill-mannered, unreasonable king!

Ellen. Roderick paid a visit to his parents, whom he found to be very poor, and quite decripit from age. He was pained to see them in this state, though he was still glad to be once more beneath the roof of his childhood. The next day the king was joined by a small party of his troops, on horseback, and as he was about to leave the place, he ordered every house in the village to be set on fire, in revenge of his bad lodging and

poor supper. In a moment the reckless soldiers spurred their horses into the village, and in a short time every hut was in flames.

James. Did not Roderick try to prevent this?

Ellen. Yes, and although he had got into the habit of yielding to all the king's caprices, he would gladly have averted the fate of his native village. He therefore ventured to beg him not to commit an act so wanton and so cruel. As this was of no avail, he at last told his Majesty that this spot was his birth-place, and that his parents, now three-score years and ten, were beneath one of the roofs devoted to destruction. The king replied with a sneer, remarking that indeed things had come to a strange pass, when a menial should presume to dictate to him, and when the feelings and interests of plebeians should stand in the way of the pleasures and amusements of a king!

These words stung young Roderick to the quick. He replied fiercely to the king, and putting spurs to his horse, he followed the soldiers to the village. He was speedily at the house of his parents, but it was already in flames. The young man was frantic at the idea that his poor father and mother were involved in the conflagration. He sprang from his horse, and entered the dwelling, now one wide roaring sheet of flame. An instant after the roof fell, and all was over. The parents and the son perished together. The king looked upon the scene from a distance, greatly delighted at the pastime. When the story of Roderick

was told him, he ceased his mirth; but if he felt any compunction, it was soon forgotten amid habitual vices and crimes, all indulged with the soothing idea that "a king can do no wrong."

James. What a horrid story!

Merry. Nevertheless, it is characteristic of some kings whose history has been handed down to us. The annals of Spain can furnish many a parallel. But we have now passed the Pyrenees, and here is Spain!

Ellen. What a strange looking country! It seems to consist of lonely valleys and dusky ravines, with wild and rugged mountains crossing it in various directions.

Merry. That is the general aspect of the country. The climate of Spain is very mild: you see vines, olives, oranges, figs, lemons, growing here in every direction. Look at that fine city yonder, lying in a wide plain, between two ranges of mountains. That is Madrid!

Laura. Oh, is that Madrid? What a superb place! Let us stop and see it.

Merry. Very well—look out there! Take care of that rope James, or we'll be upset: Steady! There we are, all safe!

CHAPTER XIII.

Merry and his friends in Madrid.—Taking a Guide.—The Prado.—The Exchange.—The Palace.—Queen Donna Maria.—People of Madrid.—Dress.—A bit of a Quarrel.—Kings and Queens.—President of the United States.

Merry. Well, children, here we are in the capital of Spain. Shall we take a walk, and see the principal objects of interest?

Children. Yes, yes.

James. But how can we find our way, about?

Merry. Oh, we must take a guide—one who can show us over the city, tell us the names of the streets and principal places, and give us some little history of the chief curiosities. We must find one who can speak English.

James. This is a good plan. I used to wonder very much, how travelers got along in strange countries, the language of which they did not speak. But I now understand it all; they take guides, whom they find in all the great cities, and who make it a business to show travelers about.

Merry. Yes; in Paris, in Rome, in Venice, and other cities of Europe, there are great numbers of these guides. English, French, German, Russian, and other travelers, have no difficulty in finding guides who speak, or pretend to speak, their language. See here!

We are already surrounded by half a dozen of these fellows: we will employ one of them. * * * Well, sir, will you go about the city with us?

Guide. Yes, yes; very much happy: show you ever-ting, and more as any body! I nose ever-ting.

Merry. You speak English, I see.

Guide. Yes, yes; and ever-ting else: I am Frenchman, I speak Français, Russe, Dooche,—all dat, and mores dat.

Merry. Well, what do you call this place?

Guide. 'Dis call him *Prado*, which means *valk*, or *pomatum*, in Ingleesh.

James. What do you suppose he means by *pomatum*, Mr. Merry?

Merry. He no doubt means *promenade*, which is the French for walk.

Guide. Oui, yes, dat is promenade.

Ellen. What fine old building is that which we see yonder?

Guide. Him call *Bolsa*, which de Ingleesh call *Puss.*

James. What can the man mean by *puss?*

Merry. He means *Bourse*, which, in English, is *Exchange.*

Guide. Oui, oui; bourse, dat is puss, or exchange in Ingleesh.

James. Oh, this then is the Exchange, where the merchants meet to do business.

Ellen. What splendid building is that?

Guide. Very fine dat—ver fine dat: she is de Palace.

Ellen. Does the king live there?

Guide. Spain have not any real king!

Ellen. What have you got?

Guide. One leetle queen—Isabella.

Ellen. Is she good? Is she pretty? Is she young or old? Can we see her?

Guide. Young lady talk ver much things ver fast; she put my head off.

Ellen. The queen put your head off? It seems she put it on again.

James. Yes; and put it on wrong. I wish you'd get rid of him, Mr. Merry.

Merry. I can answer your questions, Ellen. The present queen Isabella, is about twenty five years old. She is said to be rather handsome. She is married, and has a young child. Her husband is not really king, though they call him so. We cannot see her, unless by chance, as she is riding out, or going to church. Kings and queens do not permit common people, like us, to call upon them; for if they did, they would be overrun with visitors.

James. The palace is very magnificent, and the street that leads to it has a very grand appearance. Can we go in the palace?

Merry. Yes; we can go into most of the rooms, and we shall find many curious things there,—statues, carvings, and paintings.

James. After all, there are a great many wonderful things to be seen in Madrid.

Merry. Certainly; it is one of the great capitals of Europe, and many parts of it, as we see, are magnificent. But the chief want of Madrid is water: the little stream called the Manzanares, which runs near it, has two superb bridges over it, which has given rise to a saucy proverb, as follows: "*Kings of Spain should sell their bridges and buy a river.*"

Ellen. That is a very keen joke.

Merry. There are other objections to Madrid; the whole country around is barren and uncultivated; in winter, the climate is very cold, and in summer it is excessively hot. Consequently, the place is unhealthy. It contains only two hundred thousand inhabitants, and is not likely to increase very much.

Laura. What a quantity of people there are on the *Prado!*

Ellen. Yes; and how prettily the ladies are dressed! Their gowns are all of black silk; their shawls or mantillas are of various colors; their heads are covered with veils, behind which I can see their sparkling black eyes. They have a very coquettish look.

James. What do you mean by *coquettish?*

Ellen. I hardly know—I suppose—that is—I mean the ladies seem by this air and manner, to ask you to look at them, and when they have attracted your attention, they seem by a certain look to say,—"We don't care any thing about you."

James. I think I've seen you do the same sort of thing, Ellen.

Ellen. That is very unkind of you, James. I never did such a thing in all my life.

James. Only to me!

Ellen. Not even to you: I never take the trouble to look at you or think of you!

James. Now you are on your high horse, Ellen! Pray, forgive me. I did not intend to say any thing unpleasant.

Ellen. Well, well, such an innocent as you is easily forgiven. I forget all.

James. And me?

Ellen. Yes—I will not think of you for a month.

Merry. You had better stop, James. Boys always get the worst of it, when they play at sharps with the girls. But I find I'm getting a little weary of walking about. Let us go back to our hotel, and take our dinner. It is not worth while to push our curiosity-hunting so far, and so fast, as to make it a burden.

Guide. Oh, look—dar! dar!— Queen Isabella! Queen Isabella!

Merry. Yes, yes; I see—that is the queen's coach coming along the avenue!

James. Which, which?

Merry. That one with four black horses!

Ellen. Oh, I see the queen! She's lovely! What a superb coach!

James. And is that the queen's husband by her side?

Guide. Yes, Oui, dat be him.

James. How swiftly they ride! I only caught a glimpse of them.

Merry. Royal personages generally ride very fast in the streets.

James. Why?

Merry. They are afraid of being spoken to, or perhaps insulted or assassinated.

James. Why, who would do such things? Do not the people love them? Every body here seemed almost to worship the queen as she passed.

Merry. Yet, after all, kings and queens are seldom loved by the great mass of the nation. Nearly all of them sometimes do things which are cruel and unjust, and hence they provoke bitter and deadly enmities. It is therefore generally necessary to keep themselves shut up in castles and palaces, and defended by soldiers and guards. With all these precautions, kings have sometimes been assassinated.

James. But our president of the United States, has no guard; he is not surrounded by soldiers. He walks about like any other man, and no one thinks of attacking him.

Merry. There is a great difference between a president and a king. The latter sits upon the throne, and forces the people to obey. He pretends to be superior in his nature, to have better blood than the rest of mankind. He is generally haughty, and requires the people, even the poor, to give him money to support

him in his extravagance and his luxury. All this excites hostility and resentment, in the hearts of many people. A president, on the contrary, makes no such pretensions. He only rules by the consent and choice of the people. He is the people's agent, and hence, they themselves support and protect him, and he needs no guard, no soldiers. Here we are at the hotel!

CHAPTER XI.

More about Madrid.—The Escurial.—Portugal.—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.—Geography of Spain.—Gibraltar.—Africa.—The Mediterranean.—The Balearic Isles.—History of Spain.—Napoleon.

Mr. Merry and his friends having spent some days at Madrid, and having made their preparations, they departed. The dialogue goes on as follows:

Merry. Come, come, Children, we must be off: do you see the balloon is leaping up and down with great impatience?

Ellen. But I do want to take another look at the streets of Madrid, and especially the *Calle de Arsenal*, and the great square in front of the palace. Though Madrid has not so many people as New York or Philadelphia, there seems to be a peculiar air of grandeur about it.

Merry. You can take a general look at it as we rise

over the city in the balloon. Here we go! Good-bye, Madrid!

Laura. Good-bye, Queen Isabella!

James. It seems to me very strange that they should have built the capital city of Spain in such a desolate region. All around, for miles, it seems like a desert!

Merry. That is quite true. Madrid has no towns or villages around it, and no pleasant country.

James. And what a miserable, black wall it is that encircles it! Of course that can be no defence in time of war?

Merry. No, not the least. A half-dozen cannon would tumble it into a heap of ruins in an hour. The whole use of the wall is to help the police to guard the city, and to enable the city government to collect taxes upon what is brought into the market of Madrid.

James. Oh! what is that splendid building to the north of Madrid, some five and twenty miles?

Merry. That is the Escurial, one of the most superb palaces in the world. It is said to have cost six millions of dollars. The entrance is decorated with marble, gold, silver, precious stones, superb sculptures, and some of the finest paintings in the world. Connected with it is a convent, a church, and a burial-place for the kings of Spain. It was begun by King Philip II., in 1563, and it took twenty-two years to complete it. It is dedicated to Saint Lawrence, and, as he was said to have been broiled to death on a

gridiron, so the plan of the palace was modelled after a gridiron. It gives us no very high conception of the taste of the founder, that he should seek to perpetuate ideas so horrid, and to sacrifice all convenience to the most grotesque fancy. The bars of the gridiron are represented by the courts of the palace, and the royal apartments occupy the place of the handle! After all, this gives us a pretty correct notion of Spanish kings, a few centuries ago.

James. What droll things there are in this world: and it seems to me that Spain abounds in curiosities, as well in its history and geography as its people. I have read about the gipsies of Spain, and about the robbers of the Pyrenees, and about the smugglers, and the shepherds, and other strange characters here; and now the very aspect of the country seems as curious as the inhabitants. What a rugged line of mountains stretches across from north-east to south-west, yonder; and at their very feet are beautiful streams and charming valleys, and hills covered with vines and olives.

Merry. Yes, such is the character of Spain. These are the mountains of Castile, which extend nearly across the kingdom. To the north of them is the little kingdom of Portugal.

Peter. Oh, let us go to Portugal; that is the place where so many oranges come from.

Merry. We have hardly time to visit Portugal: it is a small kingdom, of only about four millions of inhabitants, and those greatly resemble the Spaniards.

Lisbon, the capital, is rather a fine city; but I think we had better visit the south of Spain, and take a peep at Gibraltar.

Seth. Oh, yes; I want to see the monkeys that live there.

James. And I want to see the fortifications.

Ellen. And I want to see the coast of Africa.

Laura. And I want to see the Mediterranean.

Peter. And I want to see the caverns through which the monkeys are said to cross over to Africa.

Merry. Well, well, all in due time. Now we turn to the south. This river below us, which flows to the south-west, is the Tagus. It enters Portugal, and flows into the Atlantic. Near its mouth is the city of Lisbon. There, at the foot of the mountains, is Toledo—a city once famous for manufacturing sword-blades. This long line of ridges to the south, bears the name of the Toledo Mountains. South of them, you see the wide plain of Lamancha.

Ellen. Lamancha?—was that the country of Don Quixote?

Merry. Yes.

Ellen. Oh, dear me! Can we stop and see the place where he lived?

Merry. I am afraid it would be difficult to find it. You forget that Don Quixote was a fictitious, not a real personage.

Ellen. True enough, I did forget. After all, I feel sorry to think of that.

James. Why, did you like Don Quixote?

Ellen. Certainly: didn't you?

James. No; he always seemed to me an absurd, crazy old fool. Sancho was a man of sense; and his ass was worthy of his master. However, altogether, it is a good story.

Merry. Yes, one of the best ever written; and, though the period to which it refers goes back nearly four hundred years, the manners of the mass of the people are still the same as they are there described. The river winding through this valley is the Guadiana, which figures in so many of the romantic ballads of Spain.

Laura. Oh, yes; I remember the Gipsy song,

"Our steeds, Guadiana,
Must now drink of thee!"

Merry. Still farther south you see the Sierra Morena, or the Morena Mountains. Beyond, is the Guadalquiver. It flows through the province of Andalusia, the most beautiful and romantic part of Spain. The climate is soft; and here figs, oranges, grapes, and olives abound. Here is the home of the nightingale, both winter and summer. Here was the center of the kingdom of the Moors, which lasted from the eighth to the fifteenth century, and which forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Europe.

Ellen. Oh, yes; I recollect. Where is the city of Cordova?

Merry. There, on the northern bank of the Guadalquiver.

Ellen. And where is Seville?

Merry. To the west, on the southern bank of the Guadalquiver.

Ellen. And where is Granada?

Merry. At the northern foot of the Nevada Mountains, a few miles east of Seville.

Ellen. I see them all. Oh, how delightful! Granada was the capital of the Moorish kingdom; and there is the palace of the Alhambra, about which Washington Irving has told such curious stories. Let us go to Granada.

Merry. We can't stop now. It is a most interesting place; but, if we once get there, we shall have to stay a month. The Alhambra alone would keep us a week. No, no, we can only glide along over these places, and take a bird's-eye view of them. Do you see that high rock, seeming to rise out of the sea?

Seth. That must be Gibraltar!

James. And the sea beyond must be the Straits!

Ellen. And the land on the other side is Africa!

Laura. And the blue sea to the east is the Mediterranean.

Ellen. Oh, what a series of wonders! Really, this balloon traveling is a great invention.

Merry. What a set of chattering magpies you are! But we must whip up, or it will take us for ever to go round the world. We will now skim along the

southern coast of Spain, towards Italy. Do you see that city on the sea-shore, to the east of Gibraltar? That is Malaga, where the sweet wines and delicious grapes come from. Farther east, is Carthagena; next is Alicant, and to the east are the Balearic Isles, which belong to Spain.

Ellen. What are the names of these islands?

Merry. Majorca, which is the largest, Minorca, which is next in size, and Iviza, which is the smallest.

Ellen. Iviza, or Ivica; I remember that it is spelt both ways. This is supposed to be the place where the scene of Shakspeare's famous play of the Tempest is laid.

Merry. Yes; so it has been thought by some authors. But we must now bid adieu to Spain.

Laura. Won't you tell us something of the history of Spain, Mr. Merry? I think, after we have seen a country, it is much more interesting to know its history.

Merry. You are quite right, Laura. But remember, Ellen must tell the history stories.

Ellen. Well, I shall begin as all historians do by stating that the early history of Spain is lost in mists and fables. The Phœnicians, who were like the modern Yankees, great sailors, made voyages to it a thousand years before Christ. Here they founded Gadez, now called Cadiz, and which is now the greatest commercial city of Spain. The Carthaginians

traded here, and established cities along the coast. Afterwards the Romans conquered Spain, and introduced their arts and civilization into the country, as they did in France and Britain. When Rome was overrun by the Northern barbarians, in the fifth century, Spain shared a similar fate, and, after a time, it became divided into several kingdoms, as the kingdom of Arragon, the kingdom of Leon, &c. All the modern provinces were the seats of ancient kingdoms. In the year 711, A.D., a powerful army of Arabians, called Moors, crossed from Africa at the Straits of Gibraltar, and speedily made themselves masters of the southern half of Spain. Here they established a dominion, which continued till 1492, when it was finally terminated by King Ferdinand. This was the same year that America was discovered by Columbus, he having been sent out by Spain. After this, Spain speedily became the richest kingdom in Europe; but the enterprise of the people gradually failed under the degenerating influence of wealth and luxury, and it sank into comparative weakness. In 1811, Napoleon, then Emperor of France, sent his armies into Spain; and they conquered nearly the whole of it, and Napoleon's brother, Joseph, was set upon the throne. The people afterwards, stimulated by the priests, and aided by England, raised an insurrection, and drove the French army out. Upon Napoleon's fall, the ancient line of Spanish kings was restored. Donna Maria, the present queen was the descendant and representative of the sovereigns

displaced by Napoleon. But in the year 1855, there was a revolution, and a new government was formed by a sort of congress or convention called a Cortes. This established a constitution and recognized the Queen Isabella, as sovereing of Spain.

James. It seems to me, Mr. Merry, that Napoleon was a very wicked man. He kept all Europe in a state of war for about twenty years, and it is said he caused the violent death of two millions of men. If a man murders one person he is hung: if he causes the death of millions by war, it seems to me he is a million times a murderer.

Merry. You are certainly right, James, provided these wars are unnecessary. All the blood shed by a man in the mere pursuit of ambition, is upon his soul, and he will carry the stain to the judgment-seat of God. Napoleon, according to the general opinion of mankind, was almost wholly guided in his wars by a love and desire of conquest. I am very glad to see that your views are right on this subject, James, for it is too much the fashion, of late, to gloss over the crimes of warriors and conquerors. Even historians are found who seek to hide the miseries which these men inflict on mankind, and blazon only their deeds of courage, of skill, and of genius. Such historians have a serious account to render, here and hereafter, for leading mankind astray—for praising and promoting the spirit and the crimes of war, and thus keeping back the blessings and the virtues of peace.

CHAPTER XV.

Italy.—Rome.—Mount Etna.—Sicily.—A Night in the Balloon.—The Lipari Isles.—Vesuvius.—Tom Trotter.—The Kentuckian and the Italian.—Volcanoes.—The World a Ball of Fire.

Merry. Well done—here you have all been fast asleep these two hours: Come, wake up!

Ellen. Are we still going along?

Merry. Yes, but we glide forward so smoothly, it seems as if we were suspended in the air, absolutely without motion. But if you look to the sea below, you will see we are going rapidly along.

James. Which way are we going?

Merry. In a north-easterly direction; if we keep on, this will bring us to Italy.

Ellen. Oh—charming! I do so want to see Italy.

Seth. I remember to have seen Italy on the map, and to have read about it in the geography. It is a peninsula about five hundred miles long. It is shaped like a boot, the island of Sicily lying near the toe, and the long heel pointing out like an old-fashioned lady's slipper, between the Adriatic sea and the Gulf of Taranto.

Merry. You have a good memory, Seth. Now what part of Italy shall we go to?

Ellen. Let us go to Rome, so wonderful for its antiquities, and for St. Peter's church, and the Vatican, where the Pope lives.

Peter. Is the Pope a real man?

Merry. Certainly, and I believe a very pleasant sort of a man, too.

Seth. Well, I should like to see him.

James. And so should I, but I don't mean to kiss his toe!

Merry. It is not the custom now-a-days to kiss the pope's toe; this was done formerly, and kings and princes were required to do it, as an act of homage. If we go to Rome, we shall find the pope to be an old gentleman, with a very kind and amiable face. He may let you kiss his hand, and will give you his blessing. But I think it is best to go first to the south of Italy, and then we can proceed northward, and take the several countries in course. You are all agreed? Well —here we go! Do you observe how blue the sea is?

Ellen. Yes, and the sky too. What a beautiful scene! This, then, is the Mediterranean, of which I have read so often. But what great dark thing is that rising up to the clouds, far in the east?

Merry. That is Mount Etna!

James. Oh yes; I remember. Mount Etna is on the island of Sicily. How it smokes at the top! Seems to me it smells of brimstone?

Peter. Why, Mr. Merry, we are going right at it. Shan't we tumble into the crater?

Seth. Whew! It looks for all the world like a huge coal-pit, where they make charcoal. Why, I can see the blaze come out of the top! We shall get singed if we go much nearer.

James. Yes, or at least get smothered in the black steaming smoke.

Merry. Don't be frightened; I'll keep the balloon out of harm's way. We can take a good look at Sicily as we skim along the northern shore. It is a beautiful island.

Peter. How large is it?

Merry. You must ask Seth: he seems to be the geographer.

Seth. Oh, it is about 185 miles long, and 100 broad.

Peter. Indeed! Looking at it from our balloon it does not seem one quarter as large. What is Sicily celebrated for, Mr. Merry?

Merry. For many things: in the first place, here is Mount Etna, which is the most famous volcano in the world. It is 11,000 feet high, and its eruptions have often shaken the surrounding country, and buried whole cities in fire, ashes, and lava. Sicily has also a charming climate, and then it produces figs, grapes, oranges, and other fine fruits in abundance. Every child has heard about Sicily oranges.

Peter. Well, let us go down and eat some. I should like to go to the trees and shake down a bushel of oranges, just as I have often shaken down apples at home.

Merry. We have not time to stop here. We must leave Sicily, with all its beautiful scenes, and fine towns, and rich vineyards, and proceed to Naples. We must travel fast, too, for you see it is almost sunset.

Ellen. But suppose, Mr. Merry, just for the fun of it, that we travel all night.

Peter. What! go without our supper?

Seth. Yes—and just after talking of Sicily oranges and figs, and raisins, and all that. No—no—that won't do!

Ellen. Oh, what hungry boys! Nevertheless, do let us try a night voyage; we have always found it pleasant enough even in more northen climates: it must be charming here in this soft tranquil atmosphere.

James. But there is no moon; it will be as dark as pitch.

Ellen. We shall have at least one good lamp, and that's Mount Etna.

James. Oh, does it shine at night?

Ellen. Certainly.

James. Well, I say let us have a night voyage. I put it to vote. All in favor of it hold up the right hand! One, two, three, four! Contrary minds; one, two! It is a vote. By the by—it is already sundown.

Laura. Yes, and how dark the sea looks!

Ellen. And the land, too. But there is Etna. See the flame proceeding from its top!

Laura. It is indeed sublime! As the darkness increases, the flame from the volcano becomes brighter.

Ellen. How strange—how awful—yet how beautiful! You can see the reflection of the fire down the sides of the mountain, and extending over the valleys to the shore, and even upon the waves. What a ma-

jestic image is that of Mount Etna, with its banner of flame pictured in the deep bosom of the sea!

Merry. Really, Ellen, you are quite poetical.

Ellen. And who would not be poetical, sailing along here in Robert Merry's balloon at night, and looking down upon Mount Etna, lighting up the world with its magic-lantern?

Merry. Sure enough! But look here—right before us. Do you see those blazing lights, seeming to issue from the ocean?

All the Children. Oh—yes—yes—what are they!

Merry. These are the Lipari Isles—a group of volcanoes, which have been famous for ages for their eruptions: two or three of them are now sending forth ashes and flames, but sometimes several years elapse without any violent shocks. They consist of little more than mountains of volcanic lava, yet they are fertile, and there are twenty thousand inhabitants upon them. Lipari, the largest island, is eighteen miles long, and produces pumice-stone, nitre, sulphur, soda, &c. One of them has a very remarkable grotto.

James. Dear me! Italy seems to be a land of curiosities.

Merry. It is so indeed. No part of the world is more interesting, whether we regard its geography or its history. But look far away to the north: do you observe that point of light down in the edge of the horizon?

Ellen. Oh yes, I see it; what is it?

Merry. It is Vesuvius.

James. What, another volcano?

Merry. Yes, and perhaps even more interesting than Mount Etna.

James. I've read about it. Don't you remember, Mr. Merry, that Tom Trotter went to the top of it, and came near tumbling into the crater or chimney.

Merry. Yes, and I remember a good story about Vesuvius. There was once an American from Kentucky up on the top of the mountain, with an Italian. The latter boasted very much about the volcano—what it had done and could do. He concluded by saying that it was really the most wonderful and terrible curiosity in the world. "Pooh, pooh," said the Yankee—"we have got a cataract called Niagara, that would put it out in five minutes."

James. What a set of boasters we Americans are! However, this idea of a grand battle between Niagara Falls and the volcano of Vesuvius is a good one, and bespeaks our big mouthed Yankee humor. But, Mr. Merry, I want to ask you about those volcanoes. How long have Vesuvius and Etna been pouring out their volumes of fire, stone, and ashes?

Merry. Probably for many thousands of years, at intervals. They are not always in full activity, you know.

James. Yes, I know that; but still they are always smoking, and sometimes they pour out rivers of melted

minerals, and cover the surrounding country, for many miles, with lava, stones, gravel, sand, and ashes. Now what I want to know is this: what supplies those vast furnaces with materials and fuel, for these successive eruptions—for thousands of years?

Merry. That is a difficult question; there is a theory, however, which answers it. It is supposed that the whole earth was once—some millions of years ago—a great ball of red-hot, liquid lava. After a time, the outside became cooled, leaving the interior still in a candescent or melted state. From this interior mass of red-hot lava it is supposed that volcanoes are supplied.

Peter. Are you serious, or is that a joke, Mr. Merry?

Merry. I am quite serious.

Peter. Then you suppose the earth is like a big orange, full of fiery juice. It has a thick, stiff rind, but there are holes called volcanoes in it, and the juice comes out of them now and then?

Merry. That is rather a ridiculous view of the matter certainly, and ridicule is not always the test of truth. Let me tell you, that as you dig down into the earth, the temperature becomes warmer. Near Paris, in the village of Grenelle, there is a well eighteen hundred feet deep. At the bottom, the temperature is eighty-two degrees, even in mid-winter. Thus, at this depth, you find a temperature warmer than that of summer on the surface of the earth. Now, if the heat goes on increasing in this manner, and I see no reason to doubt it, at the depth of a hundred miles we should

certainly find a degree of heat equal to that of red-hot lava. But I must stop philosophizing. You may all go to sleep now, so as to awake up early and be ready to take a view of the famous bay of Naples.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Bay of Naples.—Big words on small Occasions.—Ischia and Capri.—The Emperor Tiberius.—Mad Emperors.—New York Bay.

Merry. Good morning: good morning! Come, rub your eyes: the sun is rising in the east, and a glorious view is before us.

Ellen. Here, then, we are over the Bay of Naples?

Merry. Yes—and as it is an excellent time to take a look at it, we'll stop our balloon a few minutes.

Laura. It is beautiful—charming—enchanting—

James. What a lot of big words you do use, Laura! I'm tired of beautiful—charming—enchanting—sublime—superb—delicious—delightful—delectable, &c., &c. You apply them to every thing.

Merry. My dear James, I am sorry to hear you speak so bluntly: perhaps young ladies, and young gentlemen too, use certain words rather too often. I am ready to admit that there is something tiresome, and even ridiculous, in the habit that some young people have of repeating on all occasions—little and great—certain big words. It is ridiculous, for instance, to

exhaust all our expressions of delight on an insect, or a flower, so that when we behold some grand and sublime display of God's mightier works, like this before us—we have still only the same words which we have bestowed on the minute beauties of nature.

Laura. But really when our thoughts are big, we must use big words?

Merry. I am not so sure of that. Big words, do not always convey grand ideas. But what I refer to, and what I condemn, is the indiscrimate use of certain, rather high sounding phrases. This is bad taste, certainly. It shows a want of real thought, of real knowledge, of real sense, in those who make this a habit. Those who think, those who speak knowingly, those who have good taste and good sense, in habitual exercise, adapt their words to the occasion; they use them according to the object and the subject to which their words are applied. If they say a thing is beautiful, they can tell you why it is so; if they say a thing is sublime, they usually, in the same sentence, point out the elements of that sublimity. Such persons speak discriminatingly; they distinguish between the characters of objects. But a wholesale dealer in qualifying words makes no such discrimination. If a thing is grand—like Etna—they say it is beautiful, charming, sublime. They will use the same words in regard to a rainbow, or a star, or a lake, or a valley, or a mountain. A knowing person, a person of good sense, in habitual exercise—will speak of these things according to their

peculiar traits. He will say the rainbow is graceful, the star is bright, the lake is tranquil, the valley is lovely, the mountain is grand—varying the words, of course, according to the occasion. In this way conversation becomes highly instructive; indeed, the conversation of sensible people is about the richest entertainment to be found in the intercourse of society. The talk of superficial people, especially when they attempt to speak strong and big, is nothing but offensive gabble. Yet there is something worse than all this, and I must beg my listeners to remember it: I mean abrupt and harsh criticism of our friends.

James. I suppose you allude to me, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Yes, James.

James. Well, I admit that you are quite right, and I am very sorry for what I said to Laura, and hope you will forgive me.

Merry. Certainly—certainly

James. And do you forgive me Laura?

Laura. With all my heart: nay, I am glad that you spoke as you did, for it has made me aware of my silly habit of using big words at random. I can see how absurb it is.

Peter. I think it is a very bad habit: if a thing is blue, just say it's blue, and that's enough. To call a thing charming, and divine, and sublime, and magnificent, and all that, is like putting mustard, and salt, and pepper and butter, and vinegar, all together on every thing, instead of putting mustard on the beef, salt on the

potatoes, pepper and vinegar on the cabbage, and butter on the bread.

Merry. A very high-flavored illustration, Peter. But see how grandly the sun is rising over the bay to the east! Observe how it seems to convert the water into a lake of gold! It is now shining fair upon the city of Naples, which rises from the sea, at the head of the bay.

James. Oh, yes—there to the north! And to the east I can see Vesuvius, now bathed in sunshine. Why, this bay of Naples is really charming, though it is not so large as I expected.

Merry. It is twenty miles long and ten broad. That island which you see at the west side is Ischia, and contains twenty-four thousand people: that to the south, lying near the entrance of the bay, is Capri. It is a mountainous rock, rising abruptly from the sea. It is a celebrated place for catching doves and quails, for they stop here in vast numbers in their spring and autumn migrations. Nets and snares are set in the woods and across the crevices in the rocks, and the numbers of these birds taken is said to amount to millions every year. Capri is also noted for a cavern, which you enter close to the water. It bears the name of *Grotto of Nymphs.* It is hung with stalactites and when lighted by tapers, it seems like a chamber in an enchanted palace. Capri is furthermore celebrated in history. The Roman Emperor Tiberius, spent several years here, and made it the scene of his insane orgies.

Ellen. Oh, yes—I remember the story of Tiberius. It is a dreadful passage in history.

James. Tell it, Ellen.

Ellen. I can only give an outline of it. He was born about forty-two years before Christ. His great talents were developed at an early age. When nine years old, he delivered a public discourse in honor of his father, who was a distinguished public officer under the famous Julius Cæsar. Tiberius rose to great distinction as an orator, and afterwards as a general. Finally, in the 55th year of his age, he succeeded Augustus Cæsar and became emperor of Rome, then the mightiest power on the face of the earth. He had been supposed to be a good and virtuous man, but now his character changed, and he showed himself one of the most cruel and detestable tyrants that ever sat on a throne. He seemed to hate mankind, to despise the Roman people, and to find satisfaction only in deeds of injustice, tyranny, and crime. At last, having become intoxicated with pleasure, he gave up the chief business of government to a wretch named Sejanus, and spent the greater part of his time at the little island of Capri. Here he amused himself with building villages and palaces, with feasting, drinking, dancing, and rioting in the most shocking manner. At this period he is generally believed to have been positively mad.

Laura. What a terrible thing a mad emperor must be!

Seth. How so?

Laura. Because he wields so much power—the whole power of the government. In the time of Tiberius, the Roman empire had, it is said, a hundred millions of people under its dominion. Think of having a hundred millions of people exposed to the madness of their ruler—and that, too, when the emperor had the power of life and death over every person in the empire.

James. It is indeed dreadful to think of: still, it is very interesting to get here in the midst of places connected with the history of ancient Rome. We seem to see and feel the events of history, as if we had taken part in them. Oh, how interesting it is to be in Italy!

Merry. But we must not forget to look at the bay of Naples.

James. Why, I cannot take my eyes from it!

Laura. How beautiful the city of Naples, and these other towns, sweep round in a sort of semi-circle, on the north side of the bay.

Ellen. Yes, and how grandly Vesuvius rises up in the east.

James. How far is Vesuvius from Naples?

Merry. Only four or five miles, in a straight line.

James. I should think it is rather dangerous to have such a neighbor, and so near by; still, it increases the beauty of the scene.

Ellen. Some persons think the bay of New York as beautiful as the bay of Naples.

Merry. That is a mistake: the bay of New York is

less than half the size of this, and it has no Vesuvius in the back ground. Still, it is a charming bay, and in respect to navigation, it is one of the finest in the world. But come, it is time to land and get some breakfast. Here we go: down—down—down! This is the city of Naples! We will take lodgings at the Hotel Britanique, here on this broad avenue, along the edge of the bay. When we have had some refreshments, we will take a tour about the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Streets of Naples.—Toledo Street.—The Climate.—Effect of a mild Climate.—The Lazzaroni.—Vesuvius.—Maccaroni.—Scene in the Streets.—My Lord.

James. What a remarkable place Naples is: I see, now, why it has such a fine appearance from the bay; it rises street above street, from the water's edge, up to the towering cliffs in the rear.

Merry. It is indeed a very curious and interesting city. Though it looks so bright and fresh, it is really built on the ruins of other cities, erected thousands of years ago. A great part of it is undermined by galleries and grottos, in some of which are tombs, filled with bones, showing that they were once used as a cemetery. It is curious to think of a city, so gay on the surface, which has such dark and dismal foundations. But see, here we are in the *Strada di Toledo*, or Toledo street.

James. It is very long. 12

Merry. Yes—more than a mile in length.

Ellen. But how narrow!

Merry. Nevertheless, it is the finest, and I think, the broadest in Naples, if we except the streets which face the city and run along the edge of the bay. It is not more than fifty feet wide, that is, not half as wide as Broadway in New York, and little more than one-third as wide as the Boulevards of Paris.

James. Why, it does not seem near fifty feet wide.

Merry. That is because the houses on both sides are so lofty.

Ellen. They are very handsome: how richly they are ornamented! All seem to have balconies in front, and they are nearly all seven stories high. What a pity the street is so narrow!

Merry. The narrowness of the streets is one of the great defects of this city. Some of them are not more than fifteen feet wide, and a person might almost jump from one balcony to another.

Ellen. After all, Naples reminds me of Paris.

Merry. Yes; but it is a very inferior city. It has not more than 350,000 inhabitants, and though it has some fine public buildings, and pleasant squares, including the favorite public promenade along the bay, laid out with avenues and shaded with trees, it is destitute of such fine public walks as the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysee.

Ellen. Oh, I suppose there is no city in the world

equal in beauty and pleasantness to Paris; but still, there is something grand, and at the same time agreeable, in Naples. How blue and clear the sky is, and how soft the atmosphere! I have heard people tell of the beauty of the climate of Italy, and I now understand it.

Merry. The climate of Italy is very beautiful, but on the whole, I prefer that of our own country. It is more agreeable here, that is to say, the extremes of heat and cold are not so great as at New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, but in our country we have as bright and clear skies, as enchanting landscapes, as delicious sunsets, as Italy itself can boast. And the vicissitudes of climate, the extremes of the seasons, belonging to our continent, I believe are rather an advantage, for it seems that the human constitution, both physical and moral, is benefited by them. It is not in the mild, tranquil regions bordering on the equator, that we find the most civilized and powerful nations. A soft climate makes a soft people. It is so, all the world over. It is rather in the temperate regions, where there are four distinct and positive seasons—a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter season—that we find mankind reaching the highest perfection.

Ellen. It must be so now; we see in the northern portions of Europe, that is, in Great Britain, France, Germany, &c., the most intelligent, energetic, and refined nations. It is in the south that we find the inferior kingdoms of Spain Italy, Greece, and Turkey.

But it was not so formerly, for these latter countries were the seats of the ancient dominion, civilization, and art?

Merry. These are shrewd observations of yours, Ellen. The facts you state are historical, but I think their true philosophy is this: in the first ages of mankind, the warmest regions of the earth naturally became the centers of crowded populations, because the means of subsistence are here most easily obtained. Hence it is that in the warm regions of Assyria, Egypt, and southern Europe, we find the earliest great kingdoms and empires. But after a period, we see that all these kingdoms and empires are conquered, the people scattered, and the lands and territories they occupied, passed into a comparative state of barbarism. And while the southern regions have become thus degenerate, we find that a new and higher kind of civilization, has sprung up in the more northern countries, and that these are not only the seats and centers of art, knowledge, and refinement, but of power also.

Ellen. Yes, so it seems to be: I can easily see how a soft and gentle climate makes an imbecile people. It seems to me, if I were to live in Italy, I should always be content to sit still, and to be waited upon by servants. I should never enter upon any thing that required exertion. Why, a large part of the people here seem to be lying down in the streets in a state of complete idleness.

Merry. Yes, there is a race of men and women here

in Naples, called *lazzaroni*. There were formerly twenty or thirty thousand of them, but there are not so many now. You see they are half naked, and their skin, owing to their exposure to the sun, is as dark as that of our American Indians. See what black hair and black eyes they have got!

James. Pray how do they get a living?

Merry. Some are beggars, some go of errands, some are porters, some sell small wares about the streets. Their wants are few: three or four cents a day will buy them a quantity of maccaroni, and this suffices. Their clothing consists of a few rags: they have no house or home: winter and summer most of them sleep in the open air, beneath the porches of churches or the porticos of public edifices. To these lazy people, a stone suffices for a bed.

Ellen. Dear me, how fortunate it is that the climate is so mild; if they had such winters as we have, they would freeze and starve to death!

Merry. Not at all, Ellen; stimulated by necessity, they would then go to work and earn food and clothing and shelter.

Ellen. Oh, then you think it is the mild climate of Naples that makes the lazzaroni?

Merry. I believe climate has a great deal to do with it. It is very certain that you find more pauperism and more beggars in hot climates than cold ones. No doubt that the bad government of Naples is one cause of the degradation of these people. The government

takes no pains to elevate their condition; it does not give them education or liberty. It does not rouse their faculties by knowledge or instruction. It finds them weak, idle, vicious, and slavish, and it leaves them as it finds them. But see, here we are in the upper part of the city. How nobly the bay spreads out before us! And there again, at the east, is Vesuvius.

James. Oh, it is indeed beautiful. The bay is charming, and Vesuvius—how slowly, yet how majestically, the column of smoke winds from its crater upwards to the sky!

Ellen. And how near the mountain appears to be!

Merry. Yes, but it is four or five miles off, in a direct line, and ten miles by the road.

Seth. Can we go to it?

Merry. Certainly; but we had better go in the balloon.

Seth. Are you sure we sha'n't get singed?

Merry. Oh, we'll not go too near; besides, Vesuvius is only smoking now. It seems to be taking its rest. Before it has a fit of spouting out fire and lava, it usually roars and grumbles, and thus gives warning of what is coming.

Ellen. You speak of the mountain as if it were a living creature, and had turns of the colic.

Merry. That was really the idea of old philosophers: they regarded the whole earth as a huge animal. They considered the tides of the ocean as its breathing, the trees were its hair, the elephants, whales, &c., were

its vermin. The volcanoes and earthquakes were supposed to be caused by diseases of the intestines.

James. I presume that the mountains were considered its warts, and Vesuvius, and Etna, and other volcanoes, the sores or boils by which the internal diseases were alleviated.

Merry. That is carrying the joke rather far, James. But come, let us return to our hotel.

Seth. And to dinner?

James. You are always ready for dinner, Seth.

Seth. Yes, at dinner time, and so are you.

James. That's true enough. But we must have maccaroni to day, of course.

Seth. Why?

James. It is the great article of food in Naples; it is said to be better here than any where else. Mr. Merry, how is it made?

Merry. Maccaroni is made of flour; that which is produced by the black wheat from the borders of the Black Sea is preferred. This is mixed with water and kneaded by heavy wooden blocks, wrought by levers. It is pressed through holes so contrived as to form the paste into tubes: the larger kind is called *maccaroni;* the second size, *vermicelli;* and the smallest, *fedelini.* The manufacture of these is one of the chief employments of the working people of the city.

James. Oh, see that fellow, sitting on the church steps yonder! What is he eating—a snake?

Merry. No, it is one of the lazzaroni eating macca-

roni. These fellows boast of their dexterity in swallowing it.

Ellen. And I think with good reason. He seems to take it down by the yard. Really, he reminds me of Theodore Hook's witty description of maccaroni.

James. What was that?

Ellen. He called it *pipe-stems made easy.*

James. Capital! But do these people have nothing to eat but maccaroni?

Merry. Thousands of them have nothing else. This is usually boiled in plain water; those who can afford it, add the juice or gravy of meat, and finely grated cheese. It is thus prepared that we usually eat it.

Peter. Do see that woman carrying an enormous basket on her head! I should think it would break her neck.

Merry. The porters here, men as well as women, are accustomed to carry enormous burthens on their heads. The head here, is used as a wheel-barrow, or hand-cart, is with us.

Laura. It seems rather degrading to put the seat of the mind and of the understanding, to such base uses.

James. I suppose these people have no better employment for their brains: head work in Naples seems, for one half the population, to mean horse work.

Seth. Yet what a quantity of donkeys and mules and asses, there are here!

Merry. Yes, all the vegetables and fruit, are brought to market, from the country round about, by these creatures.

Ellen. They seem very mild, patient, amiable brutes.

Seth. And very strong too: do you see that prodigious load of cabbages? How the little donkey does stagger under it.

James. Oh see this flock of goats! I like goats very much, they are so lively and seem so conceited.

Merry. And here they are very useful; they supply the whole city with milk.

Laura. Have they no cows?

Merry. Very few: there are no pastures fit for cows, in the vicinity: but the goats get a good living on the cliffs and rocks around the city. They are driven out into the country every morning and brought back every night. But see—here is a troop of horse, coming along the streets!

Ellen. Yes, and there is a procession of people, all covered with masks. Oh, it is a funeral! What a strange and startling spectacle!

James. Yes, and what a jumble of mules, and asses, and priests, and soldiers, all in one street.

Merry. And you should add beggars to the list. See they have found us out, in the very midst of this hubbub.

Ellen. It seems they take us for English.

Merry. Yes, Americans are generally taken for English, all over the continent. But what did that fellow say?

Ellen. Why he called you *My lord!*

Merry. He calls *me* a lord? *Me*—simple Robert

Merry—hobbling about on a cane—he calls *me* a lord? Well—that's the greenest fellow we've met with. Old Bob Merry—"my lord!!" Ha—ha—ha—ha! That'll be a good joke when we get back to ———. But don't tell of it. There, my uncombed friend, take that! I give you twenty-five cents, which is cheap enough for a good joke. Ha—ha—ha—! Robert Merry a lord! But after all, it is rather a satire than a compliment, for lords here in Naples are often very poor, and very mean, also. A prince who lives in a great house will sometimes disguise himself as a servant, and go of errands, drive a cart, or black boots, for a few cents. He will sometimes even officiate as coachman, and drive his own wife, on visits of ceremony, so as to keep up the state of the house and family. But here is our hotel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beggars again—Cheapness of Food.—Character of the Italians.—Priests.—Soldiers.—Kingly Governments.—Animated Scenes in the Streets.

Merry. Now that we have had our dinner, what shall we do?

James. Oh, go to Vesuvius!

All the Children. Yes, to Vesuvius!

Merry. We have really seen very little of Naples, but if you desire it we will go to Vesuvius.

Ellen. Suppose we walk through the city, and when we get on the heights, we can mount the balloon.

All the Children. Agreed—agreed!

Merry. Well, so be it. But don't scamper out of the hotel so! You set the servants a-staring as if we were a tribe of wild Indians. Dear me, how full the streets are of people!

Ellen. Yes, I never saw such a place. It appears as if every body was in the streets. One would suppose they were all carrying on their business out of doors, and the thicker the crowd, the better they seem to like it.

James. How these little street shop-keepers do halloo at us, as we pass along. It makes me angry to be so beset.

Seth. And here is a lot of beggars coming at us again.

Merry. And they'll be calling me "my lord," I suppose. Let us turn the corner and get into this narrow street, out of the crowd.

James. Here we are—but what a vile smell. I remember to have heard that many parts of Naples were intolerable, owing to the vile odors.

Merry. It is really too bad—come this way.

Ellen. What a disagreeable place!

Seth. Let us go down this street to the right. There is a large open space beyond.

Merry. Very well; what abundance of melons and other fruits there are in the streets for sale. One thing must be said for Naples—almost every thing is cheap here. Maccaroni for a dinner costs three cents; for the same sum, a dinner of fish, fried in oil, may be obtained.

Grapes in the season are two cents a pound, oranges are two for a cent. But at the same time, the wages of labor are very low. It is as hard to get three cents in Naples, as to get twenty cents in New York. A man often labors all day here, for ten cents, and a woman for four cents.

James. Why don't the people go to America, then?

Merry. How can they get the money—for it costs thirty or forty dollars to go from Naples to New York? And besides, the people are too ignorant, too degraded, too imbecile, to make even an effort to change their condition if the opportunity were offered them.

Ellen. They seem very poor, very dirty, very ragged—and yet contented.

Merry. They may be contented—they may seem happy; but this is, after all, rather a poor existence.

Ellen. And is it so all over Italy?

Merry. It is nearly so. Goldsmith's picture, drawn about a century ago, is quite true of the people now:

> "But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
> And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
> In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
> Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
> Contrasted faults thro' all his manners reign;
> Though poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain.
> Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
> And e'en in penance planning sins anew."

Ellen. It is a sad picture, and the degradation of society seems the more dreadful, because nature is so beautiful here. How strange it is that vice and mean-

ness and folly should flourish most where God seems to have bestowed the richest favors of nature.

Merry. Such indeed seems to be the fact.

James. There is another thing that puzzles me. The streets seem to be full of priests and religious processions. I never anywhere saw so many churches. These are always thronged with people, kneeling and crossing themselves, and performing their religious ceremonies. —Now, what I desire to know is this—why does it happen that the country where there are so many priests and churches, and religious rites and ceremonies, there should be such general ignorance, poverty, sin, and degradation? It seems to me where there is so much religion, there should be a high and not a low standard of society. But here is another troop of horse!

Laura. Yes, the soldiers are as plentiful as the priests. Every public place seems to be guarded by soldiers. Pray what is the need of this?

Merry. You must know, that here in Naples, the people are governed by a king. A king's government is generally rather severe: he says to the nation, "this kingdom is mine; you are my subjects. I must live in fine palaces, I must have crowns and diamonds, and my children must be princes and princesses, and they must be clothed in linen and velvet, and fare sumptuously every day. And you the people must toil and be taxed to pay for all this. And if you grumble, you shall be shut up in dungeons, or be beheaded." Now, this conduct is apt to make the people feel angry, and

perhaps, they would rebel, and drive the king away, if it were not that he keeps a great many soldiers ready to shoot the people down, should they show the least uneasiness. And this is not only the case here in Naples, but in most countries of Europe, for nearly all are governed by kings or emperors.

Ellen. Oh, dear, here we are again in the midst of the crowd.

Merry. Yes; and after all it is rather amusing. What a rolling, swelling, eddying current of people. What a higglety-pigglety scene! Booths of peddlars here, a carpenter's shop there; a boiler of maccaroni on one hand, and a priest addressing a group of gaping lazzaroni on the other. In one spot is a grotesquely dressed fellow, tumbling and standing on his head, before a parcel of children and beggars: yonder is an orator with a stentorian voice, setting forth the miracles which have been performed by wax images which he offers for sale. On a platform there, is a vender of quack medicines, dressed up in tattered and touselled regimentals, roaring forth the virtues of his drugs, and emphasizing his words and sentences with a rusty cutlass. An old man and old woman try to drown him with a song and a creaky guitar. Never was there such variety of sights and sounds, all crowded together in the open streets. It positively seems like a jolly battle, but I have had enough of it! There comes those beggars again—some of them will be calling me *my lord*, I suppose. Bah, let us turn this corner and get out of their way!

CHAPTER XIX.

Vesuvius.—Description of the Crater.—Ascending Vesuvius.—The great Eruption of '79.—Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Merry. Are you all ready there? Get in Seth! There—Steady! Steady! So up—up—up we go! That will do. Now we will just skim along, so as to see the country. The towns and villages you notice, have an old, worn-out, decaying look. Antiquity is written upon all the walls and monuments of this country. The people even seem like the wreck of other days. But the sky is still pure and unsullied. The leaves and flowers and fruits are as fair as ever. The air seems a delicious bath, breathing of balm. Oh, Italy! how mournful, yet how lovely is thine aspect! It was of a country similar to this, that the poet exclaimed,

"All save the spirit of man is divine!"

But, see, we are approaching Vesuvius!

Ellen. How it seems to rise up, higher and higher, as we come near it!

James. But what a bleak rocky top it has got: lower down it seems covered with villages and vine yards. How dare the people live here, on the sides of the very mountain that has such turns of volcanic frenzy?

Merry. It does seem strange: but in point of fact, the eruptions of Vesuvius are not very frequent. Sometimes it remains in a quiet dosing state for a

great many years. And, besides, it is natural for those who are familiar with danger, at length to despise it. But here we are directly over the mountain: this deep, ghastly gulf, is what is called the *Crater of Vesuvius.*

Ellen. What a horrid looking place!

James. Yes, and see that column of white sulphurous smoke issuing from the cracks of the rocks.

Seth. Why, I can look down into the very throat of this hideous chimney! It looks as red as the mouth of a bear. I can see the fire! And what a smell of brimstone! Dear me, Mr. Merry, do let us get away from this terrible place.

Merry. Don't be afraid, Seth: we'll only take a good look and then be gone. You see the crater, or higher cone of the mountain, is about 2,000 feet in diameter, or more than a mile in circuit. It's highest point is 4,000 feet above the level of the bay, which you see almost washes the very foot of the mountain.

Ellen. The crater seems to be a mere heap of stones, gravel, and ashes. It is indeed terrific!

James. But what is that yellow stuff mixed with the mass of cinders?

Merry. That is brimstone, which is thrown out in large quantities, with the mass of materials disgorged by the volcano.

James. Probably there is a great quantity of brimstone, here, in the bowels of the earth, which takes fire, and assists in causing the volcanic eruption!

Merry. There is no doubt of it.

James. Below the cone, the sides of the mountain seem to be covered with black, rugged masses, like the cinders from a blacksmith's forge. What are these?

Merry. They are lava, which has been thrown out of the volcano in a melted state, and being cooled has assumed the hardness of stone.

Seth. Why, I see people walking along on the edge of the crater!

Merry. Yes; people come here every day to look at this wonder of nature. It takes only three or four hours to come from Naples to the top of the mountain. Travelers generally come in carriages, in which they ascend half way, to a house called the Hermitage. This belongs to the priests, who furnish visitors with bread and cheese, and wine raised on the sides of Vesuvius, called *Lachryma Christi*, or the Tears of Christ. Here also the travelers are furnished with horses and guides. They proceed in winding rocky paths to the foot of the cone; from this point ladies and children are gently carried in chairs, each chair hung on poles, and borne along by four men. The ascent is 1,000 feet, up a very steep hill composed of ashes and sand, gravel and ragged masses of lava, which constantly sink and roll beneath the feet. It takes half-an-hour of severe labor to accomplish this part of the adventure. The scene from the top is however very grand, and well repays one for the trouble of the ascent.

Seth. But is it not dangerous to walk about on the top of the crater!

Merry. No: in some places the lava is very hot, and you can see the smoke issuing from the crevices beneath your feet: if you are not careful, you will burn the soles of your boots. But if you keep away from the very mouth of the crater, there is no danger.

Seth. Well, well—I'd rather be up here in our balloon, then down there in the jaws of a volcano. It may be well to see such a thing once, but that is sufficient for me.

James. Why, Seth, I admire Vesuvius. I never saw any thing so sublime.

Ellen. Or so beautiful. What a wonderful view is exhibited, around it. To the south is the lovely bay of Naples; to the west is the city, rising from the water's edge. See what a circle of villages and vineyards sweep around the foot of the mountain! And then look at this sullen volcano—this mass of rocks, rising in the midst of such loveliness, and by its contrast, adding beauty to the objects that surround it! And then, to look back and consider the history of Vesuvius, as well as that of the neighboring country! By the way, Mr. Merry, where are Herculaneum and Pompeii?

Merry. Here, nearly beneath us. You see that line of houses, along the shore, a little south-east of Vesuvius, and near its foot. That is the modern city of Portici, in the midst of which are the ruins of Herculaneum. To the south of Vesuvius, is Pompeii. You can see it distinctly with the glass.

Ellen. Where? Oh, I see. It is right at the foot of the mountain, and close to the bay. What a strange ruinous place it is—like a city with the roofs of the houses all taken off.

Laura. I suppose we can't stop to visit these places; but, while we are going along, will you tell us something about them, Mr. Merry?

James. Oh, yes! I want to hear about Pompeii!

Merry. Well, we will just set our course to the north, for we must now leave Naples, and visit other parts of Italy. We have no very ancient accounts of Vesuvius. Strabo, a famous Roman author, who wrote his geographical work a short time before the beginning of the Christian era, describes it as being torn and blackened in such a manner as to make it probable that it had been on fire. It appears that there is no record of an eruption previous to that time. Not long after, it became the scene of the most terrible convulsions in the memory of man. At that period, you know, the great Roman Empire was in all its glory, and Titus—he who a few years before, with his Roman army, had conquered and destroyed the city of Jerusalem—was emperor. All Italy was then full of splendid towns and cities; and among them were Herculaneum and Pompeii—both large and handsome places, filled with fine houses, temples, statues, theaters, and a gay and luxurious population. Little did these think of the terrible doom that awaited them.

Well, on the 24th of August, A.D., 79, after being agitated by bellowings like thunder, Vesuvius began to send forth columns of smoke and ashes. At first there appeared a cloud in the heavens, over the mountain, shaped like a pine tree with a vast and spreading top. This was of a dark hue, occasionally streaked with flashes of fire. Soon the sea in the bay, and especially along the foot of the mountain, became thrown into violent confusion, the waters swelling and foaming as during a tempest.

Laura. Dear me: were not the people dreadfully frighted?

Merry. Certainly. In all directions they were filled with terror, for the sky became dark, and burning ashes mingled with red-hot stones began to fall from the heavens. At the same time, huge rocks came rolling over the sides of the mountain, and rivers of lava soon followed them. The houses now were agitated and many fell to the earth in ruins. The people ran forth in horror, carrying thick clothes and pillows on their heads to protect them from the fiery storm. Thousands however were smothered by the ashes or suffocated by the hot sulphurous atmosphere. Though it was day, such was the intense darkness, that the people used torches, and even with these they could scarcely see to get about.

Ellen. It is amazing to think of the immense quantity of materials that must have been thrown out by the volcano.

Merry. Yes, the whole country for miles around, was covered over with cinders, and Pompeii and Herculaneum, both situated near the bay, were buried first with ashes, and then by other substances. The latter was covered with a thick crust of lava. Both remained buried for more than sixteen hundred years, and had long been forgotten, when in 1713, on digging a well at the depth of 76 feet, some workmen came upon the ruins of Herculaneum. These have since been excavated to some extent, and houses, temples, theatres and streets, have been found as they were in the awful day when they were overwhelmed by the volcanic eruption. The ruins of Pompeii were discovered about a century ago, and the relics are even more wonderful than those of Herculaneum. But stay—you can take a look at Pompeii, for there it is, near the water.

James. That strange looking place, like a ruined city or a city just begun?

Merry. Yes.

Seth. I don't see it.

Merry. There, at the foot of Vesuvius; you observe the rail round for Naples runs close to it.

Seth. I see it.

Laura. Oh, it is wonderful to look at it through the glass.

Merry. Yes, for the excavations have been going on for many years, and a considerable part of the city is laid open to view. Thus we see before us a Roman town, almost exactly as it was 2,000 years ago, saving only

that the inhabitants are wanting. We see the streets paved with stone and finished with stone side-walks; there are long unbroken lines of houses, and you might almost expect to see the people walk out of the open doors, or look forth from the open windows. You find public buildings—the forum with its temples, and porticoes, as well as theatres, baths, &c. You meet with shops, and find in these the bed-rooms of their former occupants. You see dwelling-houses of all descriptions, from that of the rich patrician to the humblest artisan. In these houses were found the articles of furniture, and we can still see as well the distribution of the rooms, as their decorations, even to the figures and colors on the sides and ceilings. The wall around the city was 20 feet high, and still remains, with its gates. Nothing could be more perfect than the form of this city, which after sleeping for sixteen centuries, has now risen from its tomb to teach the modern nations how the ancient inhabitants of a Roman city lived; how they ate and drank, and rode and walked; how they were lodged at home; how they appeared when abroad; to tell us of their trades, their toils, their arts, their religion and their amusements; even more impressingly and perfectly, than all the books that have come down to us from antiquity. The articles of furniture, the statues, paintings, money, and other curiosities found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, are collected in the Royal Museum of Naples, and the study of them is the very best way of learning the history, and the manners and customs, of old Rome.

CHAPTER XX.

Some Account of the Kingdom of Naples.—The Temple of Paestum.—Founding of Rome.—Goths, Saracens, and Normans.—Sicilian Vespers.—Massianello.—Rome.

Laura. The history of Pompeii and Herculaneum, is at once fearful and interesting.

Merry. Yes, but there are still other things in this region, which are scarcely less worthy of attention. You must remember that we are only making a flying trip over these countries, and can by no means pause to examine them in detail. Now look down upon the territories which stretch to the south and east of the city of Naples, and see how thickly studded they are with towns and villages.

Ellen. And do those all belong to the kingdom of Naples?

Merry. Yes; this kingdom comprises the whole southern portion of the Italian Peninsula, including the island of Sicily. Its entire extent, however, is only 42,000 square miles, about equal to that of the state of New York; yet it contains nearly eight millions of inhabitants. You will see, therefore, that it is much more thickly peopled than any part of the United States.

James. Did the kingdom of Naples make part of the great Roman empire?

Merry. Certainly; and here some of the most famous events in Roman history took place.

James. I think I like Italy better than any other

country. It is curious to reflect how many wonderful things have happened in this little spot of earth. And then it is so covered over with curiosities of nature and art!

Merry. It is indeed. You will remember that before the foundation of Rome, this region was inhabited by Greek colonies, who had brought hither their arts and established their institutions. Near Salerno, a town twenty-eight miles S. E. of Naples, are the ruins of what is called the Temple of Paestum. These were antiquities in the time of Augustus Cæsar, that is about two thousand years ago! Such are the wonderful beauty and grandeur of these ruins, that they still excite the admiration of all who visit them.

James. Pray who built this temple?

Merry. It was built by the ancient Greek colonists, probably three thousand years ago.

James. Ellen, pray tell us the history of the kingdom of Naples.

Ellen. Well, I must begin by saying that Rome was founded 753, B. C., by a band of warriors headed by Romulus and Remus. At that early time, portions of Italy were thickly peopled. The Roman state grew in strength, and soon subdued all the cities, states, and tribes on the peninsula. It then extended its dominions, and about the commencement of the Christian era, these included nearly the whole of what was then called the civilized world. It comprised nearly all Europe, the north of Africa, and the west of Asia. Probably

the Roman government spread over a population of a hundred millions. The history of this wonderful empire extends through a period of 1200 years. All Italy has therefore become historical ground. There is hardly a city, from Sicily in the south, to the Alps in the north, which is not noted for some celebrated event, or some famous edifice, or some remarkable ruins, belonging to the great days of the Roman empire. But I am afraid I shall tire you: Peter is fast asleep!

Laura. Never mind, go on.

Ellen. Naples is full of these ancient mementos. Its modern history also abounds in incidents of deep interest. After the fall of the Roman empire, A. D. 476, this kingdom was successively overrun by Goths, Saracens, and Normans. In the year 1282, a French king of the Two Sicilies, named Charles of Anjou, had become the object of great dislike on account of his tyranny. A man by the name of John, from the town of Procida, laid a terrible plot for destroying all the French in Sicily, who, being the instruments of King Charles' despotism, were objects of intense hatred. He traveled to various towns and cities, engaging many persons to rise at a certain time fixed upon, and kill all the French they could lay their hands upon. The terrible massacre began on Easter day, at the ringing of the Vesper or evening bell, in the city of Palermo. The French were slain without mercy and without discrimination. The movement extended throughout the island of Sicily, and it is said that only one Frenchman

escaped: eight thousand persons perished in this transaction, which is known as the *Massacre of the Sicilian Vespers.*

Laura. That is a famous event in the history of Naples, and has been the foundation of many songs, operas, and dramas.

Ellen. Among the other curious and remarkable events in the history of this kingdom is that which relates to Thomas Anello—usually called Massianello—in the year 1647, A.D. He was a fisherman, and very popular with the lower classes in Naples. The people here were at the time much irritated against the government by excessive taxation. Massianello's wife was fined, and put in prison for smuggling a small quantity of meal into the city. He was also fined, and obliged to sell all his furniture to pay the amount. He immediately set to work to rouse the population into revolt. In this he was successful; and the people having put down the government and got possession of the city, made Massianello their chief. He soon assumed the airs of a sovereign prince and caused some of the nobles to be seized and beheaded. He now appeared in public on a horse richly caparisoned, being himself dressed in cloth of silver, with a cap ornamented with jewels and feathers. At the same time frightful disorders and tumults agitated the city. After a few days of absolute rule, Massianello was assassinated by one of his own party. Thus ended the career of

this extraordinary man—leaving his country to become again the victim of tyranny.

Merry. That is very interesting, Ellen; but stop a minute; yonder is Rome!

All the Children. Rome—where? where?

Merry. There, to the north, a few miles from the sea.

Ellen. Oh, I see something like a mass of buildings, seeming to be sunk in a low valley.

Merry. And you see a building with a tall cupola rising above the city.

Ellen. And is that St. Peters?

Merry. Yes.

James. And is that little river that runs through the city, the Tiber?

Merry. Yes—and the small eminences on either side of this, are the seven hills, so often spoken of in the early history of Rome. Just draw the cord there, James, and we will descend into the city. Here we are, in Rome!

James. But I am disappointed at the appearance of Rome. There is nothing grand about it, as I see.

Merry. Wait till you have examined it, before you judge of it. As you approach the city, it is not imposing. It seems low and sunken, and all around, for miles, it is encirled by a country without towns and without population.

Ellen. And why is this region so deserted?

Merry. Because it is infested with a poisonous atmosphere, called *malaria;* so it is given up to the feeding of horses, sheep, and cattle.

CHAPTER XXI.

History of Rome.—Siege of Troy.—Alba Longa.—Romulus and Remus.—Fables of History.—Founding of Rome.—Rape of the Sabines.

Merry. Well, my young friends, you know this is the most famous city in the world! We must have a good look at it when we get rested.

James. It does not appear to me, from what I have seen, half so handsome as London and Paris.

Merry. No—it is not so handsome as these modern cities. Rome does not derive its interest, or its fame, from its present beauty, or extent, but from its history, its monuments, its antiquities.

Laura. Oh, yes, its history is so wonderful. How exciting it is to think we are in the very place where Cicero and Cæsar lived. It is here that the two infants, Romulus and Remus are said to have been nursed by a wolf, and when they had grown to be men, they laid the foundations of a city of which one became king, and which afterwards ruled nearly the whole world. It is really delightful!

Merry. I am glad to see you so interested. While we are getting a little rest at the hotel, suppose that Ellen tells us a little about the history of Rome? We shall enjoy the sights all the more.

Laura. Yes, yes, the history of Rome.

Seth. Don't be too long about it, Ellen!

Ellen. That is rather a damper, Seth: however, I will proceed, and if you find me getting dry and tedious, you can ask me to stop. You must remember that the history of Rome begins more than twenty-five hundred years back. At that time, Greece had already made some advances in civilization, but nearly all the rest of Europe was in a state of barbarism. All the northern portion, including what is now occupied by Spain, France, Germany, England, and the still more northern countries, were inhabited by people little better than savages. There was not a large town or city in the whole of Europe.

James. At that time, I suppose, Asia and Africa had many nations and some civilized people.

Ellen. Yes, Egypt had great cities and had obtained a high degree of civilization. Asia had also great states and nations. Well, about a thousand years before Christ, a prince named Paris, from Troy, in Asia Minor, went to Greece, and there fell in love with a lady named Helen. Though she was the most beautiful woman in the world, she was not very discreet; so she was persuaded to elope, and go with Paris to his own country. This very naturally provoked her husband, Menelaus, who was king of Sparta; so he roused up the anger of the Greek chiefs, and these went with a great army and a thousand ships, and made war for ten years against the city of Troy. At last it was taken and burnt to the ground, and most of the inhabitants were killed. A band of the Trojans, how-

ever, escaped, and made their way to Italy, and from these the Romans are said to have descended. The fugitives found Italy already occupied by various bands or tribes, some of whom had considerable settlements, and had carried various arts to a certain degree of perfection. Having resided in Italy some thirty or forty years, these Trojan emigrants built a town on a mountain, near a lake, which they called Alba Longa, which means the Long White City.

Laura. I believe this place is now called Albano, and travelers frequently visit it.

Ellen. Yes; it is about thirteen miles south-east of Rome. The lake still exists, and near it, the pope has a country seat for the summer. Well, Alba Longa was governed by kings, one of whom, named Amulius, was very cruel; in order to keep the throne to himself, he caused his brother's son to be put to death, and required his daughter to devote herself to religion. Her name was Sylvia, but it appears that she had been before privately married, and had two children. Amulius hearing of this, ordered the infants to be thrown into the river Tiber, which was not far from the city. They were accordingly put into a basket, and this was placed in the water. It floated along for some time, till it came to the foot of a hill, where it was upset under a fig tree. The country was then very wild, and was inhabited by packs of wolves. A she-wolf came along at the moment the two children were thrown ashore, upon the bank of the river. Instead of eating them

up, she carried them to her den, which was close by, where she nursed them as if they were her own cubs.

Laura. Can we see the place, Mr. Merry, on the Tiber, where this happened.

Merry. The spot where it is supposed to have happened, is pointed out to strangers.

Seth. Well, even if they do pretend to point out the place, I doubt the truth of the story. Do you believe it is true, Mr. Merry?

Merry. The old Romans believed it, but it is generally regarded as a fable by modern authors. In the remote ages, in which these things are said to have happened, there were no books, and events were not recorded, as they are in our time. History consisted mostly of traditions handed down from father to son. These became exaggerated by poets and story-tellers. Men were fond of marvelous tales, and a multitude of wild fictions were mingled in with real events.

James. Did'nt the Roman historians mix up religious fables, also, with their history?

Merry. Yes; the early Romans had adopted the Greek religion, which taught the people that the mountains, valleys, and rivers, and even the air and ocean, were filled with gods and goddesses. These were believed to take a great interest in the affairs of men. Almost every event that happened was supposed to be brought about by the influence of some god or goddess. The Romans were a proud, boasting nation, and in order to give dignity to their race, they

maintained that the husband of Sylvia, and the father of Romulus and Remus, was no less a personage than Mars, the god of war! In this way, the early history of Rome became a jumble of fiction and fact, and it is not easy to separate one from the other. The story of the two infants being nursed by the wolf, is extremely improbable, if not impossible, and therefore, it must be set down as an invention of the fanciful story-tellers of ancient times.

Seth. Well, why then does Ellen tell it as a part of Roman history?

Merry. Because, as I have said, the Romans themselves believed it, and because it explains many things which we find in the arts, manners and customs of the ancient Romans. In the old sculptures and monuments, of these people, we find this very story either alluded to, or distinctly represented. We now know that the mythology of the Greeks and Romans was an entire fable, from beginning to end. There were no such deities as Jupiter, or Mars, or Venus, yet we shall find all over Italy, and all over Greece, the remains of temples and statues erected to these divinities. If the historian of the ancient nations who produced these works were to omit the religious fables mingled in with their history, these monuments would be unexplained. We must always remember that the history of a nation includes the history not only of its actions, but of its ideas. The historian must tell what a people thinks, as well as what it does. The mind is, indeed, the

source of action, and if it be filled with fictions and fables, these will characterize the conduct which flows from it.

Ellen. Are you satisfied now, Seth?

Seth. Yes; but hereafter, when you are telling us a history, I should like to have you, as you go along, say what is true, and what is false.

Ellen. You are rather critical, but after all, the rule you lay down, is perhaps a good one. I will now go on with my story. After a time, Faustulus, the king's herdsman, discovered the two children, and took them to his own house, where they were brought up in his family, he having given them the names of Romulus and Remus. When they had grown up to manhood, a quarrel ensued between some of the king's people and the herdsmen of the Palatine; in the combat, Remus was taken prisoner, and carried before the King Amulius. He was struck with the young man's noble appearance, and having learned his story, suspected that he and Romulus were the sons of his brother, Numitor. In this state of things, the friends of Remus, fearing that some injury would be done to him, they formed themselves into companies of one hundred each, and made an attack on the king, in which the latter was killed, and Remus was delivered from captivity. Old Numitor, their grandfather, was now called from his farm, and made king of Alba Longa.

Peter. Well, what became of Romulus and Remus?

Ellen. I am going to tell you. They did not wish

to live in this city, but preferred the Palatine hill, near the Tiber, where they had been brought up. They therefore determined to build a city there, and so, according to the custom of their times, they inquired of their gods, by divination, which of them should give his name to the city. They watched the heavens from morning till night, and through the night, till the next morning, for this was the practice in such cases. Just as the sun was rising, Remus saw six vultures; immediately afterwards, Romulus saw twelve. A dispute now arose, which of the two had beheld the truest sign of the gods' favor. The majority gave their opinion in favor of Romulus. So he began to build a city on Palatine hill. Remus was mortified and angry; and when he saw the ditch and wall, which were drawn round the space for the new city, he scornfully jumped over them, saying, "Will these keep out an enemy?" Upon this insulting behavior, the man who had charge of the workmen, struck Remus a blow with his spade, and slew him.

James. This was what is called the "FOUNDING OF ROME," I suppose. I recollect Mr. Merry mentioned the date—753 years before Christ.

Seth. Well, then Rome was founded a little more than 2,600 years ago. However, we won't interrupt you, Ellen. I find the story of Rome quite interesting, and all the more so, as we are here on the spot where the events occurred which you are relating.

Ellen. I am afraid, that as I have got through with

the age of fable, I have also passed the most interesting portion of Roman history. But I will proceed. When Romulus had established his city, it consisted of about three thousand dwellings, irregularly arranged. Probably most of them were huts covered with thatch. The inhabitants were mostly occupied in tilling the soil. Romulus was chosen king, and devoted himself to the formation of laws, and the regulation of society. He invited people to come from the neighboring nations and tribes, which were numerous, and though these consisted of small bands of people, by this means the population of the city rapidly increased. But there were more men than women; so Romulus made a great feast, and asked the people of the neighboring states to come to it. As the shows and ceremonies were to be very splendid, a crowd of spectators flocked to the new city. The visitors were received with great civility by the Romans; but as soon as the shows begun, a signal was given, and the Roman youths rushed into the crowd, seized the most beautiful girls, and carried them home for wives.

James. Well done! that I suppose was called the *Rape of the Sabines.*

Ellen. Yes, and serious consequences followed. The young captives were soon reconciled to their husbands; but the strangers, whose daughters they were, took up arms to avenge this breach of hospitality. The Sabines, in particular, who had suffered chiefly on this occasion, took a very hostile and threatening attitude; they came

with a large army, and besieged Rome; many battles ensued, and a great many famous exploits were performed. At last, when the two armies were engaged in a terrible conflict, the Sabine wives of the Romans, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and begged their fathers and husbands not to destroy each other. Both parties stood still with astonishment; but the intercessions and entreaties of the women, at length inclined them to peace. A treaty was made; the two nations were combined into one, and Tatius, the Sabine king, reigned jointly with Romulus.

Seth. I have often heard of the war of the Sabines, but I never heard the whole story of it before. I suppose that is a part of the *real* history of Rome, Mr. Merry?

Merry. No doubt it is substantially true. The incident of conveying off the women, might very naturally occur in such a rude state of society.

Peter. The history of Rome is very interesting, but Mr. Merry, the lunch you told me to order, is on the table!

CHAPTER XXII.

Continuation of the History of Rome.—Miraculous Death of Romulus.—Numa Pompilius.—Tullius Hostilius.—The Fight of the Horatii and the Curatii.—Tarquin and Brutus.—Julius Cæsar.—The Emperor Augustus.—The Fall of Rome.—The Dark Ages.—The Italian Language.

Merry. Now Ellen, you may proceed with your history. You need not be afraid to be somewhat minute

and particular, for the history of Rome is the great foundation of all modern history; and beside, we are all interested in it.

Ellen. I will proceed, but I must dip now into the regions of romance again. When Romulus had reigned about forty years, he is said by the old legends, to have come to his death in a wonderful manner. One day a public meeting was held in the Field of Mars, just without the city walls. All of a sudden arose a dreadful tempest; it was as dark as night; the rain, thunder, and lightning so terrified the people, that they immediately fled home to their houses. The storm blew over, but Romulus was nowhere to be found. It was believed that Mars, his father, had carried him up to heaven in his chariot. Sometime afterwards, a Roman, who was returning to the city by night from Alba, saw the ghost of Romulus in more than mortal beauty, which said to him, "Go tell the people to weep no more for me. Bid them be brave and warlike, and they shall make my city the greatest upon earth!" The phantom then disappeared. This story was firmly believed by the Romans, and they gave Romulus the name of a god. They now built him a temple, offered sacrifices to him, and worshipped him.

James. Well, what next?

Ellen. After the death of Romulus, the senators refused to appoint a king; so they divided themselves into a committee of ten, each holding the kingly power for ten days in rotation. A year passed under this

government, but the people murmured and clamored for a regular sovereign. The Sabines and the Romans, though united, still kept up a party distinction, and could not agree, each wishing a king of their own side. At last it was agreed that one should be chosen from the Sabines, but that the Romans only should vote. The choice fell on Numa Pompilius, a man of high reputation for knowledge and integrity, of a pacific disposition, and who is said to have learned his wisdom from Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher.

Laura. I remember to have read a little book about Numa. He was an excellent king; during his long reign the Romans had no wars, and all the people were very happy.

Ellen. That is true, but his successor, Tullius Hostilius, was of a different character. He was soon engaged in a war with his neighbors, the Albans, and the troops of the latter marched within five miles of Rome, where they pitched their tents. The two armies were now face to face, but being of the same nation, they did not wish to fight one against the other. So it was agreed to settle the dispute by six champions, three to be chosen from each side. In the Roman army there were three brothers, all born at one birth, called Horatii. In the Alban army there were three others like them, called Curatii. These were fixed upon as the six champions, and they fought in presence of the two armies. Victory seemed at first to incline in favor of the Albans. Two of the Romans were killed,

and the third was surrounded by his antagonists. The Alban army set up shouts of triumph, and a wail of despair, ran through the Roman ranks. But speedily the scene was changed. The three Albans were all wounded, while the Roman was still unhurt. Suddenly he took to flight, and was followed by his enemies. As they lagged behind, they became separated. The Roman then turned upon them, and one by one, they were all slain. Victory was thus declared in favor of the Romans, and the Albans, according to the agreement, became subject to them.

Seth. It seems to me that the history of ancient Rome is all about fighting.

Merry. It is true that the history of Rome is full of sad and bloody events. It was by conquering other nations, that the Roman empire was founded; it was by this means also that it became the most formidable and famous power of all antiquity. But as it was established by violence, so at last by violence it perished. However, we must let Ellen proceed, or she will not get through till to-morrow.

Ellen. I will go on very rapidly now. Rome continued under a succession of kings, for about two hundred and fifty years, during which time it had extended its dominion over a great part of Italy. The last king was Tarquin the Proud. He incensed the people by his crimes, and led on by Brutus, they changed the government, and Rome became a republic. Thus it continued for more than four hundred years. By this

time, it had subjugated nearly all Europe, and large portions of Asia and Africa. The city of Rome had become the most splendid city in the world. It was full of fine houses, splendid temples, and gorgeous palaces. It was thronged with strangers from all parts of the civilized world. Here also were poets, and orators, and painters, and sculptors; many arts were carried to great perfection, and many of the generals, senators, lawyers, and other prominent persons, lived in a style of the greatest luxury and pomp. The Roman generals, who made war on other nations, did not hesitate to rob them of their treasures, and thus, all the finest works of art, all the richest merchandize, all the rarest curiosities were brought to the capital, and thus contributed to its magnificence.

James. I suppose we shall find some remains of these things, now, as we go about Rome.

Merry. Yes, though so long a time has elapsed, that nearly all have been destroyed or have crumbled into ruins. But go on Ellen.

Ellen. Well, the effect of this robbery, conquest and luxury was, to render the people corrupt, unjust, wicked, and base; at the same time, the leading men were filled with ambition, and this they sought to gratify, even at the expense of their country's liberty and glory. Among these persons, the most famous was Julius Cæsar, born 100 years before Christ. He possessed extraordinary talents, both as a warrior, statesman, and writer. For nearly ten years, he was occupied in conquer-

ing the ancient Gauls, who inhabited what is now called France, as I have already told you. Here, you will recollect, he fought more than a hundred battles, and slew more than a million of men. At last he led his army to Rome, overturned the government, and became dictator. Several leading persons now conspired against him, and slew him. The most dreadful civil war then raged throughout the empire, from Rome to Babylon; at last, Octavius Cæsar prevailed over other competitors, and declared himself emperor. This took place, about 30, B. C.

James. Only thirty years before the birth of Christ! Was he emperor of Rome when Christ was born?

Merry. Yes, he reigned till the year 14, A. D., and was succeeded by Tiberius Cæsar, who lived, as you remember, at Capia, and who was emperor of Rome at the time our Saviour was crucified. You may now proceed, Ellen.

Ellen. From the time I have just mentioned, Rome was an empire. Octavius, who took the name of Augustus, and his immediate successors, contributed to render the city of Rome, the center of art, literature, and luxury. Many of the poems and histories of this period still exist. The ruins of some of the magnificent edifices erected here by the emperors, are among the present wonders and curiosities of Rome. But, as luxury increased, the virtue of the Romans still declined. The emperors became more base, and the people more degraded. By this time, the north of Europe had become thickly peopled with rude, but warlike nations, called Goths,

Vandals, &c. These, tempted by the riches of Rome and the peninsula, passed over the Alps by hundreds of thousands, and spreading themselves over Italy, Spain, and the adjacent territories, made themselves masters of the richest portions of the empire. In the year A. D., 476, Odoacer, chief of one of the Gothic tribes, became master of Rome. Thus, the light and glory of this great empire were extinguished, and for a thousand years Europe remained clouded with the shadows of that remarkable period called the DARK AGES.

Seth. Well, Ellen, that's a good story, but pray tell me, did you make it up yourself, or did you only recite it from memory.

Ellen. Pray why do you ask that, Seth?

Seth. Because you seem to talk very much like a book. What a fine sentence you wound off with: "*For a thousand years Europe remained clouded with the shadows of that remarkable period called the Dark Ages.*" It sounds very well, though I don't know exactly what it means.

Laura. Shall I explain it to you?

Seth. No—no—it will take too long. If you get agoing, you won't know when to stop. I'm impatient to set forth, and see the city.

All the Children. Yes, yes; let us take a ramble.

Merry. But we must have a guide.

James. What language do the people talk, here?

Merry. Italian.

James. Of course—I know that. But the old Romans were what is called Latins, and they spoke the Latin language. The books of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, and other ancient Roman authors, are all in Latin. How does it happen that the people here in Rome, who are the direct descendants of the older Romans, speak a different language?

Merry. The barbarians who overrun Rome, and settled in the country, gradually mixed their language with that of the natives, and thus a new language was formed, which is called Italian. I believe none of our party can speak it.

James. Yes Laura speaks it a little.

Merry. Still, we shall need a guide. Here is one already waiting to be taken into our service. Now, let us go!

CHAPTER XXIII.

General aspect of Modern Rome.—The Corso.—Looming up in the Fog.—Jim and the Four Bears.—Church of St. Peter's.—Description of the Interior.—The Vatican.—The Pope.

James. After all, Mr. Merry, Rome is not what I expected. All the streets we have seen are very narrow and rather filthy.

Merry. It is quite true, James, that a great part of the city of Rome is mean in its appearance, and exceedingly dirty. The streets are mostly crooked, and at night they are very badly lighted. But you

see, some large buildings of a rich style of architecture, and possessing a general air of grandeur.

James. Yes; but most of them have a poverty-stricken look. What are these buildings?

Merry. They are called *palaces*, and formerly, that is, three or four hundred years ago, they were splendid edifices, and inhabited by rich noblemen. Some of these are still very splendid, and a few of them have galleries of fine sculptures, and superb paintings. But most of the rich Roman families are reduced almost to poverty, and thus, even if their palaces remained in their hands, these are rented at low prices, and frequently for mean purposes. Here, you see, the lower story of this palace before us, is occupied as a fruit shop, a range of stables, a seller of old pictures, a trunk mender, and various other persons of the same sort.

Ellen. Oh, but see, here is a noble street!

Merry. Yes, this is called the *Corso*, and is the finest street in Rome. It is more than a mile long, and is somewhat over fifty feet wide. It has sidewalks, too, though they are very narrow. This street extends from the *Porto del Popolu*, or People's Gate, to the foot of the Capitoline hill. The latter is now before us, and is covered with buildings.

Laura. Oh, is that the Capitoline hill? How often have I read of it in the history of Rome. But after all, it seems to me a very small elevation: I thought it as tall as a mountain, there is so much said of it in history.

Merry. The Seven Hills of Rome make a larger figure

in ancient history than they do in fact. The Palatine hill, about which so much is said, is actually only one hundred and seventy feet high—that is above the level of the river. The tallest, is only two hundred and eighteen feet high.

Laura. After all, Mr. Merry, I am afraid that we shall find all ancient history to be somewhat illusory.

Merry. How so, Laura?

Laura. Why, I mean that perhaps things seem more grand, when viewed through the mist of antiquity, than they really are. I recollect that I was once going from New York to New Haven in a steamboat. There was a slight fog, and as we went near the shore, I saw standing there, what I thought, a row of very tall men. But the captain told me they were nothing but stones, *looming up in the fog.* Now, don't historical matters loom up a little in the fog of age and distance?

Merry. Perhaps so; it is probable that people's imaginations give things they read of, and even things they speak of, colors a little brighter, and dimensions a little larger, than the truth. Do you recollect the story of the four bears?

Laura. No.

Merry. Well, it is thus. A boy, who lived with his parents in the woods, came home one day, and declared he had seen four bears. "Four bears, Jim?" said his father—"that's a great many." "Well," replied Jim, "there were three, for I counted 'em." "Three bears," said the father, "is a great many to see all at once!"

"Well," said James—"at any rate I saw a woodchuck!" "That's very likely," replied the father. So it is with young people, generally; their fancies are very apt to outrun the reality.

Seth. Well, Mr. Merry, I guess the historians of the old times were like Jim, and that when they talk of four bears, we should read one woodchuck. All that legend of Romulus and Remus, with a wolf for a mamma, was nothing more than a Jim story, I imagine. This street,—the Corso, as you call it, is very fine, but nearly all the rest of Rome that I have seen is old, dirty, dingy, crooked, and crazy. Talk of Rome—I must say I'm disappointed!

Merry. Don't be in a hurry, Seth, to make up your mind. Remember, we are now in the modern part of Rome. We will go and see the ruins directly, and then you shall judge of old Rome. But observe these houses along the Corso—are they not handsome.

Ellen. A few of the houses are richly ornamented, but on the whole, the street only equals some of the less imposing parts of London and Paris. It does not compare with Toledo street in Naples, or Broadway in New York.

Merry. True; but look yonder; do you see that lofty dome, seeming to rise almost to the sky?

James. I see it—that must be St. Peter's!

Merry. Yes.

All the Children. Oh, let us go to St. Peter's.

Merry. Well; and as we go along, I must tell you

about it. St. Peter's is a church, built about three hundred years ago, and is quite the largest and most superb church in the world. It is six hundred feet long, and covers five acres of ground. It is said to have cost nearly a hundred millions of dollars!

Seth. Whew!

Merry. Why do you say whew, Seth?

Seth. I was thinking of Jim and his four bears.

Merry. Oh, you unbelieving rogue; but you can judge for yourself, for here we are at St. Peter's.

Seth. Well, it's a mighty building, but I don't think it is six hundred feet long.

Merry. You can measure it; just walk along and pace it as you go.

Seth. Why, I confess, the more I look at it, the bigger it grows.

James. It is indeed a wonderful building. I feel almost afraid to go into it, it rises up, up, so grand and so sublime, as we approach it.

Ellen. Let us go into it.

Merry. Take off your cap, Seth; you should always uncover your head on entering a church.

Seth. Why?

Merry. Uncovering the head is a sign of reverence.

Seth. Well, this does beat all. Why, I've been walking here for some time, and I don't seem to get along a bit. Those people at t'other end, yonder, don't look bigger than little dolls. What a place!

Ellen. I was rather disappointed at first; but it

seems every moment to become more grand, more imposing. Surely nobody can be disappointed in St. Peter's for it is impossible to form an adequate idea of it till we have seen it. We will now take a turn by the Vatican. But you seem to be silent Laura?

Laura. I find it difficult to make up my mind about it.

Ellen. Surely you cannot find fault with it!

Laura. I cannot find words to express my admiration, yet I feel a certain disappointment. It is amazingly rich and luxurious. All the sides are covered with variegated marbles; and there is a profusion of other ornaments. These mosaics seem actually like the richest paintings. And see those groups of statues! How imposing! It certainly surpasses all I had dreamed of: and yet—it does not seem like a church; a place of worship; a temple devoted to God; it is rather a palace. It is the last place I should come to for the excitement of pious thoughts, or the exercise of religious feelings.

Ellen. There may be some justice in your criterion; what do you think Mr. Merry?

Merry. Laura is no doubt right. This building had its origin in pride, not in piety. I believe there are few churches where there is really less of humility, penitence, and devotion in the worshippers. But we can only take a glance at it now; we must come again and again, to get a just idea of it. Let us now proceed to the Vatican.

James. Oh, that is the Pope's palace?

Merry. Yes; see yonder; there it is!

James. What, that tall pile of buildings? It looks like a piece of a street, rather than a palace.

Merry. It is in fact a collection of several edifices, altogether extending over a surface of twelve hundred by one thousand feet. The interior comprises a series of galleries, which, if placed in a line, would extend two miles. It is ornamented with an endless series of inscriptions, statues, busts, urns, vases, and other sculptures. It has a library of eighty thousand volumes, and thirty-five thousand manuscripts, with a famous gallery of pictures.

James. Does the Pope live there?

Merry. The greater part of the time; but he has several other palaces.

Laura. I do so want to see the Pope!

Merry. We may perhaps be able to see him on Sunday at church. He is an amiable old man, and is called Pius IX., there having been eight popes named Pius, before him. He is regarded by members of the Catholic Church all over the world as their spiritual father. Thus he is at the head of nearly one hundred and fifty millions of people. At the same time, he is a sort of king over a territory, here, including the city of Rome, altogether about twice as extensive as the State of Massachusetts, but containing three millions of people. The Catholics in our country, though we are three or four thousand miles off, look upon the Pope

as their head in matters of religion; yet none but his subjects here, in Italy, regard him as their ruler in other matters.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Priests of Rome.—Monks and Friars.—The Miraculous Bambino.—The Pope.—View from the Capitol.—The Pantheon.—Religion of the Romans.—Baths of Caracalla.—The Forum.—The Coliseum.—The Aqueducts.—The Appian Way.—Palace of the Cæsars.

James. We are now going to the Capitol, are we not?

Merry. Yes; the building stands on the Capitoline hill, and on the site of the ancient capitol. From the top of it, which overlooks the city, we can study the situation of Rome, and its principle monuments.

Seth. Do you observe what a great number of priests there are here?

Merry. Yes, they are very numerous.

Seth. What do they all do?

Merry. Rome is full of churches, and these priests perform services in them. There are many monasteries also, and here there are priests, monks, and friars, who devote themselves to what they esteem religious duties.

Seth. What are monks and friars?

Merry. They are these men you see going about

bare foot, and with bare heads, and having no other dress than a coarse great coat.

Seth. And do they have ropes around their waist?

Merry. Some of them have; there are various orders of monks and friars, and they have various costumes.

Seth. Well, what is the rope around the waist for?

Merry. It is said that they lash their naked backs with it, believing that they please God thereby.

Peter. Well done! It appears to me that it would please God better, if they were not quite so dirty. If God made man in his own image, man ought not to let it become so disgusting. And, besides, many of them are real beggars. Several times they have come up and begged me to give them some coppers.

Laura. Begging is their profession, is it not?

Merry. There are many friars, who devote themselves to beggary.

Seth. Why don't they go to work and do some good, and earn a decent living?

Merry. Their religion teaches them otherwise. But do you observe that gaudy coach, and that long procession?

James. Yes; what is it?

Merry. In that coach is the *Miraculous Bambino.*

James. What is that?

Merry. It is a doll, dressed up in gold and silver, and covered with jewels. When a person is sick, the

priests take this doll to him, and if he gets well, they pretend that it was a miracle performed by the little image. So they expect the man to give some rich presents to the church, where the image is kept. But here is another procession. Stand aside, the Pope is coming!

Ellen. Is that his coach, all covered with gold and crimson?

Merry. Yes; the Pope's carriage is more gaudy than that of most kings and princes. Do you see the dragoons on their horses, who guard him? How gay and dashing they are!

Peter. But is it necessary for the Pope to have guards to protect him?

Merry. Yes; he is not safe in Rome without guards. Many of his own people hate him: a few years ago they drove him away. Some French soldiers came, however, and shot a great many of the Roman people, and compelled the rest to submit. So the Pope came back. But there he is, in his carriage!

Ellen. Is that he in a white dress, and a crimson velvet hat?

Merry. Yes, that is he!

Ellen. What a gay old gentleman. Why I thought he professed to be the successor of the apostle Peter. Did Peter dress in a crimson velvet hat? Did he go about in a crimson coach, with horses and servants in gold and crimson livery? Did the apostle Peter have a troop of dragoons, all armed with swords and pistols, to defend him?

Merry. You ask so many questions, Ellen, of course you do not expect me to answer them. No doubt you can answer them for yourself. But now the procession has gone by, and here we are at the Capitol.

Merry and his friends mounted to the top of the modern Capitol of Rome, which is a fine building, though very different from the ancient building of that name. From this point they had a view of Rome, with the Tiber winding through it, and of the wide, spreading, level country around it, in some places marked with heaps of ruins, but wholly destitute of modern houses or other inhabitants than cattle and a few shepherds and herdsmen. To the north-east they saw the hills of Tivoli, and behind them the blue peaks of the Appines. To the west they saw a bending line of mountains, and between them, caught a glimpse of the distant sea. After many exclamations, their conversation proceeded as follows:

Seth. What muddy brook is that yonder?

Merry. It is the Tiber.

James. Indeed—the Tiber—the most famous river in the world—so small, so muddy, so insignificant!

Merry. That is indeed the Tiber. Its average width here, is not more than three hundred and fifty feet; being one-half as large as the Connecticut at Hartford. The stream is very crooked, and winds along about three miles within the city limits. But come; let me point out to you some of the principal objects of interest in Rome.

There, to the west is St. Peter's church, or cathedral. To the north is the Pincian Hill, now a beautiful promenade, and quite the pleasantest part of the city. Here, to the south-east of the modern town are the principal ruins. You must remember that Rome, at the present day, is small, compared with its former state. It is surrounded with a wall, and is fourteen miles in circumference; yet not more than one third of the space is occupied with buildings. It has eighteen gates, or entrances, but six are closed up and are not used. Under the emperors, the city of Rome included a great part of this space within the present walls, and beside, portions of the territories around it were covered with country seats, palaces, villas, temples, and monuments of art. Most of these have disappeared, and are only to be traced in their ruins.

Laura. Mr. Merry, I think, after all, there are every where signs of grandeur about Rome, which proclaim it to have been what history says it was. Even in the dirty and narrow streets, we often see buildings of rich architecture, such as we hardly find elsewhere.

Merry. That is quite true, Laura. Rome, in its decay, in its degradation, has some of the marks of its ancient dignity. But see! yonder is the far famed Pantheon.

Ellen. Indeed, indeed! This is thought to have been one of the most beautiful and faultless pieces of architecture which has been produced by the hand of art. But really it looks plain.

Merry. Because all its external decorations, columns,

&c., were taken away to embellish St. Peter's. The interior, though now turned into a church, is still nearly entire, and is renowned for its beauty. It is a perfect circle, and is one hundred and eighty feet in diameter. It was built about eighteen hundred years ago.

Ellen. How beautiful!

Merry. Yes.

Seth. Well, the old Romans were something, after all. But what did they build this for?

Merry. It was dedicated to Jupiter.

Seth. It was dedicated to somebody who did not exist, then. It is a fine building; but it is not much to the credit of the Romans, for it was a blunder after all.

Merry. It is true that the religion of the ancient Romans was a mere series of fictions and fables; but it shows that mankind have a religious sentiment deeply planted in their breasts. Even the heathen believe in some Being superior to themselves, who made the sun, the stars, the earth; a Being who presides over the universe, and governs the course of events; a Being to whom we are all responsible, and upon whom depends our happiness here and hereafter. However men may multiply or diversify the objects of their worship, this central idea of a God, omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, is the soul of their religion. Happy is it for us, that by the aid of a Divine Revelation, we are all able to worship—and to see by the eye of faith—this sublime Divinity, stripped of the fables which the early ignorance and superstition of the world attributed to the

great Father of the universe. But come, we must continue our survey of the city.

James. What are yonder huge mounds of brick, Mr. Merry?

Merry. These are Caracalla's baths. They are now in ruins, both outside and inside. But they still show, in some degree, the amazing extent and splendor of these structures. Originally they covered twenty-eight acres of ground, and it is impossible for the imagination now to picture the luxury of these institutions. There were no less than eight similar public bathing places in Rome, and here all the wealthier Romans of ancient times, used to spend several hours of the day in bathing, and in other amusements. These places included not only baths, but gardens, libraries, lecture-rooms, rooms for conversation, gymnasiums, theatres, places of refreshment, &c. All the luxuries of society, were gathered into these places, which were designed as the resort of the refined and luxurious, including especially all those who devoted themselves to lives of taste, art, pleasure, and dissipation. It is a melancholy commentary upon human life and pleasure, that these centers of enjoyment, built by emperors, and apparently placed beyond the reach of destruction, are now mere ruins, labyrinths of unsightly bricks and mortar, ghastly, and useless. But see again, here at our feet is another curiosity.

Laura. What is it—it seems a heap of rubbish with columns and cornices and vestiges of temples and palaces and triumphal arches, mingled with it?



THE ADVENTURERS LOOKING AT THE RUINS OF THE FORUM, AT ROME.
p. 189.

Merry. This is all that remains of the Forum, the very center of splendor in ancient Rome. It was the place of public assembly, the great mart of the city. It was surrounded with halls for the courts, with temples, and public offices of various kinds. On the Capitoline hill where we now are, was the Capitol, to which the people ascended by a flight of one hundred steps. There, below, we can still see some remains of them. The gates of the Capitol were of brass, overlaid with gold, and the whole building was so profusely decorated with this precious metal, that it was called the Golden Capitol. But this whole collection of buildings has long since disappeared, or at least is so changed, that it is not easy to tell the exact site of many important edifices.

Ellen. This is melancholy to think of: but there is still an air of majesty about the ruins, as if their builders were giants, and not men of ordinary stature and common ideas. But what is that enormous structure yonder?

Merry. That is the Coliseum; of all the ruins of Rome the most imposing. It was a kind of theatre, where the people witnessed the fights of gladiators, and the battles of lions, bulls, and other wild animals. It had seats for about ninety thousand spectators, and was the largest amphitheatre ever built. The walls that sustained the seats, rising tier above tier, reached the enormous height of one hundred and seventy feet. More than one hundred thousand people, including those who stood up, could witness the exhibitions, which

sometimes displayed a thousand gladiators and a thousand wild beasts at a time. Well may it be said that there was something gigantic about the Romans of antiquity! You thought, a while ago, Seth, that history exaggerated the truth: what do you think of it now?

Seth. Well, Rome must have been a great place once, that is certain.

Merry. Yes; our modern ideas can hardly come up to the actual truth. It contained, in its best days, four hundred and twenty temples, exclusive of its theatres, amphitheatres, circuses, and public baths. Several of the latter could accommodate three thousand people at a time. Aqueducts of enormous extent brought a copious supply of water from the distant mountains to the city. Do you see yon huge structures of brick, resting upon arches, and stretching for miles across the level country, toward the mountains of Tivoli?

Ellen. I see them: are these the famous aqueducts?

Merry. Yes, and nothing can be more picturesque than they are. Look here again to the south! Do you see a long line of edifices, mostly in ruins?

Ellen. I see them: what are they?

Merry. That is the Appian Way, now lined for four or five miles on both sides, with the mouldered tombs and sepulchres of the rich families of old Rome. Look here again to the east, and south of the Forum. That huge pile of arches, columns, walls, mounds, and marbles, mingled with heaps of earth and bricks, and almost hidden with weeds and wild vines: that is the palace

of the Cæsars, once almost a city in itself. Any one looking down from this point, can appreciate what is said of ancient Rome—that its palaces, triumphal arches, columns, porticoes, and obelisks, were almost without number. Most of them have disappeared; but the remains—broken, crumbled, disfigured, often half covered with dirt—fully bear out and justify the descriptions of the place in the time of Augustus. "I found it a city of brick," was the boast of this emperor, "I leave it a city of marble."

James. But what a change time has wrought!

Ellen. Yes, and not in the buildings only: how poor, subdued, degraded, the people appear to be! They do not look like the race of giants that produced Cæsar, and Cicero, and Pompey, and Marius, and Augustus; the race that conquered the world, made their capital the wonder of antiquity, and produced works which, even in ruins, excite the admiration of mankind.

James. Are the modern Italians the same race of men as those who lived in the time of Cæsar and Augustus?

Merry. They are mostly the descendants of those ancient Romans: but various causes have combined to degrade them. Ages of despotism and ages of superstition, have subjected them to almost hopeless ignorance and weakness.

Ellen. One thing astonishes me, and that is that the people here can be cheated by such shallow impositions as the Miraculous Baby; and that they can think it is

pleasing to God for these monks and friars to spend their lives in idleness and beggary. It astonishes me to see them believe that they can save their souls by kissing the toe of a marble image in Saint Peter's, and by ascending a particular pair of stairs on their knees. How is it possible that they can be thus degraded?

Merry. Their priests teach them thus.

Ellen. Does the Pope encourage these things?

Merry. Certainly.

Ellen. Well, then I am ready to quit Rome. To me, it is the saddest place I have ever seen. Not only is ancient Rome a heap of unsightly ruins, but the modern Romans are even a sadder spectacle—a great nation grovelling beneath the most degrading superstitions.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Apennines.—Pisa.—The Leaning Tower.—Florence.—Lucca.—Parma.—Venice.

Merry. Well, here we go up, up, up! Now we are directly over the city of Rome. You can see it, as if it were traced on a map, before you.

James. You said it was fourteen miles in circumference, Mr. Merry, but it really does not seem so extensive from this point of view.

Merry. No; every thing is so diminished by distance. You see that range of mountains to the south of us—they look low and insignificant here, but they are five thousand feet high.

Seth. Oh, they are the Apennines, I suppose; I have read about them in my geography book.

Merry. Yes, they are the Apennines. Well, now which way shall we go? To the east are Greece and Turkey; to the north is Germany, Switzerland, &c.

All the Children. Oh, Switzerland, Switzerland?

Merry. Well, Switzerland it is then, though I must tell you it is a good distance—at least eight hundred miles.

Ellen. That is not much in a balloon.

Peter. And besides, riding along in the balloon is the best part of our travels, especially after we have got tired by walking about, and had our dinner. But see—what city is that to the left?

Merry. That is Pisa.

Ellen. What, where the Leaning Tower is?

Merry. The same.

Ellen. I should so like to see the Leaning Tower.

Merry. Why, Ellen, if we stopped to look at every curiosity, we should never finish our voyage.

James. Well, do tell us about the Leaning Tower.

Merry. It is a building one hundred and ninety feet high, and about thirty feet in diameter. Owing to the sinking of the foundation, it leans over on one side, fourteen feet. As you stand on the top of it and look down, the effect is said to be terrific.

James. But is it safe to go to the top of it?

Merry. Yes, thousands of people ascend it every year. Pisa was once a very rich and famous city. Its

walls were considered the strongest in Europe. It is now a dull place, but still it has marks of its former grandeur. Very few places have so many costly buildings, though they are now old and time worn. But look yonder, there to the right is Florence.

Laura. Florence, "the beautiful," as the Italians call it?

Merry. Yes, and a very charming city it is. It is the capital of Tuscany, and here the Grand Duke, who governs Tuscany, resides. This city is famous for its gallery of paintings and sculpture, and many artists, from all parts of the world, come here to study and practice their profession. See, to the left—there is another city, called Lucca, and beyond are Parma and Modena.

James. Why the whole country seems covered with cities.

Ellen. And where is Venice?

Merry. Further along there, at the head of the Adriatic.

Ellen. Oh, is that broad strip of water, to the east, the Adriatic?

Merry. Yes, the same the Doge of Venice used to marry to the city of Venice, every year.

Ellen. I remember all about it: I should like to see Venice!

Merry. Oh, you children would like to see everything.

Ellen. But, Mr. Merry, I should so like to be rowed

about the streets in a gondola, and hear the gondoliers sing their beautiful songs.

Merry. All very pleasant, no doubt, but we cannot go to Venice: you may tell us the history of it, if you please.

All the Children. Oh, yes, the history of Venice.

Ellen. It would be a long story, if I told the whole of it.

Seth. Do make it short, Ellen, that's a good girl.

Ellen. Why, what a little marplot you are, Seth! However, I will go on. Venice is actually built upon seventy islands in the sea. On whichever side you view it, it seems to float upon the water. The streets are mostly narrow canals, and people, instead of riding in carriages, go about in gondolas, rowed with a single oar. A grand canal, one hundred and fifty feet wide, divides the city into two equal parts. This is crossed by a famous bridge, called the Rialto.

Seth. I have often seen pictures of the Rialto.

Ellen. Splendid as Venice became, and magnificent as many of its streets and buildings still are, in ancient times it was the mere abode of a few poor fishermen, called *Veneti*. When Rome was overrun by the barbarians, and about to fall before their rude invaders, it would appear that the fishermen, who had before lived along the shores of the main land, fled to the sandy islands in the Adriatic, to escape from the Goths and Vandals, who now began to swarm all over Northern Italy. Here they occupied themselves in making salt

and catching fish. But gradually their numbers increased, and some of the people devoted themselves to commerce. The city grew rapidly, and at last it was famous for its extensive trade, for the splendor of its buildings, and even the power of its navies. About the same time that Venice thus prospered, other cities in Italy, such as Genoa, Pisa, Florence, &c., were also rich and powerful.

James. How long ago was this?

Ellen. About five hundred years. The republics of Genoa and Pisa were the commercial rivals of Venice. They engaged in the most obstinate and long-continued wars, in which many naval battles were fought with various success. The war of 1378, brought Venice to the brink of ruin. The Genoese blockaded the city, and its surrender appeared inevitable; but the Venetians rescued themselves by immense efforts of courage and perseverance. Soon after this, they were seized with an ambition of conquering Northern Italy. This involved them in new wars, which, though prosperous for a time, ultimately plunged them into great embarassment and suffering. At a subsequent period, Venice rose to a great pitch of prosperity. In the fifteenth century, she was the richest and most powerful state in Europe. She commanded the Mediteranean by her fleets, and engrossed the trade with India by her commerce. In the sixteenth century, Venice began to decline, and in modern times, she with her adjacent territories, became subject to Aus-

tria. It has greatly declined from its former splendor.

Seth. Well, Ellen, you talk like a book as I have said before, but I am glad you have got through. History is very useful, but it is rather dull, after all.

CHAPTER XXVI

Sardinia.—The Alps.—Switzerland.—Mont Blanc.—Inhabitants of mountainous Countries.—William Tell.—The Tyrolese.—Milan, Mantua, Verona, Padua.—Venice, once more.—The Adriatic.—Ionian Islands.—Greece.

Ellen. You are sleepy, Seth.

Seth. No, I've had a long nap and have just waked up.

Merry. And besides, you are young now, Seth, and don't know much; when you get older, and have acquired more knowledge, you will find history exceedingly interesting. But look to the north: there are the Alps!

Laura. What, those bluish white objects that lie near the horizon, and resemble distant clouds?

Merry. Yes.

Ellen. They seem like the ghosts of mountains rather than real mountains.

Laura. They are very beautiful.

James. And what part of Italy is this, below us?

Merry. This is Sardinia, and here is the city of Turin, its capital.

James. Why, how the Alps do seem to rise up as we approach them.

Merry. Yes; you remember what Goldsmith says in his poem of the Traveler—

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

This is a beautiful and accurate description of the effect, as you are crossing these mountains. Now look down and see what a wilderness of high hills and valleys lie below you!

Laura. It is wonderful. This is Switzerland, I am sure, and there is Mont Blanc, and there is the lake of Geneva, and there is the lake of Neufchatel, and there the lake of Constance, and there of Lucerne, and there of Zurich. Oh, it is delightful!

Seth. Let us stop on the top of Mont Blanc.

James. Why, the top of Mont Blanc is all a heap of snow and ice. We shall freeze to death.

Seth. What, in summer?

James. I imagine there is no summer there. Will it do to stop a minute at Mont Blanc, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Yes, if you please. Here we go! There! steady! Hold on to the balance; now we are on Mont Blanc.

Ellen. What a boundless view! Which way is France, Mr. Merry?

Merry. To the west; to the east are the Tyrolese Alps.

Laura. Oh, yes, I should like to visit the Tyrolese

people, though I believe they are very much like the Swiss.

Peter. Dear me, how cold it is!

James. I thought 'twould be so.

Merry. It won't do to stay here. We need winter clothing, for the climate of Mont Blanc. We must mount our balloon and be off.

Ellen. I really am sorry to take such a hasty view of Switzerland. I wanted to see Mount Saint Bernard, where the dogs live, that save people who have got lost in the snow.

Peter. And I wanted to see an avalanche.

James. And I wanted to see the famous Simplon road that Napoleon built.

Laura. And I wanted to see where William Tell shot that wicked Austrian officer, named Gesler.

Merry. I tell you my dear children, we must continue our voyage. It is not only bitter cold here, but we shall never get back to Boston, if we don't make haste. Here we go again. Close that valve James. Steady! Sit in the middle Peter, Seth, Laura! Here we go! What a curious scene the mountains, lakes, and valleys of Switzerland present to the view, as we look down upon them! The country really looks like the maps of it, which we have seen, with elevations and depressions, representing its physical features.

James. Yes, I was just thinking of it. But, Mr. Merry, what mountains are those which stretch away to the south-east?

Merry. Those are the Tyrolese Alps.

James. Oh, yes: how I should like to go to the Tyrol! That country is said to be even more interesting than Switzerland.

Merry. All mountainous countries seem to be interesting, partly because of their striking scenery, and partly because the inhabitants of such countries have, usually, something in their history and character, which attracts attention and excites the imagination. The Highlanders of Scotland, not only inhabit a country renowned for its beautiful lakes, its wild waterfalls and romantic valleys, but they present to us people arrayed in peculiar and picturesque dresses, and they furnish us with annals full of events which touch the heart and excite the fancy, and which have given birth to some of the finest ballads and best romances which have ever been composed. The Swiss, in a similar way, interest us by their peculiar manners and customs, their fanciful costumes, and their remarkable history. The story of William Tell, who delivered his country from the tyranny of Austria, some five hundred years ago, is as interesting and as beautiful as any tale of fancy. In Sweden, the mountaineers called Dalecarlians, have a high character for independence and sturdy virtue, and their annals furnish us with exceedingly interesting accounts, illustrative of the courage, patriotism, and simplicity of the people. The Tyrolese have also their peculiar characteristics; their local manners and customs, their national costumes, their wild mountain mu-

sic, their strange superstitions, and their romantic history.

James. Well, let us go and see the Tyrolese, then.

Merry. We must consider a little. You know that to the north and east of us, there are many countries, which we have not seen. There are Holland and Belgium, Germany and Denmark, Sweden and Russia—extensive countries which it would take us six months to explore. To the south-east are Turkey and Greece. Now, suppose we leave these northern regions and go at once to the south? We can lay our course in such a manner as to pass over the Tyrolese mountains, skirt the south-western borders of Austria, skim along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and by to-morrow we may be in Greece; what say you to this?

All the Children. Oh, let us go to Greece!

Merry. Well, here we go then! Now observe, as we leave the Swiss Alps, we come to the Tyrolean Alps. The latter are much like the former, but the climate of the Tyrol country is milder than that of Switzerland. The people live chiefly by their sheep and cattle, which find subsistance in summer on the mountains, and in the valleys in winter. The hay being insufficient for their support, leaves are dried and kept for fodder. On the slope toward Italy, many of the people raise grapes, and others devote themselves to the production of silk. In the valley of the River Inn, thousands of the peasants live by rearing canary birds. A great part of Europe is thus supplied with these pretty songsters.

In the mountains, sheltered in the clefts and ravines, are wolves, wild boars, bears, and chamois. The inhabitants are exceedingly inventive, ingenious, and industrious, but the poverty of the country obliges many of them to emigrate to the adjacent countries to seek their fortune; when, by dint of economy, they have laid up enough to maintain them at home, they immediately return. The dress of the peasantry is very gay. The men wear straw hats, ornamented with ribbons and nosegays; the women wear a thick short-gown, and lacing with cross stripes, and a hat tapering up in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Music and dancing constitute the chief amusements of the people.

Ellen. The Tyrol is certainly a very interesting country; but what are those cities that we see scattered over this vast plain to the south.

Merry. Those are Milan, Mantua, Verona, Padua, and other cities of Northern Italy; but look farther to the east, and you will see a large expanse of water: that is the Adriatic. Near the northern shore you see a little speck that seems to float upon the water: that is Venice.

All the Children. Oh, Venice! Venice!

Merry. Here, take the glass, Ellen, and tell us what you see.

Ellen. Really, what a curious place! It seems as if the buildings and the streets were actually set upon the water. The city is crossed by canals, just as other cities are crossed by roads.

James. Do let me take a look, Ellen. Oh, yes! I

can see the people going about in gondolas instead of carriages. I can see the grand canal you spoke of some time ago, Mr. Merry, which divides the city into two parts; and I can see the bridge, the Rialto, which crosses it. How curious! Many of the streets are not more than four or five feet wide, and the buildings—many of them—seem to be only dingy palaces or castles. How pleasant it would be to pay a visit to this place.

Merry. Oh yes, but we have not time. Venice is still interesting, but it is only a wreck of its former self. It is harshly governed by the Austrians, and the people, deprived of liberty, have lost their enterprise, and give themselves up to light pleasures and gay festivity. Lord Byron, in one of his poems, speaks of it.

"In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier:
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear.
Those days are gone, but beauty still is here.
States fall—arts fade—but nature doth not die:
Nor yet forget, how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity—
The revel of the earth—the masque of Italy!"

But look to the east yonder, and you will see another city bordering on the Adriatic. That is Trieste; it belongs to Austria, and is the principal seaport of that empire. Let me take the glass a moment. It is quite a commercial place, and among the vessels I see a number bearing the flag of our

own country—the stars and stripes! But we must hasten along in our voyage. The country beneath us, lying along the sea to the left, is Dalmatia, and belongs to Austria. A range of mountains runs through it, which is but a continuation of the Alps. Now we are sweeping over Albania, which belongs to Turkey. Still farther south, you observe a peninsula extending into the Mediterranean, and skirted on all sides by islands: that is Greece! We must have a good, long, look now, for this country is not only one of the most famous in the world, but it is of such moderate dimensions that we can take in almost the whole of it at a single view.

Laura. Oh, how delightful it is! And this is Greece!

Seth. I think I can tell its whole geography. This blue water to the west, is the Ionian Sea—with the glass I can count the Ionian Islands: Corfu, Paxo, St. Maura, Ithica, Cephalonia, Zante, and Cerigo.

Merry. Yes, they are just seven in number, and are often called the *Seven Islands.*

James. And is that little dot of an island, called Ithica, the same of which the famous Ulysses was king?

Merry. Yes. In ancient times, the domains of a king were often very small. The Greeks had very little knowledge of geography. They supposed nearly the whole world to be confined to the Mediterranean Sea, and its borders,—and Greece to them, was the

most important part of the universe. Hence, the island of Ithica, which is only fourteen miles long and four miles wide, and two-thirds of the surface of which consists of barren rocks, was a pretty extensive kingdom in the time of Ulysses.

Seth. Who was Ulysses?

James. Why he was one of the heroes of the Trojan war.

Seth. The Trojan war? I never heard of that.

James. Never heard of the Trojan war! Well—that's a good one! Why Seth, the Trojan war is one of the most famous events in ancient history.

Seth. Well—where is Troy?

James. I don't exactly know.

Seth. So you don't know every thing?

Merry. That's a fair hit, James. Seth is younger than you are, and instead of laughing at him for ignorance, you should rather try to instruct him in things what you know better than he does. But Seth, Ellen has already told us about the Trojan war!

Seth. Well, I guess I was asleep.

Merry. Very likely. As we are approaching the country where it took place, I will give you a more particular account of it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Trojan War.—Paris and Helen.—The Wooden Horse.—About Æneas and his Friends.—Ulysses sets out to go home to Ithica.—About Homer.—The Ægean Sea.—Athens.

Merry. The Trojan war took place a long time ago—that is, some 1100 years before Christ. In those days, not only was Greece occupied by numerous little nations or kingdoms, but the islands around it, and the country to the east of it, called Asia Minor, were all peopled in a similar manner. Now these people were nearly all of the same race, though they spoke different dialects. They were a high-spirited, active people, fond of daring enterprises by sea and land. They were nearly all governed by kings and princes, who loved war as well as our Indians, or as well as the people of the West love a buffalo hunt. Well, Troy was a large city, capital of a country called Troy or Troas. It was situated a few miles from the sea-coast, on a rising ground, between two little rivers. The king, at the time we now speak of, was called Priam. His son, Paris, went on a piratical expedition into Greece, it being the custom of those days for kings and princes to go forth by sea and land to rob their neighbors. Coming to the kingdom of Sparta, he was kindly received by Menelaus, king of that country.

James. Is that the same Ellen told us about?

Merry. Yes, but I must repeat a part of the story.

Paris fell in love, you remember, with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and carried her off to his own country. This enraged Menelaus, and his brother Agamemnon, both powerful princes. These stirred up the other Grecian kings to make war on Troy, and accordingly an immense armament was dispatched against that city, under the command of Agamemnon. The city was surrounded by strong high walls, and as the Greeks could not scale them, they commenced a regular siege. This lasted for ten years. During this period the Grecian soldiers ravaged the surrounding countries, for, as they could not get provisions from home, they were obliged to support themselves by plundering their enemies and their allies. At last Ulysses, who was a very cunning old man, built a wooden horse, and put into it a company of Greek soldiers. Then he made a present of it to the Trojans. These, amid great rejoicings, drew it into their city, making a breach in the wall for the purpose.

James. What a set of simpletons!

Merry. I don't know that: no doubt the Greeks managed the affair very cunningly. Well, at midnight, the Greek soldiers in the belly of the enormous horse broke out, and running to the gates, opened them to their impatient countrymen, who were waiting without. The scene that followed was terrific. The city was set on fire, and, lighted by the flames, the work of blood, death, and destruction went on. Troy was entirely ruined. A small number of the Trojan people, led by

Æneas, escaped, and after various adventures, as you recollect, they arrived in Italy, where they became the progenitors of the Roman nation.

Seth. Well, what did Ulysses do, after that?

Merry. Why, you must remember that all the Greek princes and soldiers had been about ten years from home. Although Troy was not more than three or four hundred miles from the homes of most of these adventurers, still, their ships were so small, and navigation was so slow and difficult, that they could not spare the time to make visits to and from their country. Beside all this, in those days, traveling by sea and land was attended with great difficulties and dangers. The forests were filled with lions, bears, and other ferocious beasts; pirates and robbers roamed in the seas and among the islands; and worse than all, nearly every king or chief made no scruple of seizing and imprisoning every stranger that chanced to come in his way. These actual difficulties were increased by imaginary ones, for the people believed that gods and goddesses filled the air, the sea, and the land, and that these were constantly meddling in human affairs, and very often taking great pleasure in bothering and baffling certain persons, against whom they happened to have some grudge. So, many of the Greek kings and princes, after the war with Troy was over, wandered about for several years before they got back to their homes; and on their arrival, they found every thing changed. A new generation had risen up in their long absence. Some of

them found their wives dead, their families scattered, and their dominions under the sway of usurpers. Of all these persons, none seemed to have so strange a story to tell as Ulysses. He wandered about in the Mediterranean sea for ten years before he reached the island of Ithica. He had been absent for twenty years, and his wife, Penelope, was surrounded with suitors, who wished to marry her, and become king of the island. Ulysses finally succeeded in recovering his kingdom, and lived afterwards to a good old age.

Seth. Well, Mr. Merry, you say, this took place 1,100 years before Christ: that is nearly three thousand years ago. Where do you find this wonderful story?

Merry. In the poems of Homer.

Seth. Who was Homer?

Merry. An old blind poet and ballad singer, who lived 2,800 years ago.

Seth. I thought it was something of that sort.

Merry. What do you mean?

Seth. Why, I thought it was all poetry.

Merry. I am not sure that it is not history as well as poetry. It is generally believed by learned men, that Homer's two great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, have a real historical basis; and that the Trojan War, which they recount, actually took place. The main reasons for this are, that the manners and customs he describes were suitable to the people and the age: the geographical delineations he gives are

strikingly correct. His account of this little island of Ithica, as to its form, extent, situation, &c., are very exact. And finally, the ancient Greek writers, who lived near Homer's time, believed the chief incidents of his story to be actual events.

Seth. That may be; but, after all, I should like to know what to believe, and what not to believe.

Merry. Certainly—so would every body else. But when we cannot have certainty, we must be content with probability.

Ellen. Well, for my part, even if Homer's stories are fictitious, I think them very amusing and very instructive.

Merry. You are right, Ellen; yet I fear that they encourage too much a warlike spirit. I think that if Homer had not written the Iliad, Alexander, very likely, had been a good king, staying at home to bless his people, instead of bursting forth with his armies, like a torrent, to conquer and desolate the world. But see—while we have been talking, we have drifted far to the east. Look down, and you can see the sea, dotted with numerous islands. That is what is called the Egean Sea or the Archipelago.

James. Oh, how charming! I never saw anything so beautiful!

Merry. 'Tis indeed most beautiful. Some travelers think that the sea and land, here, owing to the purple tint of the atmosphere, are more lovely than any where else in the world. I imagine, however, that the

historical interest of this famous region, lends enchantment to every thing around.

Ellen. Mr. Merry, will you tell me what mountain that is far to the north, on the main land?

Merry. Give me the glass—it is so remote that I can scarce distinguish it. Oh—yes—that with its tops tipped with snow? It is Mount Olympus.

Ellen. I thought so: it is there, then, the ancient Greeks thought Jupiter, the chief of the gods, held his court?

Merry. Yes; but look here to the south-east—do you see a city near the western coast of that little peninsula?

Ellen. Yes.

Merry. Well, that is Athens!

Ellen. Indeed, indeed! Oh wonderful! Here we are in sight of the most famous city in Greece!

Merry. Shall we make a stop, there?

Peter. Yes—yes—for I'm dreadful hungry.

Laura. I'm not hungry at all—I can hardly bear to take my eyes off this interesting country.

Merry. Perhaps we had better make a halt, and get rested: we can talk about Greece while we are at the hotel.

James. But tell me one thing, Mr. Merry. I have heard a great deal about Greece, and know it was famous in ancient times, but I do not understand its present condition.

Merry. Greece was settled nearly 2,000 years before

Christ. It was occupied by different tribes of emigrants, and these founded different states, such as Athens, Sparta, Thebes, &c. These quarreled with each other and were finally conquered by Philip, king of Macedon, the father of the famous Alexander. In the year 146, B.C., they were conquered by the Romans. Finally, about 400 years ago, they fell under the power of the Turks, who had come from Asia. Thus they remained till the year 1821, A.D., when they revolted, and after a bloody struggle of nearly ten years, they attained their independence. At present they are governed by a young king, named Otho. But here we are—at Athens!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Description of Athens.—The Palace.—The University.—The Acropolis.—Ruins.—The Partheon.—Early History of Greece.—Religion of the Greeks.—Hercules.—The Lernean Hydra.—The Augean Stables.—Adventures of Ulysses.—The Cyclops.—King Eolus.—Circe, the Enchantress.—The Sirens.—Sylla and Caryb-dis.—Calypso.—Telemachus.

Merry. Well, here we are on the Acropolis!

Seth. It is a very curious place: it seems to be a lofty rock or mound, covered with old buildings.

Merry. Yes, it is 1,100 feet above the level of the sea: it was the center of ancient Athens, and was covered with beautiful edifices. the ruins of which we

see around us. Here, to the north and west, on the sloping sides of the hill, is the modern city.

James. Really, I think Athens is almost as interesting as Rome.

Merry. Yes, but it is very different. The present city is comparatively small and ill built, and is very inferior to even the modern city of Rome. The latter has nearly 200,000 people, while Athens has not more than 30,000. This has none of the old palaces, none of the fine churches, none of the imposing squares, of Rome. It has no St. Peter's. You must remember that during the wars between the Greeks and Turks, about thirty years ago, Athens was nearly laid in ruins. The present city has almost entirely arisen since Greece became independent. The houses are chiefly in the modern style, and do not resemble the ancient Greek mode of constructing dwellings. There are, however, several fine streets, and some handsome edifices, yet a great part of the city consists of mere lanes.

James. But what is that large, handsome building in the western part of the city, at the foot of a high hill?

Merry. That is the king's palace, and is very beautiful. It consists of a quadrangle 300 feet long and 280 wide. Yonder is the university, which is the finest building in Athens.

Ellen. These are very handsome, but, after all, it seems to me these ancient edifices, here on the Acropolis, though they are now in ruins, must have been even more beautiful.

Seth. Tell us a little about the history of this place—the Acropolis, Ellen.

Ellen. It is said to have been an ancient fortress, built by Cecrops, who founded the city of Athens, 1556, B. C., afterwards it was, as Mr. Merry has told you, the center of the city of Athens. It was encircled by a high wall for defense, and was filled with temples, palaces, and public edifices. This building, here before us, called the Parthenon, is partially in ruins, but you can still see its general form and aspect. It is regarded as one of the finest works of all antiquity, it is so grand, so simple, so beautiful.

Seth. What was it built for?

Merry. It was dedicated to Minerva, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

Laura. Athens seems completely surrounded with the ruins of ancient temples, devoted to the deities of the old Greeks.

James. Yes, and it would appear that they must have been a very religious people, by the great number of their religious edifices.

Merry. The ancient Greeks were, no doubt, a religious people, in their way. They viewed every thing in connection with religion. Instead of regarding all events as under the direction of one God, they conceived them to be parceled out among many gods. When it thundered, the people thought that Jupiter was flinging his thunderbolts about. Mars was the god of war, Bacchus the god of wine-bibbers, Mercury the

god of thieves, Vulcan the god of blacksmiths. So there were gods of rivers, and woods; the sea god was called Neptune, and the god of the infernal regions, Pluto. To all these, the Greeks erected temples, and to all they offered sacrifices and prayers. While we say truly that they were a religious people—that is, that they spent a great deal of time and money in religious rites and ceremonies—we must, however, consider that, from our point of view, the greater part of their religion was not only false, but frivolous, vain, and even revolting. At the same time, such was the genius of the Greeks, that this mythology became the means of developing the national taste for art, and hence, while that mythology has passed away, the temples and statues, to which it gave rise, remain to excite the admiration, and guide the studies of the present civilized world.

Seth. You were speaking yesterday of Ulysses, Mr. Merry—was he a god?

Merry. No—he was only a hero; but the Greeks imagined that persons like him, who had performed great and remarkable deeds, were so superior to other men as to be divine, and hence they paid them worship as demi-gods. Thus Hercules, who was probably a chief of some petty tribe, and a man of great strength, was worshipped after death. The poets made up wonderful stories of his achievements. They considered him the son of Jupiter, and tell us that while he was a child in his cradle, he strangled two serpents sent to

kill him by Juno, Jupiter's wife. When only eighteen years old, he delivered the people around Mount Citheron from a terrible lion, which devoured the sheep. He also performed certain acts called *Herculanean Labors*, among which was killing a bear that ravaged the country of Numea, and destroying a nine-headed monster in the swamps of Lerna. This latter was a terrible affair, for the creature was assisted by a crab which bit the feet of the hero, as he made his attacks. He also caught a stag of incredible swiftness; destroyed a race of monsters called Centaurs, with heads of men and bodies of horses; cleaned out the stables of Augea, which had been occupied by hundreds of cows for many years; and brought from the lower regions the three-headed dog Cerberus, which guarded the gates of hell!

Seth. Well I must say these old Greeks had very ingenious fancies.

Merry. Yes, no doubt; and one thing more they had, that is, great art in telling their stories. Thus it happens that these very fables about Hercules, are constantly alluded to by people of the present day. Every body has heard of the *Lernean Hydra*, and the *Augean Stables*, and these expressions are rendered significant by the fables to which they relate.

Laura. Mr. Merry, you promised to tell us about Ulysses, when we had a little leisure. Will you not give us the story now?

All the Children. Oh, yes! the story of Ulysses.

Merry. Well, I will give a sketch of his adventures. You remember that he was king of the little island of Ithica, and went with the other Greek kings and chiefs, to make war on the city and county of the Trojans, in Asia Minor. When Troy was destroyed and the war was over, Ulysses set out to return home, as did the other warriors. He had several ships, but these were dispersed by the winds. Ulysses himself was cast away on the coast of Sicily, where among other strange people, he fell in with a race of giants, called Cyclops. They had but one eye, which was in the middle of the forehead, and was as big as a goose egg. The chief, called Polyphemus, lived in a cave, and unfortunately Ulysses and his companions went into it, during his absence. When he came back he found them, and kept them to be devoured, as if they had been beef or pork. Four of the adventurers were eaten up by the giant, but Ulysses now contrived to get him drunk, and to punch out his eye with a stick sharpened at one end, and heated in the fire. He thus managed to escape with his remaining companions.

James. Ulysses seems to have been very cunning.

Merry. Yes, that is the character Homer gives him. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the islands belonging to Æolus, king or god of the winds. These are now called the Lipari islands, and one of them, Stromboli, was the place of the king's residence. He kindly entertained the wanderers for a month, and at their departure gave them bags filled with various kinds

of favorable winds. Ulysses guided the vessel, and at length, gliding smoothly on, they came in sight of Ithica. At that moment the king fell asleep, and his companions, thinking he had money in the wind bags, cut them open, when lo, terrible gales rushed out, and drove them back to King Æolus! That monarch thought, from their misfortunes, that they were a dangerous set of men, and drove them away.

Seth. That is funny!

Merry. After this, the wanderers came to the country of Circe, a famous enchantress, who turned every body into swine who came near her, by getting them drunk. Ulysses' companions were thus transformed, but the cunning old chief seems to have been a teetotaller, and so Circe found her match. Ulysses, in fact, threatened the goddess, sword in hand, and compelled her to let his friends out of the pig-stye, and become men again.

Ellen. It seems to me that this story has a moral, for many a man has come very nigh being as wine by immoderate drink.

Merry. Yes, and so there is a meaning and a moral in most of these old Grecian fables. Ulysses, after a stay of a year, wished to depart, but Circe made him first go to Hades, the place of departed spirits, to consult a blind prophet named Tiresias. Having arrived at a certain spot, according to direction, he poured wine, oats, flour, and the blood of victims into a pit he had caused to be dug. A terrible scene ensued, for the shades or spirits of the departed, came trooping out, in

all the ghastly features of death! Among them Ulysses recognized some of his old friends and companions in arms, especially Agamemnon and Achilles, who had perished in the Trojan war. With these he held conversations, but he was dreadfully frightened, and speedily took his leave of the island of Ædea, and the dreadful Circe, who held dominion over it. Still striving to return home, the chief came to the island of the Sirens; two sisters who dwelt in a flowery meadow by the shore, and sang so sweetly, that mariners in passing, often forgot home, and country, and friends, and went to stay with the maidens. Here they would remain, listening to the entrancing music, till at last they perished with hunger, and their bones remained bleached and unburied on the ground. Circe had told Ulysses to be on his guard in passing these dangerous shores; so he stopped the ears of his warriors with wax, and they escaped these seductive, but dreadful enchantresses.

Seth. Ulysses is always ready with some contrivance to avoid difficulty.

Merry. Yes, but now new dangers awaited the voyagers. They came to a strait where the waters flowed with dangerous rapidity, between two monsters, Scylla on one side, and Charybdis on the other. Scylla, who dwelt in a cave at the water's edge, had a voice like the wailing of a young mastiff: she had twelve feet, and six long necks, with a frightful head and a double row of teeth in each. Evermore, by day and night, she stretched them out, catching the dolphins and sea

dogs that passed. As ships glided by, each of the hideous heads seized upon and devoured a man. The companions of Ulysses were not an exception, and six of them perished in the jaws of the monster. The ship was soon after wrecked, and Ulysses, clinging to a mast, was sucked nearly into the jaws of Charybdis, on the opposite shore, and only escaped by being thrown out in the turn of the foaming current of waters.

Laura. We often hear Scylla and Charybdis alluded to, in application to passing events. A person placed between two difficulties or dangers, is said to be between Scylla and Charybdis.

Merry. Yes, that is true. Well, Ulysses now floated along for nine days, when he came to the lovely island of Ogygia, of which a goddess named Calypso was queen. Here, attended by a troop of beautiful nymphs, in the midst of the most charming landscapes of wood and lawn, lake and river, she spent her time in a constant state of tranquil ecstasy. Ulysses was himself charmed with the loveliness of the place and its fair inhabitants. Calypso desired to have him continue with her forever, and even intended to make him immortal like herself, so as to be a worthy companion of a goddess. But after staying eight years, he was permitted to depart in a vessel he had built with tools which she furnished him.

Ellen. Is there not a book about the adventures of Telemachus at this island and other places.

Merry. Yes, and a very pleasing one, written by a celebrated French bishop, called Fenelon. Some day

you should all read it. But I must go on with my story. At last, after ten years of wandering, in addition to ten of warfare, Ulysses reached his little kingdom of Ithica. Here he found his palace beset by a host of adventurers, seeking the hand of his queen, Penelope, in marriage. They all represented to her that her husband, after such a long absence, must be regarded as dead; but she remained true to his memory. Her suitors were very rude, and devoured her substance, as well as spread confusion through the palace by their carousals. She resorted to many devices to keep them away, and when finally her family friends urged her to choose some one among them for a husband, she agreed to do so, as soon as she had finished a web she was weaving as a funeral ornament. She continued to protract this work for three years, by undoing at night what she had woven during the day. When Ulysses arrived, she was reduced to great extremity. Such, indeed, was the state of things, that he deemed it advisable to appear in the disguise of a beggar. He made himself known, however, to his son Telemachus, and his herdsman Eumæas, with whom he took such measures that all the suitors to his wife were slain, and the wanderer was thus happily restored to his home, his family, and his kingdom!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mount Hymettus.—The Plain of Marathon.—Island of Negropont.—Scyro.—The Story of Theseus.—The Thief Sciron.—Procrustes and his Bed.—King Minos.—The Monster Minotaur and his Cavern.—Ariadne and her Thread.—Escape from the Labyrinth.—The Island of Naxos.—Theseus returns to Athens.—Theseus King.—Warfare with the Amazons.—The Queen Antiope.—The Calydonian Hunt.—The Wild Boar and Atalanta.—Althæa and her Son Meleager.—His Sisters changed into Singing Birds.—Theseus and the Argonautic Expedition.—He goes in search of Proserpine.—Dreadful Adventures.—His banishment and death.

Merry. Well, children, we have now taken a hasty view of Athens—so we must be off!

James. Where shall we go now?

Merry. Why, we may as well mount our balloon, and as we are sailing along, we can decide what to do.

All the Children. Agreed!—agreed!

Merry. Well, here we go, up, up, up! Now you can see the sea—for Athens is only two or three miles from it.

Ellen. Yes, to the west—but here to the east the land stretches away to a considerable distance.

James. The country is very uneven, and to the north-east there is quite a mountain. What is the name of it, Mr. Merry.

Merry. Mount Hymettus.

Laura. Oh! the mountain so celebrated for its history? After all, it appears to be only a bleak ridge of rocks.

Merry. Its top is rocky and barren, but its sides, about half way up, are covered with low shrubs and heath, which give forth a delicious perfume. The bees make their honey from the flowers of these, and so it is as celebrated in modern days, as it was in remoter ages. But, do you observe yonder plain—not far from the sea, and near a small village?

Ellen. I see it—and with the glass I can see a low mound near it. Is that the plain of Marathon?

Merry. Yes.

Ellen. I thought so; and that mound was erected by the Greeks in token of their victory over the Persians.

James. When did that take place?

Merry. In the year 490—before Christ.

James. What! nearly 2,400 years ago! Is the mound erected by the ancient Greeks still visible?

Merry. Yes; and what is very curious, the remains of arrows used by the combatants, are still found on the field, and in the mound. The ancient writers say that the Persian army on that occasion was immense, numbering four or five hundred thousand men. They tell us that Darius, king of Persia, drew his soldiers from no less than twenty-six nations or tribes, and as the arrows, known to be peculiar to the tribes of Ethiopia, a remote kingdom subject to Persia, are found on the plain, it is inferred that the ancient annals are probably correct.

Seth. Well, but who beat in the battle of Marathon?

Merry. The Greeks, who did not exceed 10,000 men, defeated the Persians, and caused them such dreadful slaughter that, after a few other enterprizes, they quitted Greece and returned to Asia. But see yonder—do you observe that large island stretching along the shore?

James. I see it—what is the name of it?

Merry. It is now called *Negropont*, but it is named *Eubœa* in ancient history. It is the largest of the Greek islands, being one hundred and twenty miles long and from two to twenty miles in width. It is very fertile and its history is interesting. But look yonder to the north-east, there is the isle, since called *Scyro*, but which was called *Scyros* by the ancients.

Ellen. I remember to have read of it—it was here that Theseus fell off the cliff and was killed.

Laura. Yes; and I always thought it was rather a shabby end for so famous a hero.

James. What is the story of Theseus, Mr. Merry: I dont recollect it.

Merry. Why Theseus was one of the most famous of all the early heroes of Greece: he was at least equal to Hercules, and his adventures are even more romantic.

Laura. Do tell us the story of Theseus, Mr. Merry.

All the Children. Oh, yes! the story of Theseus.

Merry. Why, an account of all his adventures would fill a book. I will, however, give a sketch of his life. It appears that he was the son of Ægeus, king of

Athens, but he was brought up in the palace of his grandfather, at some distance from that city. When, at last, he had reached manhood, his mother took him to a place where his father's sword was hidden under a rock. Theseus was so strong that he easily rolled away the rock, and armed himself with the sword.

He was now to go to Athens and present himself to his father. Accordingly he set out, and though his grandfather cautioned him against going by land, the road being beset by robbers and wild beasts, he determined to do so, being very anxious to perform some great exploits in imitation of Hercules, whose fame at that time filled all Greece. On his way he met with a great variety of adventures. One day he came across Sciron, a famous thief, who was accustomed to waylay the people of Attica, and, after robbing them, he made them wash his feet, and then he pitched them off the cliff headlong into the sea. Theseus served him as he had served others, and thus put an end to him. He also found that a man by the name of Procrustes, was accustomed to take travelers to his house and put them on a bed. If they were longer than the bed, he chopped them off: if they were too short, he caused them to be stretched, so as to fit the bed. Theseus encountered this brutal tyrant and slew him.

Seth. Well, he served him right.

Merry. As Theseus came to Crommyon, on the Saronic Gulf, he found that the country was ravaged by a gigantic sow: Theseus boldly commenced the

hunt, and after a fierce struggle he dispatched her. At length he arrived at Athens, where new dangers awaited him. His father was very old, and he was surrounded with bad men, who wished to get rid of him, and usurp his throne. When they heard that Theseus had come, they feared he would aid his father, and so they conspired against his life. Medea, who was one of the wives of the king, had persuaded the old man to give Theseus a dose of poison; as he administered the cup, however, he saw the sword in the hand of his son, and instantly recognized it. This led to explanations, and King Ægeus finding out who he was, received Theseus very kindly. The latter now became the support of his aged sire. The plotters of the court made war on the king, but Theseus slew them all in battle.

Seth. What alone?

Merry. He probably had a few friends to help him. The Athenians at this time were very unhappy on account of a tribute they were obliged to pay to Minos, King of Crete. This monarch is considered as the first law-giver of the island over which he reigned. According to the poets, he was a son of Jupiter, and one of the judges of Hades, the place of departed spirits. Still he was an earthly king, and the first on earth who had a navy. He is said to have retired to a cave, where Jupiter, his father, instructed him; and, when he came out he announced the laws with which he had been inspired.

Ellen. It would appear that Mahomet, many hundreds of years after, took a leaf out of King Minos's book.

Merry. Perhaps so. Now Minos had a large family, and there were some very extraordinary characters among them. Of these, Androgeus was one. He was very famous as a wrestler, and went to Athens, where he proved superior to every antagonist. He was killed by the bull of Marathon, which Theseus afterwards captured. To revenge the death of his son, Minos made war on Athens, and which, as this was in the early period of its history, was a small and feeble power. In order to obtain peace, the king Ægeus was obliged to pay an annual tribute to the Cretean King of seven girls and seven youths, to be devoured by a horrible monster called Minotaur.

Soon after the return of Theseus to Athens, the time arrived for the payment of this terrible tribute. Theseus, to the amazement of every body, and especially his father, voluntarily offered himself as one of the victims. His purpose was to deliver his country from this dreadful penalty, or perish in the attempt. The vessel soon departed for Crete, her sails being black in token of mourning. Theseus tried to comfort his deponding father by promising to change them to white.

When the company arrived at Crete, they were all exhibited to Minos. It appears that Ariadne, his beautiful daughter was present, and she was so struck with

the noble appearance of Theseus, that she fell in love with him. She could not bear the idea of his being devoured by the monster, Minotaur, and so she determined to save him. She made her feelings known to Theseus, and he warmly returned her affections.

Now, it must be understood that the Minotaur was half bull and half man. In obedience to an oracle, Minos had built for him a cave in the earth, which had so many dark and winding passages, that whoever was put into it, could not find his way out, and finally perished by being devoured by the Minotaur. Into this dreadful labyrinth the miserable Grecian victims were plunged, but Ariadne had furnished Theseus with a thread by means of which he could retrace his steps, and find his way out of the horrible prison.

Provided with this ingenious and happy device, Theseus and his companions entered the cave, and it was not long before he met the Minotaur, who no doubt expected to take them all down at his leisure. But Theseus, nothing daunted, offered him battle, and a terrible conflict ensued. The Minotaur roared and tore up the earth and plunged at the youth, but the latter defended himself, and at last, seizing his enemy by the hair, he dashed out his brains, pierced his heart, and thus put an end to him. Theseus and his companions then secretly departed, and of course took Ariadne with them.

On their way back to Athens they stopped at the

island of Naxos—where Theseus abandoned Ariadne, in obedience to the goddess Minerva.

James. Well, I don't like that.

Merry. But the goddess Minerva told Theseus to do so.

James. What, a goddess tell a man to abandon a woman who loved him, and had saved his life!

Merry. Yes; the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece are reported to have had all the bad and mean passions of human nature. Ariadne, however, was consoled, for while she was weeping for the departure of her lover, the goddess Venus came and told her she should be married to the god Bacchus. The latter soon after arrived, and presented to the young lady, his hand and a golden crown, which, according to the Greeks, was afterwards placed among the stars, and I believe, remains to this day, as one of the constellations.

After various other adventures, Theseus arrived at the port of Athens, but he forgot to change his black sails for white, as he had promised. His father, of course, thought he had lost his son, and this grieved him so much that he destroyed himself. Theseus now became king, and distinguished himself by his wisdom as a legislator. In his time, Athens, which was but little more than a village on a rock, spread to the plain below, and became a large town. The state of Attica also increased greatly in power, population, and prosperity.

Although Theseus was thus occupied in affairs of government, he found time to engage in warlike enterprises. It seems that in those days there was a nation called Amazons, in which the women took the part of men, and the men the part of women. The females went to war, while the males stayed at home, and took care of the households. Hercules, aided by a band of heroes, made war upon these people. Among his companions was Theseus, who behaved so bravely that Hercules gave him in recompense the beautiful Antiope, Queen of the Amazons, for his wife. The Amazons afterwards invaded Attica, and made havoc with their bows and arrows, and battle-axes—but they were finally defeated by Theseus, with great slaughter.

This famous chief also engaged in the Calydonian hunt—which is an event celebrated by most of the ancient Greek poets; but I am making my story too long—so I must pass it by.

All the Children. No—no—it is not too long. Tell us of the Calydonian hunt.

Merry. Well, Calydon was a city of Ætolia, in Asia Minor, of which Œneus was king. He had a child to which they gave the name Meleager, but when he was seven days old, the fates came to his mother, Althæa, and told her that when the stick of wood which was burning in the fire, was consumed, he would die. With a woman's wit, she snatched it from the pile, and laid it carefully away in a box. The child was thus saved, and he grew up to be a man and a famous hunter.

It seems that there were plenty of wild boars in the forests of Ætolia, and so Meleager invited all the princes and heroes of Greece to a boar hunt—it being stipulated that he who should slay the boar, should have his hide. In this celebrated sport, Theseus took part, though it does not appear that he greatly distinguished himself. Among the hunters was Atalanta, from Arcadia in Greece. Some of the young men refused to hunt, where a young lady was permitted to participate. However, the sport soon began. A furious boar was started, and several of the hunters were soon slain by his terrific tusks. Many accidents happened, and one of the hunters killed his companion, by mistake.

Atalanta, with an arrow, gave the monster the first wound, and soon after Meleager ran him through the body. He gallantly gave the hide to the young princess, but two of his uncles, brothers of his mother, were offended, and took it from her. Meleager was enraged and slew them. Upon hearing of this Althæa took the half-consumed brand from the box and cast it into the fire. As soon as it was reduced to ashes, Meleager gradually failed and soon after expired. When this had happened, and Althæa, the unhappy mother, had time to reflect, her remorse was so dreadful, that she put an end to her existence. The sisters of Meleager were plunged into grief so bitter that they refused sustenance, and the Gods changed all but two of them into singing birds, which the Greeks called *Meleagrides*.

Seth. That's a good story enough, but it don't seem to be much about Theseus. I like him, and wish you would stick to his story, Mr. Merry.

Merry. I am nearly through with it, Seth; for though I could tell a great deal more about him, I think it is time to come to a close. It appears that he was one of the fifty adventurers who sailed in the ship Argo, to obtain the famous golden fleece of Colchis. In this expedition he carried off Helen, daughter of the king of Sparta, who, though only nine years old, was exceedingly beautiful. He placed her under the care of his mother, but she was rescued by her brothers, Castor and Pollux, and returned to her family.

James. Was that the same Helen who gave rise to the Trojan war—the most celebrated beauty of Grecian history?

Merry. Yes, the same.

James. Well, she seems to have had a habit of being run away with. But please go on Mr. Merry.

Merry. Theseus was once engaged in a very perilous enterprise. Proserpine, daughter of the goddess Ceres, was one day out with her companions, picking flowers. She plucked roses, and violets, and other blossoms, and at last she came to a narcissus, which had a hundred blossoms on a single stem. She reached out her hand, and as she pulled it up, Pluto, god of the infernal regions, rushed out of the ground, seized her, and scooping a pathway down into the earth, he carried her to his dismal home and made her his queen. Her loss

made a great sensation, and her mother went over half the world in search of her. Now, Theseus had a very dear friend and companion, named Pirithous. He had been his associate in many adventures, and so they both undertook to rescue Proserpine from her exile and imprisonment. They descended into the region of shadows, but Pluto being a god, knew what they were after, and caused them both to be seized and chained to an enchanted rock. Here they sat, unable to move, until Hercules, in search of the dog Cerberus, came that way and released them. He held out his hand to Theseus, and immediately delivered him from his confinement, but when he extended his hand to his companion, the earth shook terribly, and Hercules and Theseus fled from the place, leaving Pirithous to remain forever chained to the rock, in punishment for his audacious attempt. But I must draw my story to a close. After a time the fickle and ungrateful Athenians banished the hero who had done so much for them. He returned to Scyros, and there, either by accident or treachery, he was plunged down a precipice, and killed on the spot.

CHAPTER XXX.

Legends of Ancient Greece.—Lemnos.—About Thunder and Lightning and the Gods.—Vulcan.—How he made Trinkets for the Nymphs.—Olympus.—How the Gods and Goddesses behaved.—Industry and Ingenuity of Vulcan.—Compared with Col. Colt.—Venus, Vulcan's Wife.—Family Quarrels.—Juno hung in the Air.—Jupiter kicks Vulcan out of Heaven.—A long fall.—Story of Arion.—The Dolphin.

James. That is a very interesting story you have told us about Theseus, Mr. Merry.

Merry. All these coasts of Greece and Asia Minor which we see beneath us, as well as the islands scattered about in the sea, are connected with ancient legends, quite as interesting as those of the hero whose history I have recited. Yonder to the east is Lesbos, the birth place of the poet Arion, and to the north-east is Lemnos, upon which Vulcan, the god of blacksmiths, tumbled when he was kicked out of heaven. Here, before us is the Hellespont, which derived its name from Helle, who fell into it, as she was flying from the persecution of her step-mother, Ino, mounted, with her brother Phrixus, on the back of a golden-fleeced ram.

James. Do tell us some of those stories, Mr. Merry. We have plenty of time as we sail along, and it is all the more interesting as we can look down upon the very places where the events related are supposed to have happened.

Merry. Well, I will tell the story of Vulcan, but I

will first give you some account of the island of Lemnos, which goes under the name of *Stalimene*. It contains 160 square miles, the surface being mountainous, with the craters of several extinct volcanoes. The soil is fertile, and produces wheat, olives, grapes, and other fruits. The population is about 8,000. Lemnos, the capital, is on the north coast, as you can see by looking at it through the glass. It is a small place, and contains only 1,000 people. In ancient times, there is no doubt that this island was the seat of an active volcano. Indeed it is probable that the whole island was thrown up from the sea, by some volcanic convulsion. The ancients did not understand the causes of thunder, lightning, storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes, and so they imputed them to the direct action of the gods, Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, &c.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that in the dim ages of Grecian antiquity, we find that Lemnos, then, no doubt, thundering and blazing with its volcanic throes, was made the scene of a great many wonderful tales. You must remember that Vulcan was the god of fire, and is also called the god or patron of blacksmiths. He was the son of Juno, wife of Jupiter. He was deformed at his birth, and always limped afterwards. His mother, who, by the way, was a harsh, unamiable goddess, was so shocked at his appearance, that, on seeing him, she threw him headlong from Mount Olympus into the sea. Here he was found by two ocean nymphs, who took pity on him, and having saved

him from drowning, they hid him in a cavern deep beneath the bed of the sea. Here he remained nine years, during which time it appears that he grew apace, and became an expert worker in metals. He made various ornaments and trinkets, with which his sea-nymph friends were much delighted.

James. I imagine he would be a favorite with the girls, now-a-days, if he did such things.

Merry. Pooh! pooh! After a time, some how or other, Vulcan got back to Olympus, or the Court of Heaven. This was placed by the fanciful Greeks on the top of Mount Olympus, which I showed you, in the north of Greece. When seen from the sea, it seems to rise immediately out of the water, and is a very beautiful and striking object. Its top is frequently enveloped in wreaths of white fog or light clouds, and it is easy to conceive how the imaginative Greeks should have selected this as the gathering place of their divinities. Here was Jupiter, the chief of gods, like a king, surrounded by his court. They were very numerous, amounting to many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, and according to the fancy of the Greeks, they had pretty nearly the passions of human beings, and largely occupied themselves with human affairs. They were guilty of all sorts of follies, vices, and crimes; they spent the greater part of their time in voluptuous pleasure, or in wicked plots and intrigues.

They possessed superhuman power, which they used mostly for selfish purposes. No principle of truth or

justice guided them. Jupiter himself was guilty of falsehood, deception, injustice, and murder without scruple or remorse. A great part of his business was to cheat his wife, and she seems to have had great pleasure in defeating his plans and wishes. The whole policy of the court, seemed very much like that of one on earth, in which there is an external air of elegance and dignity, while all are occupied with concealed hatred, malice, and plots against each other.

Seth. What a pretty set! And these were the gods of the Greeks?

Merry. Yes, but Vulcan may be considered somewhat an exception to the general character of his companions, for he appears to have been exceedingly industrious in his business. He made the very best armor, and some of the great heroes in the Trojan war were supplied with it. Some of his works were very marvelous. He made brass-footed, brass-throated bulls, breathing fire: he made gold and silver dogs, which guarded houses: he made a brazen man, named Talus, which he gave to Minos, king of Crete: and he made for himself some golden maidens, who waited upon him, and had the gift of speech.

Seth. If the Greeks believed this, they had a strong appetite for the marvellous.

Merry. They certainly had. Such an extraordinary manufacturer as Vulcan must have had many workshops, and so we find that wherever there was a volcano, he was there supposed to have a manufactory.

At Mount Etna, he was thought to have an establishment, in which he was assisted by Cyclops for workmen. Lemnos was supposed to be his favorite resort, and here, when the volcano thundered in its bowels, and the crater sent forth its flames, the god of blacksmiths was supposed to be hard at work, preparing arms for some actual war or coming conflict.

Seth. Why he beat Col. Colt. I suppose he didn't make revolvers?

Merry. No; but he beat him in many other things. With the divine power of passing instantly through space, he could be at his various establishments throughout the whole extent of the Mediterranean, in a day, and could also appear at court with the other gods, on Mount Olympus, as occasion required. It seems that most of the gods had wives, and Vulcan was no exception. Although he was rough and ugly in person, as often happens on earth, his wife was celebrated for beauty. Her name was Venus, and though not very respectable, she was greatly admired. She was said to have been born of the froth of the sea. She was thrown upon the land, and where she trod the fresh grass instantly sprang up. All the art of the ancient poets, painters, and sculptors, was exercised in representing the beauty of Venus. She wore a golden girdle, which inspired love for her who wore it. Doves, swans, and sparrows were sacred to her. The swallow, the herald of spring, was also dedicated to her. The rose and myrtle were her favorite flowers.

Her dress was as radiant as the beams of the morning sun.

James. I should like to have seen her. It was pretty well for the wife of the sooty old god-blacksmith.

Merry. But after all, he does not appear to have had a happy time. She played him various tricks, and he made her pay dearly for some of these follies. Though he did not easily forget his mother's unkindness to him when an infant, he was rather a dutiful son to her. On one occasion, Jupiter having suspended her in the air, with anvils tied to her feet, Vulcan interfered and relieved her from her painful situation. At this Jupiter was very angry, and seizing Vulcan by his foot, he hurled him out of Heaven, or Olympus, and sent him headlong towards the earth. He was a whole day in descending, and when he reached the ground it was on the island of Lemnos. Here he was well received by the people, and here he carried on his manufactures. He afterwards returned to Olympus, where he inhabited a magnificent palace, built by himself. Such is the brief outline of the story of Vulcan.

James. That is very interesting, indeed. Will you now tell us about the poet Arion, whom you mentioned a little while ago, Mr. Merry?

Merry. We will get Ellen to tell us that story. Come, Ellen!

Ellen. Well, as you have said, Mr. Merry, Arion

was a native of Methymna, in the island of Lesbos. This is quite a large island, containing nearly 280 square miles. Its interior is mountainous and highly picturesque. It abounds in olive groves and vineyards. The population is 40,000. The chief town is Mitylene, which is the modern name of the island. In ancient times there were nine considerable cities in Lesbos. At a very early date, the inhabitants had reached a high degree of refinement. Homer describes it as a populous island in his time, near 1,000 years before Christ. Poetry and music made great progress here; in fact, the Lesbean school of music was the most famous in Greece or Asia Minor. The most celebrated musicians were Terpander and Arion. In the year 675, B.C., the former was crowned as the best musician at the great Olympian festival. Arion lived until some sixty years later.

It appears that after he had acquired a musical education, he went to Corinth, where he had great fame and was kindly entertained and patronized by Periander, the king. He then set out on a visit to Italy and Sicily, where he amassed great riches. On his return he embarked for Tarentum, in Italy, but while on his voyage the sailors formed a plot to throw him overboard, and seize upon his silver, gold, and other treasures. Arion found out what was going on, and seeing no other way to escape, he offered the mariners all his riches, if they would spare his life. But the men refused, and ordered him either to kill himself, in

which case they promised to bury his body on the shore, or to jump into the sea. Arion at last agreed to submit to his fate, but he asked to be permitted to put on his best attire, and sing one of his songs, before taking his fatal leap into the waters. The sailors consented, and, in fact, they were rather delighted at the idea of hearing the most celebrated singer of the age. Arion, therefore, having dressed himself in his richest robes, stood upon the deck of the little vessel, while the men gathered in the center. He then sang one of his most celebrated pieces, and afterwards jumped into the sea.

The seamen, who were Corinthians, went on their voyage, and, supposing that Arion was drowned imagined that they should enjoy their booty in safety. But it seems that a dolphin, no doubt charmed with Arion's sweet song, took the drowning musician on his back, and carried him safe to the land. Arion then proceeded to Corinth, where the robbers had arrived before him. He told his story to a magistrate, who at first disbelieved it. He, however, made inquires of the seamen, by which means he found that it was true. He therefore caused them all to be executed, while Arion was put in possession of his property.

James. Thank you, Ellen; that is really a very interesting story. How full of curious inventions and fancies the old Greek writers must have been!

Seth. Yes; and I should like to hear more about that flying ram with a golden fleece, and the poor girl that fell in the sea.

Ellen. Oh, yes—the story of the Golden Fleece!

All the Children. Yes, yes—the story of the Golden Fleece!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Story of the Golden Fleece.—Robinson Crusoe.—Bill Berry.—King Athamas.—Cadmus and the Cow.—The Dragon and his teeth.—Harmonia and the Wedding.—The Princess Ino.—Phryxus and Helle.—Their Voyage on a Golden Fleeced Ram.—Helle slips into the Sea.—Phryxus arrives at Colchis.—King Ætes.—King Æson.—His son Jason.—He determines to go to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.—His ship Argo.—The Fifty Heroes, his companions.—The Augury.—The Harpies.—The Floating Rocks.—Idmon and the wild Boar.—Arrival at Colchis.—Unreasonableness of King Ætes.—His daughter Medea the Enchantress.—Jason seizes the Golden Fleece, and carries it to Greece.

James. Well, now, Mr. Merry, here we are, sailing along over the Hellespont, and it is a good time to tell us the story of the Golden Fleece, as you promised.

Ellen. What a pretty name for a story!

Seth. Yes—but only think of a woolly fleece, made of gold! It seems to me the very idea is absurd.

Ellen. Oh, that may be, if we regard it as matter of fact.

Seth. Well, after all, I like matters of fact better than matters of fancy.

Ellen. But don't you like the story of Robinson Crusoe?

Seth. Yes, but that's all true.

Ellen. No, indeed; it is only a fancy story.

Seth. Robinson Crusoe a fancy story? No, no Ellen, I can't believe that.

Ellen. Is that not so, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Certainly.

Seth. Robinson Crusoe a mere story, a romance, a make believe? Well, well, I'm sure I don't know what to believe, and what not to believe.

Merry. You will learn in due time, Seth; a boy only nine years old can hardly expect to have learnt every thing that is good, and every thing that is evil, on the tree of knowledge. You may be excused for thinking the tale of Robinson Crusoe a true story, for it is written with great art, so as to make it seem as if it was a narrative of real events. It was composed by a man named Defoe, who was very celebrated for his simple, easy, and natural style of writing.

Seth. Yes, I suppose he was like Bill Berry.

Merry. How was that?

Seth. Why all the boys at school said he told a lie with such an honest face, that nobody could help believing him.

Merry. Yes, but they found him out, did they not?

Seth. At last—yes.

Merry. Well, then, he failed in his purpose, which was to deceive; he was detected, and of course despised. Now the writer of the story of Robinson Crusoe intended no deception; it is true you, a boy of

nine years, thought it historical, but this was only a momentary error, and sure to be corrected. He wrote the book to give pleasure, and, in order to amuse the imagination, he adopted a style of writing which made the narrative seem like truth, but every reader of experience would of course see that it was a fiction. He was no doubt aided in his work by following an outline, or basis of fact. Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, was really left alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific Ocean, for four years. Here he built himself a hut, raised goats, and amused himself with the chase. It is out of this slight foundation that Defoe drew the ingenious story of Robinson Crusoe, so full of natural adventures, incidents, and accidents.

Seth. Well, after all, I was not so far out of the way; it seems that there really was a kind of Robinson Crusoe, only his true name was Alexander Selkirk.

Merry. Very well, Seth, and now let us apply your remark. You think the idea of the Golden Fleece is absurd, and so you would no doubt reject the whole story as a ridiculous fable; yet, after all, there was no doubt an actual basis of truth for the story.

Seth. Well, if there is a sprinkling of truth in it, I should like to hear it.

James. Yes, yes—the story!

Merry. Very well. You will understand that the period of which I am going to speak is very remote—some fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, and soon after the principal states of Greece were founded.

At that time there lived in Bœotia a king of a small state whose name was Athamas. He married Nephele, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter, named Phryxus and Helle. After a time he divorced Nephele and married Ino, daughter of the celebrated Cadmus, about whom some very droll stories are told. One of these is too good to be missed.

Being in search of his sister Europa, who had been carried off by Jupiter, Cadmus went to the Delphic oracle, to make inquiries about her. This advised him to trouble himself no more about Europa, but to follow a cow for his guide, and to build a city where she should lie down. Cadmus determined to obey, and as he was going through Phocis he met a cow, which he followed for a long time, till at last she laid down. Here he made preparations to build the city, but being in want of water he sent some of his companions to a neighboring spring to fetch a supply, but what was their amazement and terror, to find the spring guarded by an enormous serpent. In a moment the monster rushed upon them and destroyed them. Cadmus flew to the spot, engaged the serpent in single combat, and after a terrible fight cut off his head. He was instructed by the goddess Minerva to scatter a portion of the teeth of the monster in the ground, like seed. This he did, and immediately every tooth sprang up an armed man. These persons immediately got into a quarrel, and in the fight all were killed but five. These joined Cadmus and his remaining companions, and together they

built the city of Thebes, which afterwards became one of the most powerful states of Greece.

After a time Cadmus married Harmonia, the daughter of Mars and Venus. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp at the palace of the bridegroom, Jupiter and all the other gods, quitting Olympus to be present at the ceremony. We surely might expect something marvellous to happen to the princess Ino, the fruit of this union. I have said that she became the wife of Athamas, after he had divorced Nephele, the mother of Phryxus and Helle. Ino soon grew jealous of these children and determined to destroy them. For this purpose she persuaded the women of the country round about to parch the seed corn without letting their husbands know of it. This they did; the parched corn was sown, and, of course, yielded no crop.

In consequence, the country was threatened with a terrible famine. The king sent to the oracle at Delphi, to inquire in what way this terrible calamity might be averted. The messenger, on his return, was persuaded by Ino to say that Apollo directed Phryxus to be sacrificed to Jupiter. This was a terrible blow to king Athamas, the father, but the frightened people became clamorous and compelled him to bring his son before the altar for sacrifice. But it appears that Nephele, the mother, knew what was going on, and accordingly, just in the nick of time, she snatched away both her son and daughter, and placed them on the back of a golden-fleeced ram, which had been provided for the purpose

by the god Mercury. Upon this they were carried through the air, over sea and land.

Seth. Well, I suppose this golden-fleeced ram was nothing but a balloon, like ours.

Merry. Perhaps so, though that would be a new interpretation of the fable. It appears that the young voyagers proceeded in a north-easterly direction, toward the Euxine or Black Sea, their design being to go to Colchis, situated upon its border. They proceeded safely till they came to the narrow strait lying between Europe and Asia, now called the Dardanelles. Here poor Helle slipped off the back of the ram, fell into the sea, and was drowned. This was afterwards called the Hellespont by the Greeks, and is thus frequently designated even in modern times.

Phryxus continued his ærial journey till he came to Colchis, situated upon the mountainous borders of the Euxine Sea at the eastern extremity. The country now bears the name of Mingrelia, lying between Circassia and Georgia. Here he addressed himself to King Ætes, who received him kindly, and, after a time, gave him his daughter Chalciope in marriage. He then sacrificed his ram to Jupiter, as a token of gratitude for the happy termination of his voyage. The golden fleece, which it seems was very magnificent, he gave it to his father-in-law, who nailed it to an oak in the grove of Mars. Here it became an object of great attention, and it would appear that its fame traveled all over Greece.

Now, about these days, there was a king of Iolcos, in the northern part of Greece, named Æson. He was dethroned by his brother Pelias, who reigned in his stead. In order to assure his throne to himself, Pelias sought to take the life of young Jason, son of the dethroned king. To save him, his parents said that he was dead, and mean time secretly conveyed him by night to Chiron, who was the most celebrated of the Centaurs, a tribe living in the Thessalian mountains, with the heads of men and the bodies and legs of horses. Chiron appears to have been endowed with extraordinary skill and knowledge, and became the teacher not only of Jason, but of Hercules, Esculapius, Achilles, and other celebrated personages.

When Jason, who had been instructed in all the arts and accomplishments of that period, had reached the age of twenty, he set out to go to Colchis, and claim the rights of his family. On his way he came to a river, swollen by the rains, over which he was carried by Juno, Jupiter's wife, who changed herself into an old woman for the occasion. He, however, lost one of his sandals.

On his arrival at Ioclos, the singularity of his dress, the fairness of his complexion, and the wearing of but one sandal, attracted attention, and drew a crowd around him in the market place. Among the rest, king Pelias came to see him, and having been warned by an oracle to beware of a man who should appear at Colchis, with one foot bare and the other shod, he became alarmed.

He asked him who he was, and Jason mildly answered his question, adding that he had come to demand the kingdom of his father. Jason then proceeded to the house of Æson, who, it seems, was living there as a private citizen. He was received joyfully by the father, as well as by his brothers and uncles. They all assembled, and, after five days' feasting and talking, they went in a body to Pelias, to demand the throne for Jason, which he had unjustly taken away from Æson, his father.

Pelias consented to yield it, upon condition that he should retain his herds and pastures, which, in these days, formed a valuable portion of a king's possessions. At the same time he cunningly advised Jason to go rather and get the Golden Fleece, as being more worthy of the enterprise, courage, and ambition of a youthful prince, than to settle down as the mere ruler of a small kingdom like Iolcos.

He also promised Jason that if he would bring to him the Golden Fleece, he would immediately surrender the kingdom to him. Jason consented, and caused a vessel to be built, to which he gave the name of Argo, from Argus, the name of the builder. It is said that Minerva assisted the architect in its construction, and when at last the voyage was terminated successfully, the goddess translated the vessel to the skies, where it became one of the constellations. Yet such was the infant state of navigation at that period, that this famous ship was nothing but an open boat, perhaps fifty feet in

length, and propelled by oars. Every thing in those days must have a religious beginning, the result of which and the object of which was, to give the control of public, as well as private affairs, to the king and priests, who managed the oracles. Jason was directed, by the oracle he consulted, to invite the greatest heroes of the age to share in the dangers and the glories of the voyage. The call was immediately responded to, and numerous sons of gods, heroes, and kings, from different parts of Greece, hastened to put themselves under his command.

The whole number was fifty, including Hercules; Castor and Pollux, sons of Jupiter; Pelias and Theseus, valorous and renowned adventurers, with many others. Among them was Idmon, a prophet and son of Apollo; Mopsus, also a prophet, from Thessaly; Orpheus, the god-musician, son of Calliope, the muse of poetry and eloquence. The steersman was named Tiphys.

When the heroes were all assembled, Mopsus, the prophet, examined the bowels of an ox, which he slew in order to determine whether the omens were favorable However absurd such things appear, they were universal in those days. The sailing of fleets, the marching of armies, the accepting or refusing battle—the most important, as well as the most familiar affairs of life, were made to depend upon the palpitating entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, the cackling of geese, and other events, according as they presented themselves to the

mind or fancy of capricious, and often, no doubt, of deceitful and juggling soothsayers.

Seth. Well, I must say that men who could be influenced by the cackling of geese, seem to me no better than goslings.

Merry. Those who managed these things were not generally deceived by them; they used them as means of governing the superstitious people who believed in them. On the occasion to which I have just alluded, the signs were propitious, and amid a crowd of admiring spectators, the fifty adventurers launched their boat upon the sea. Orpheus sang, striking his sounding lyre in concert with the plashing oars of the Argonauts. Starting from Thebes they reached the mouth of the bay of Pagasæ the first day. After entering the Ægean Sea, they turned to the north, passed the coast of Thessaly, and skirting the western shore, at last reached Lemnos. Having remained here for some time, they departed, and passed through the Hellespont into the Propontis, now called the sea of Marmora. Here they came to a lofty hill, inhabited by giants each with six arms. These they slew. They then put to sea and reached Mysia, where they left Polyphemus and Hercules. Being thrown by a storm upon the coast of Thrace, they delivered Phineus, the king of the place, from the harpies, three terrible monsters, with the faces of women, and the wings, claws, and bodies of birds. These hideous creatures were not only offensive to the sight, but they filled every place they came into with the vilest odors.

James. I have heard of the harpies, but I never knew what they were before.

Merry. They had been sent by the gods to punish Phineus for some crime: accordingly when food was set before him, and he was about to eat, these monsters rushed in, and seizing a part of the food, defiled the rest in such a manner that no mortal could endure it. The Argonauts, having consulted Phineus as to their future course, he gave them directions, upon condition that they should drive the harpies away, which they did. At length they came to two rugged islands at the entrance of the Euxine Sea, called Cyaneæ. These floated about, and sometimes crushed vessels to pieces which attempted to pass between them. They were even supposed to be alive, and to move back and forth more swiftly than the winds. But it was decreed that they should become fixed in the sea like other rocks, whenever a vessel should succeed in passing between them.

This was accomplished by the Argo. Phineus had directed Jason and his companions to let fly a pigeon as they came to this dangerous passage, and that if it went safely over, they might follow in the same direction. This was done, and the pigeon proceeded with no other accident than the loss of its tail. The Argonauts followed, rowing vigorously over, and being aided also by Juno and Minerva, they passed through with the loss only of a part of the stern works of their vessel. From that time, agreeably to the decree, these

rocks became fixed. Homer calls them *wanderers*, and gives a very poetic account of them.

The Argonauts, having entered the Euxine Sea, met with a great variety of adventures. Idmon, the seer, received a fatal wound from the tusks of a wild boar. Tiphys, the helmsman, died, and Aneæus took his place. Following the southern coast of the sea, they came to the island of Aetias, which was haunted by birds that shot feathers at them, sharp as arrows, from their wings. These they drove off by clattering on their shields. While at this island they met with the sons of Phryxus, who were cast upon the shore by a storm. These were on their way to Greece, having been sent by Ætes to claim the kingdom of their deceased father. They became the guides of the Argonauts to Colchis, and these speedily reached the capitol, which bore the name of Æa. Thus the Argonauts had arrived at the end of their journey, a distance not exceeding six hundred miles, and which is now the voyage of a week. With Jason and his companions it appears to have required several months. Such are the exaggerations of the fabulous periods of history.

Seth. Well, I am glad they got to their journey's end; what happened next?

Merry. Jason explained the object of his voyage to king Ætes, but he appears to have been in a great fury. He consented to give up the Golden Fleece, however, provided Jason would perform certain marvelous feats, all in one day. He must tame two bulls, the gifts of

Vulcan to Ætes, which had brazen feet, and breathed flames from their throats. When he had yoked these, he was to plough with them a piece of ground, and sow it with the serpent's teeth which Ætes possessed, for Minerva had given him one half of those that Cadmus obtained at Thebes. If Jason failed to perform these successfully, he and the Argonauts were to be slaves. Our hero was, of course, in despair, but Medea, the daughter of Ætes, who was an enchantress, and had fortunately fallen in love with him, gave him a salve to rub over his body, shield, and spear. This enabled him to perform the prodigious task, but Ætes still refused to give up the Golden Fleece, and even meditated burning the Argo and slaying her crew.

James. What a wicked man! Did not Medea help Jason out of his troubles.

Merry. Yes; she contrived to defeat the plans of her father. At night she led Jason to the Golden Fleece. With her drugs she put to sleep the enormous serpent which guarded it, so that he was able to seize it and take it with him. Before the morning, Medea, with the Argonauts, had departed from Colchis. They reached the Ægean Sea, and after a very circuitous voyage, during which they experienced a multitude of strange adventures, they finally returned to Iolcos, having been absent a period of about six months.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Truth of the Story of the Golden Fleece.—Explanation of it.—The Dardanelles.—Sea of Marmora.—The Eastern War.—Siege of Sebastopol.—Constantinople.—Situation.—History.—View of the city.—The Seraglio.—Arrival.

Seth. Well, I must say that the story of the Golden Fleece is very amusing; and it seems, Mr. Merry, that you believe there was a real foundation for it in history, just as the tale of Robinson Crusoe is founded upon the real adventures of Alexander Selkirk?

Merry. Yes, that is my opinion, because that is the judgment of learned men who have examined the subject. They believe that, in the remote ages referred to, certain Greek adventurers made an expedition into the Black Sea, which attracted great attention at the time, and was so famous as to become the theme of ballads, tales, and histories, for a thousand years afterwards. But as to the precise nature and design of the expedition there is much doubt. Some authors imagine it to have been a commercial, and some a piratical enterprise; but the most plausible solution is, that Colchis was formerly a sort of California, where a great deal of gold was found washed down by the mountain rivulets, and the people were accustomed to collect this by placing fleeces of sheep's wool in the stream. So, as the Argonauts went to Colchis for gold, thus secured, the poets gradually made out of their adventures, the romance of the Golden Fleece. But see! While we have been talking about Grecian mythology, we have come in sight of Constantinople?

James. Indeed! Where is it?

Merry. Here, to the east, directly before us. It is still very distant, and seems only like a speck in the horizon.

Ellen. I think I see it; but what is this sheet of water immediately under us?

Merry. That is the narrow strait of the Hellespont, now called the *Dardanelles.*

Ellen. Oh, dear me! Then this land to the right is a part of Asia?

Merry. Yes, that is Asia Minor.

Ellen. Really, how strange it does seem to find ourselves here looking at Asia—that famous land of which I have read and thought so much.

James. And does this narrow strait separate Europe from Asia?

Merry. Yes: this to the left is Europe; this to the right is Asia. The river varies from one mile to three or four miles, in width. Here is the place where Xerxes and other Asiatic conquerors crossed from Asia into Europe. It is now strongly fortified, as you see forts and castles bristling with cannon, on either side. Here to the left is Galipoli, the ancient Sestos, and to the right is Fort Nagara, near the ancient Abydos.

James. And how long is this strait?

Merry. About forty miles from the Ægean Sea to the Sea of Marmora. The latter is one hundred and seventy miles long by sixty wide, and is connected with the Black Sea by the Strait of Constantinople.

Ellen. How often I have read about these celebrated places! I can hardly realize that I am here; that this sea, now opening before us, is the Propontis, that yonder is the Bosphorus, and that on its left bank there, far away in the blue mist, is Constantinople.

James. I am always puzzled about the names of these places.

Merry. That is perhaps because nearly all these objects have several names. The *Hellespont* is called the Dardanelles; the *Sea of Marmora*, the Propontis; the *Strait of Constantinople*, the Bosphorus; and *Constantinople*, Stamboul.

James. I am very glad to get this confusion of names cleared up. Now that I have seen these things, I shall easily keep matters right. But what a multitude of ships there are upon these waters.

Merry. Yes, you know that Turkey got into a war with Russia, and so France and England have sent fleets and armies to aid Turkey. Most of these vessels are carrying soldiers, ammunition, or provisions for the purposes of this war.

Ellen. Don't you think there is some danger in our going to Constantinople, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Danger of what?

Ellen. Why perhaps the Russians will take the city, and we may be captured with it.

Merry. Even if it should be so, I do not think we should suffer: but at present there are no Russians in any part of the Turkish dominions: the war at present

is raging in the Crimea, where the allied armies are besieging the Russian city of Sebastopol.

Peter. Oh yes, when we were in Italy every body was talking about the siege of Sebastopol.

Ellen. I suppose we shall see a good many soldiers in Constantinople.

Merry. Yes, no doubt: there are some Turkish, French, and English soldiers there, but not a great many. But do you observe?—we are now passing over the territories of Turkey.

Laura. After all, I see nothing very peculiar in these countries: they look a good deal like Greece or Italy.

Merry. Yes, except the tall minarets, or spires, we see on the mosques.

Ellen. And we see here mosques instead of churches.

Merry. And on the minarets you observe the crescent, which is the emblem of Mahommedism, just as the cross is the emblem of Christianity. When we get to Constantinople, you will find that its houses and streets differ from any thing you have seen in Europe.

Seth. Mr. Merry, do tell us a little about Constantinople.

Merry. Certainly. It is one of the largest and most famous cities in Europe. In very ancient times it was called Byzantium, and was the capital of an independent state. Its situation is unrivaled, as it presents the greatest advantages for commerce, while its supplies of fish, and its resources from the products of the earth,

are almost without bounds. The harbor is deep, capacious, and sheltered from every storm. From its shape and its beautiful position, it acquired the name of the Golden Horn, which it retains to the present day. The Roman Emperor Constantine, made Constantinople the seat of the empire, in 328 A. D.; and when, at a later period, the Roman empire was divided into the Eastern and Western, this city became the metropolis of the former division. It continued, indeed, to be the capital of the Byzantine or Greek empire, or, as it is sometimes called, the Eastern Roman empire, till it was taken by the Turks, in 1453.

James. And have the Turks kept it ever since?

Merry. Yes; that is, for about four hundred years.

James. What is the present population of the city?

Merry. About 400,000. It was greatly embellished by Constantine, who built magnificent temples, palaces, and houses, with baths, a hippodrome, and other places of amusement, after the manner of Rome. People were collected from all quarters, and thus, from comparative insignificance, it suddenly became one of the great cities of the world. It has now some splendid edifices, but every thing is changed from what it formerly was. It has, altogether, an Oriental character; the houses, streets, mosques, palaces, etc., being all Asiatic in their style. It embraces a space thirteen miles in circuit, inclosed by triple walls. These are entered by twenty-eight gates.

Ellen. We begin to see the city quite distinctly with the glass, and it has a splendid appearance.

Merry. Yes, externally, Constantinople is very imposing. Its mosques, minarets, and cupolas, rising in the midst of groves of cypresses, shading the hill-sides which slope to the sea, have a charming effect; but we shall see, when we get into the city, that it consists mostly of a labyrinth of miserable, crooked, dirty streets.

James. Oh, what is that magnificent palace in the central part of the city?

Merry. That is called the *Seraglio*, and is the domain of the sultan; it is, in fact, a city of itself, five miles in circuit, embracing apartments, baths, kiosks, gardens, groves of cypresses, etc. It is inclosed by a separate wall; but it is only the inner inclosure, that is devoted to the exclusive use of the sultan. Around are the offices of state.

Just without the seraglio is the principal mosque, called St. Sophia, originally a Christian church, built by the Emperor Justinian, at a cost of five millions of dollars. There, you can see it now!

Ellen. Which is it?

Merry. That building which rises over the rest of the city—its tall dome and lofty minarets seeming to make every thing look little at its side.

Ellen. Oh, I see it distinctly!

Merry. Look around now, and see what a beautiful scene is presented by the harbor, and the city sloping down to its shores.

Laura. It is, indeed, wonderfully beautiful!

James. I never saw any thing so charming!

Merry. Yes; Constantinople, as you approach it, seems the most beautiful city in the world. It is built, like Rome, upon seven hills, each of which is distinguished by some conspicuous object. The first is occupied by the seraglio; the second is crowned by what is called the *Burnt Pillar*, a monument erected by Constantine, and the celebrated mosque of Othman; on the third is the mosque of Solyman; on the fourth that of Mohammed; on the fifth that of Selim, etc. This amphitheatre of peopled hills, and forests of dark evergreens, and the unrivaled port, crowded with the vessels of all nations, present a scene which ever excites the admiration of the stranger. But, as I have said, the interior will disappoint you. Do you wish to stop and see the city?

All the Children. Oh, yes, yes!

Ellen. This is the first Turkish country we have come to, and of course we desire to see how the people look in their turbans.

Merry. Well, here we go—down, down! Now you see we are in Adrianople street; and here is the European Hotel, kept by an Englishman.

Peter. Well, I am glad to get to a hotel, for traveling in a balloon is a dreadful hungry business.

James. I think you generally have a good appetite, Peter.

Merry. There's no disgrace in that, James. I like to see boys with good appetites: and besides, I dare say you would like a bit of good English roast beef yourself.

James. Certainly; and though this Constantinople is a very curious-looking place, I think it will be well to take a lunch before we begin to see its wonders.

Merry. Well, we will select our lodgings here in the hotel, then lunch, and then take a ramble over the city.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Situation of the Turkish Women.—Curiosity.—Streets of Constantinople.—A Bazaar.—Turkish, French, and British Soldiers.—Saint Sophia.—Fountains.—Aqueducts.

Merry. So here we are in Constantinople! Do you see how different the streets are from those of any other city we have entered?

James. Yes, indeed! There seem to be no windows to the houses.

Merry. Such is the custom of the Turks in all countries. The interiors of their houses are matters of strict privacy. A Turk keeps his women shut up at home, and lets no one see them except himself and their nearest relations. If any other man than a relative looks on the face of a Turk's wife, he thinks it an insult or an injury. If a wife shows her face to a stranger, she is likely to get some punishment for it, from her husband. The privacy and seclusion of women is one of the most rigid points of Turkish manners, and hence it is that the houses are without windows, looking into the streets. The only entrance

to the houses is a small door, always kept locked, except at the moment of entrance. The houses are built in squares, with a court in the center, where there are fountains and trees. This court often leads to beautiful gardens; but such is the arrangement, that every house is a prison, of which the master keeps the keys, so that no one enters or departs without his knowledge and consent. This is the system not only in Constantinople, but throughout all the Turkish dominions, as well in Asia as in Europe.

James. But what a jealous, suspicious, selfish, unsocial system it is, to make every house a prison, to make the members of the families prisoners, and the husband and father, a jailor. I should think the women would hate him and try to deceive him.

Merry. Such may be the case sometimes, but those who are brought up to it, probably do not find it disagreeable. At least, not knowing of any other system, they are not likely to be discontented with this.

James. But look here—you see ladies riding in that queer-looking wagon, or cart, drawn by buffaloes?

Merry. Yes, but do you not see that their faces are veiled?

James. They are, but there are little holes for their eyes, and they are looking at us, as if they had the usual curiosity of women.

Ellen. Do you think women have more curiosity than men, James?

James. Such is the common opinion.

Merry. Curiosity is not a vice, James; on the contrary, it is almost a virtue. Curiosity—the desire of knowledge—is one of the chief things that distinguishes man from the brutes. He who has no curiosity, is deficient in the great principle which leads to the expansion of the intellect. He who has no curiosity, will always remain a dunce.

James. Why then is it so often spoken of with rebuke?

Merry. It is idle or impertinent curiosity that is rebuked. This is vicious. To be curious about trifles; to be curious and inquisitive about the affairs of others; to be curious so far as to try to dive into the secrets of others—this is all little, mean, vicious, and shows a little, mean, and vicious mind. Now if you intend to impute this kind of curiosity to the other sex, I think it wrong. If you will reflect a moment, I think you will perceive that it is ungenerous, especially when it comes as a sort of standing gibe, on the part of men, against women. Even in our state of society, we have something of the Turk about us. We deem it best for women to live in a domestic way at home. We consider it improper, indelicate, for women to mix freely in the out-door affairs of life. Seclusion, to a certain extent, is the system in respect to the sex among us. Now we men go abroad freely; we see all that is going on; we mix in the business of the streets; in the business of the great thoroughfares of trade; in the halls of legislation, in political assemblies; in public amusements;

in all the great affairs of life. These things pass under our eyes; they are our business; in them are involved the interests of our lives, our children, our families. And now, consider: when the day's work is done, we go home from these stirring, active, exciting scenes, and meet our wives and sisters, our female friends, where, according to our somewhat Turkish views of society, we have kept them all day, imprisoned. How natural it is for them to ask questions! And does it not savor of Turkish despotism to call such reasonable and natural, and I may add laudable curiosity, a vicious love of gossip, peculiar to the sex?

James. Certainly nothing can be more absurd, unreasonable, ungenerous than this. But do you not think, Mr. Merry, that women are more addicted to gossiping about trifles, and the affairs of others, than men?

Merry. Not at all. As I have said, they are kept a great part of the time in seclusion; they must think of something, they must talk of something. They think and talk of such things as we permit them to see and hear. Men do the same. If a strict record could be kept, I believe it would be found that men gossip quite as much, and quite as mischievously as the women. Indeed, if every vicious use of the tongue inflicted a sore on the offending member, I am not sure but the men would be silenced first.

Ellen. I think our sex ought to be much obliged to you, Mr. Merry, for your defense of them; but see, here are women in the streets who are not veiled!

Merry. Yes, women of the lower classes; those who are compelled to go abroad, and to work in the open air, by necessity, are exempt from the rule which operates on the more wealthy classes. It is said, you know, that necessity knows no law.

James. And here are houses, too, which have windows toward the streets!

Merry. These, as you will observe, are little more than wooden boxes for the habitations of the poor. The windows are not glazed, they are mere holes for the light and air. Being for the use of those who cannot afford to have houses built in quadrangles, and who do not, because they cannot, keep their women in seclusion, they are not shut and closed toward the streets, like the houses of those whose circumstances enable them to consult their tastes. But see—here is a bazaar!

Laura. Oh, I have often heard of the bazaars of Constantinople!

Ellen. But it is only a large row of booths, like those set up for a fair.

Merry. Yes, that is the general character of the bazaars, which are numerous in Constantinople.

James. What a tawdry, pasteboard, handbox look it has.

Laura. But what a variety of things for sale; yet you see, each shop or division is exclusively devoted to one article.

James. And every window is a counter, out of which the goods are shown. Oh, see those soldiers!

Merry. Yes; they are a part of the Turkish army. Do you see that splendid looking officer on a white horse? That is Omer Pasha!

Ellen. Oh dear me! Is that he? He is a great general, and drove the Russians out of Moldavia and Wallachia.

Laura. He is a splendid man, but it seems to me, these soldiers are a miserable looking set.

James. Oh, there are some French troops marching along after the Turks.

Merry. Yes; and still farther yonder, I see the British flag: there are some English soldiers here also. I suppose they are all marching down to the port, to embark for the Crimea.

Laura. They all seem in good spirits. I should think they would be very unhappy, for it is very likely they may get killed.

James. There may be danger in going to war, but I don't suppose the soldiers think of that.

Peter. How do so many men get enough to eat, Mr. Merry?

Merry. There are a great many men and ships engaged in supplying them with food. But come, we must pursue our walk. Look yonder—do you see those tall minarets?

Ellen. I see them. What building is that?

Merry. It is the celebrated mosque of St. Sophia.

James. Oh, let us go there!

Laura. What a strange building it is! It looks

like several buildings, each with a dome, and all crushed and packed together, so as to form one.

Merry. It has, indeed, somewhat such an appearance, and its history will explain the circumstance. It was built by the Emperor Justinian between the years 531 and 537, A.D., and was then a Christian church. It is said to have 170 columns of marble, many of them of very costly kinds, and several brought from the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, and from other celebrated buildings of antiquity. So long as Constantinople continued to be the capital of the Greek Empire, St. Sophia was the principal church of the Greek religion. But in the year 1453, this city was taken by the Turks, and has since belonged to them. They converted the church of St. Sophia into a mosque, and such it has remained for four hundred years. From time to time changes have been made, to take away what gave it the appearance or character of a church, and to render it as completely as possible a mosque, fitted to the worship of Mahomet. But come, let us enter it.

Ellen. It has a grand appearance within.

James. The dome is very fine. Pray, how high is it?

Merry. It is said to be 180 feet in height; that is, a little more than the dome of St. Paul's in London, but considerably less than the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

James. Oh! this interior does not compare with Saint Peter's.

Merry. No; the building, taken all together, is even smaller than St. Paul's. And, besides, do you see how the beautiful floor of variegated marbles is covered with all sorts of mats and carpets? And do you observe the thousands of little cords suspended from the ceiling, and coming down almost to the floor, each cord being decorated at the end with a horse tail, an ostrich egg, a lamp, a vase, or globe of crystal, or some other bauble?

Ellen. Yes. Pray, what is the meaning of all these gewgaws?

Merry. They are intended for ornament.

Ellen. Really! what an absurd, paltry taste these people must have, to conceive that such cheap, useless, and unmeaning things, beautify the place. To my eye they are offensive; they injure the general effect of the otherwise noble interior of the mosque, and seem to throw over it an aspect of childish frivolity.

Merry. Your criticism is quite just. After all, though the Turks are refined in some things, they are on the whole barbarians. Let us now continue our walk.

James. I suppose there are other mosques in Constantinople?

Merry. Yes, I have already told you that there are several hundreds, and some are esteemed finer than this. Nearly all of them have open spaces around them, planted with trees, and embellished by fountains, as we see is the case here.

Ellen. I observe a great many fountains as we pass along.

Merry. Yes, almost every street has its fountain. You see they are all of a square form, with lead roofs and a spout on each side. The aqueducts, which supply these fountains with water, are on an immense scale, and furnish fifteen millions of gallons every twenty-four hours. Some of them were built by the Greek emperors, more than a thousand years ago; others have been built by the Mahometan rulers. One of the ancient aqueducts was 3,900 feet long, and 74 feet high, but a part of it has fallen in ruins, and it is now only 1,800 feet long. All the water comes from the village of Belgrade, at the north-east of the city. Beside the fountains, there are public baths in abundance, bathing being esteemed not merely a luxury, but a necessity among the Turks. A good bath may be had for two cents. All the houses of the rich are also furnished with baths.

Ellen. There is one thing which strikes me as very odd, and that is the general silence in most of the streets: they really look quite dull and melancholy.

Merry. Yes, it is so. At present, in the suburbs of Pera and Galata, there are many strangers. You may there see a great number of French, English, Germans, and even Americans: some are soldiers, some travelers, some idlers, some speculators, all brought hither by the war. But look yonder: do you see that flock of dogs?

Peter. What a lean, hungry looking set! I should think they were wolves.

Merry. They are indeed like wolves: they are half wild, for they belong to nobody and live about the streets upon what they chance to find. There are many troops of them, each band confining itself to a particular part of the city. But see, here are some dervishes.

Seth. What are they—priests?

Merry. Yes, they are what we may call the priests or monks of Mahomedism. There are convents in all Mahometan countries, which serve those who wander about from place to place, as inns. The different orders have each their peculiar rites and ceremonies. The order of *Maulavis* have a humble demeanor, wear coarse cloth, and whirl round with great velocity at the sound of a pipe, and stop instantly as the music ceases. Hence these are called *dancing dervishes.* The superstitious Mahometans think these people inspired, but it is very certain they are a set of cheats and jugglers. Some of them amuse the people with tricks of sleight-of-hand, and others pretend to practice sorcery and conjurations. They sell various articles or amulets, to which they pretend they have given divine power. And, finally, they are notorious for their love of opium and intoxicating liquors.

Ellen. Are there other orders of dervishes?

Merry. Yes, those called *Rufais,* like the fakirs of India, and some of the ancient anchorites, subject themselves to severe bodily inflictions. In their weekly assemblies they get wrought up to a pitch of frenzy,

and gash their bodies with sharp instruments, or hold red-hot iron between their teeth till it gets cool. The *Calendars*, another order of dervishes, dress in a strange fashion. Sometimes they wear cloth made of fragments of many colors; sometimes they wear the skins of tigers or of sheep; sometimes they go half naked, with their skin painted black or red. They wear turbans of odd shapes, and feathers stuck into their ears. They generally carry a stick, or a hatchet, or a drawn sword, and also a plate which they hold out for charity.

There are peculiarities in the other orders of dervishes. In general they are a set of low knaves, who take advantage of their religious character to get money, which enables them to live an idle and voluptuous life. The ignorant mass of the Turks are deceived and cheated by them; but the well informed regard them as they are, mere hypocrites and swindlers. But I think it is time to go to our hotel.

Peter. I have been of that opinion this half hour!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Travelers visit the Seraglio.—A Sultana.—The Sultan.—The Golden Horn.—Galata.—Pera.—Appearance of the Turkish Men.—The War.—Scutari.—Departure.—Conversation about the Turks.—Their Ancestry.

Mr. Merry and his friends continued their walks and talks about Constantinople for two or three days.

They visited the Seraglio, but they found that only a portion of it could be seen by strangers. They wanted to take a peep at the harem of the Sultan, which consists of nearly a hundred women, but they did not ask permission, as no stranger is allowed to visit them. They one day saw two of them carried along in a palanquin. These were very gaily dressed, and carried fans, with which they pretended to cover their faces, though in fact they put their fans aside frequently and showed their black eyes through their veils. Our travelers had a good opportunity to see the Sultan, as he rode out to review some troops. He was dressed in a blue frock coat, pantaloons, and a *fez* or red cap, with a large tassel. They all thought him a very mild-looking person, and I believe he is, in point of fact, very amiable. He has despotic power over his people, however, and this is very likely to be abused, whoever may use it.

The travelers visited the beautiful harbor, called the Golden Horn—which was then filled with ships and steamers, going and coming, with soldiers, ammunition, and provisions for the war. They also went to the suburbs of Galata, Pera, &c. The former is on the shore opposite the Seraglio, which is at the east end of the city. It is very extensive, being four miles in circuit. It has a wall, entered by twelve gates. Here are a great many Europeans, principally merchants, who seem to enjoy something of the liberty of Christian countries. Taverns are permitted here on the European plan. Pera is on a hill to the north-east, its

situation being very beautiful. Here are the residences of most of the foreign ambassadors. Both this place and Galata were crowded with military officers—French, English, and Turkish.

The adventurers were constantly remarking upon the strangeness of every thing in Constantinople. The gravity of the men, with big turbans and long beards, and pantaloons like petticoats; the languid ease with which every body seemed to let time slide, as if they had little or nothing to do; the great numbers of persons sitting in the coffee-rooms, lazily sipping sherbet or smoking their long chibouques; the women about the streets with dresses which made them resemble men; the children dressed in the same garments as older persons, with turbans, robes, and petticoat-pantaloons, making them appear like little old people. These, and many other things, afforded topics of constant interest and observation to the party.

One day our voyagers crossed the strait to the western side—that is, in Asia Minor—and visited the suburbs of Scutari. This is a large place, containing 60,000 inhabitants. It stands on the declivity of several hills, and when seen from Constantinople, its appearance is charming. Here is a palace of the Sultan, with extensive gardens. Here, also, is the burying-ground for Constantinople. It is seven miles long, planted close with cypress trees, and crowded with graves. In some places they saw the skeletons of bodies that had been dug up and devoured by the dogs.

At last, having been a week in Constantinople, and

having satisfied their curiosity, they mounted their balloon and took their departure. Yet such was the impression made upon the minds of the children, by this remarkable city, that they continued to talk of it, while they were rapidly drifting along to the north-east. Their conversation went on as follows.

James. These Turks are a very strange people,—different in dress, complexion, manners, temper, and religion from the other nations of Europe. Indeed, they hardly seem to belong to this quarter of the globe.

Merry. That is quite true, they are of Asiatic origin, and still bear an Oriental stamp.

Ellen. But, Mr. Merry, are not all mankind of Asiatic origin?

Merry. That is the general belief.

Ellen. What, then, is the difference, in this respect, between the Turks and other European nations?

Merry. The ancestors of the other nations of Europe, as the English, French, Germans, &c., came from Asia two or three thousand years ago, while the ancestors of the Turks came from Asia only four hundred years ago. And beside, the religion, manners and customs of the Turks, are like those which prevail extensively in Asia, and are unlike those which prevail in Europe.

James. Won't you tell us, Mr. Merry, the way in which Europe was peopled from Asia, and also give

us an account of the origin and progress of the Turks.

Ellen. Oh, yes, it will be very interesting.

Merry. But who will watch the balloon while I am talking history to you?

James. I will, Mr. Merry.

Merry. Well, let it drift along, just as it is. We are now sailing over the Black Sea, but there is nothing of particular interest in this quarter. Here, Peter, keep hold of this rope! There—steady!

CHAPTER XXXV.

How the various Nations proceeded from Adam and Eve.—The multiplication and migration of Mankind after the Flood.—Process by which the forms, complexions, and character of Mankind were diversified.—Why some are Black and some White.—How some devoted themselves to Commerce, and others to Manufactures, &c.—Settlement of Europe.—Migrations from Central Asia.—Overthrow of Rome.—Origin of the Turks.—The Seljukian Empire.—Togrul Beg.—Ortogrul and his Band.—Romantic Story of Othman.—A bit of a Breeze among the Voyagers.

Merry. I will now go on with the story. As I said, it is the general belief that all the nations of the earth sprung from Adam and Eve, and that these were situated in the Garden of Eden, no doubt in the valley of the River Euphrates. After the flood, people multiplied very rapidly in this valley, and

thence some migrated into Africa, and settled in Egypt and Nubia; others migrated into Asia Minor, and thence passed into Greece, where they established the Grecian States; others still proceeded to the eastward and settled in India and China. These things took place four or five thousand years ago.

In this manner the different quarters of the globe were occupied by mankind. But in the course of many hundreds of years a very curious change had taken place. The people living in hot countries, and dwelling almost always in the open air, and going without any clothing, grew very black, and by degrees came to have wooly hair, the sun having crisped and crinkled it, just as if it had been burnt by a barber's curling tongs. Thus originated in Africa the race of negroes. The people living in cold countries, being obliged to cover their bodies with clothing, and to live a great deal of the time in houses, and the sun also being often obscured by clouds, their skin, of course, became white, their hair fine and light-colored, and their eyes the color of the blue sky. Thus originated the people of the north of Europe.

Ellen. I can understand how the complexions of races were changed, but they differed in other respects.

Merry. Yes; other causes operated, also, to change the form, stature, and character of mankind, and to divide them into distinct races. Some people, living along the sea-shore, and eating nothing but fish, after several generations, became little oily, fat fellows, like

the Laplanders. Others, dwelling in mountains, and living by hunting wild animals, inasmuch as they had generous food, and used a great deal of exercise, became tall, strong, and energetic, like the Georgians and Circassians.

The habits of nations were changed in a similar manner. In hot countries, where Nature supplied abundance of fruits, and where clothing and shelter were not needed, the people continued to be lazy, poor, and degraded, like the negroes, from generation to generation. In countries where winter prevails several months in the year, the people, being compelled to provide food by cultivating the soil and laying up a stock of it—being, also, obliged to make warm clothing, and to build strong, tight houses, so that they might not perish in the long, cold winters—became industrious, frugal, and instructed in many arts. Here architecture, or the art of building houses, sprung up; here manufactures, or the art of making clothing of fur, wool, cotton, flax, &c., as well as the art of making furniture for houses, and the art of making tools of all kinds, were begun and brought to perfection.

James. This is very curious. I had never thought of it before. It seems to me that the minds as well as the bodies of people must in this way be greatly influenced by the climate in which they live.

Merry. Certainly; in a warm country, where people do not need to work, they are apt to be idle and lazy, in mind as well as body. People who live in cold

countries necessarily become thoughtful. They require not only toil, but they must exercise care, ingenuity, skill, in order to secure comfort and happiness.

James. Pray, excuse me, Mr. Merry, for interrupting you. Please go on with your account of the way in which nations are influenced by their position.

Merry. Well, people living upon the borders of the sea, after a time, learnt to make boats, and then ships, and finally they became a nation of sailors. At first these went from one place to another as pirates or robbers, like the early Greeks, but at length they became traders. They bought articles produced in one country, and exchanged them for the products of other countries. This was what we call commerce. In order to accommodate this traffic, cities were built on the shores of the sea, where there were good harbors, and here people from all the surrounding country brought such articles as they had, and sold them. Some had found gold and silver and precious stones; some had collected furs, some had cultivated wheat, and rye, and fruits, and flax, and cotton. All these things were bought by the merchants of the cities, either for the food of the people there, or for the use of the manufacturers, or for the purpose of being sent by sea to other cities in exchange for more necessary articles produced there.

Laura. This is very interesting, and instructive. I never could comprehend before how the world could be peopled by such a variety of nations and tribes, and all descended from one father and mother.

Merry. Yes, it is in these and various other ways,

as we see, that mankind, in the progress of thousands of years—though they all sprang from Adam and Eve—became changed in complexion, and form, and character; thus they became broken into separate nations, and thus these separate nations became devoted to different pursuits. Nor is this all. In these different communities, different forms of government sprang up; different religions came into vogue—and, thus the great human family not only presented a diversity of personal appearance, but the greatest variety of ideas, tastes, fashions, and fancies.

In this way we easily account for what history teaches us, that, while all the nations of the earth are of the same parent stock, they have—through the influences of climate, local position, and the tendency to diversity implanted in the physical nature of our race—become divided into thousands of distinct tribes, speaking different languages, and having different institutions, social, political, and religious.

Ellen. Will you tell us, Mr. Merry, something about the migrations of tribes and nations from Asia into other countries?

Merry. Yes; you will observe that, at the present day, a great part of the world is occupied by civilized nations; but, it was not so two or three thousand years ago. Then all Europe was in a wild state, like our western territories, and were occupied by a few roving savages, who had spread themselves, during a series of ages, over the country. These gradually increased, and at last whole tribes of emigrants became established

here. Two thousand years ago, France, and England, and all Germany, were inhabited by barbarians, of Asiatic origin, who lived by hunting, war, and plunder. They worshipped idols, sacrificed human victims, and even feasted on human flesh.

These rude people had come from a country in Central Asia, which we call Tartary. There, as it appears, mankind increased very rapidly; and, as they had no doubt heard of the vast country to the west, which we call Europe, frequently a whole tribe or nation would quit their houses, and emigrate into the new territories of Europe. They often moved in vast bodies, many thousands at a time. Their houses were tents, which they carried with them. They took their wives and children, and their horses and cattle. Sometimes their tent-houses were set on wheels, forming a kind of covered wagon. Here the wife and children slept, and here the few necessary articles of furniture were kept.

When they came to a fine, rich plain or valley, they would often stay several summers, and perhaps cultivate the soil. After a time they moved on. When they met with another nation or tribe, the two would fight, and the strongest would rob the other. Thus for thousands of years the surplus population of Central Asia was forced into Europe, wave after wave. In this manner came the Celts or Gauls, who settled in France; thus came the Saxons, who settled first in Germany and then conquered England; thus came the Scoti, who migrated through Spain and Ireland, to Scotland;

thus came the Danes, the Swedes, and Norwegians, called Normans or Northmen; thus came the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and various tribes of Germans, who at last quitted their homes in the north of Europe by thousands, and moving southward, overturned the Romon empire and established themselves on its ruins, all around the rich and populous borders of the Mediterranean Sea.

James. These were the people, called in history, the Barbarians of the North.

Merry. Yes, and this great movement changed the whole face of the civilized world, inasmuch as it extinguished the arts, refinements, books, paintings, statues, and other fruits of civilization, and established over Europe the Dark Ages, which continued a thousand years.

Seth. Ellen told us about that.

James. Yes, but Mr. Merry, please tell us what followed.

Merry. This fall of Rome took place in the fifth century, that is, about 1400 years ago. Though the result was a long period of ignorance, violence, and superstition, yet at last light began to dawn from this sullen night of ages. One by one the present kingdoms of Europe were founded, and gradually advanced in power, knowledge, wealth, and general improvement. Thus, in due time, Europe was occupied by new races, the old ones being swept away or mingled with the people who had conquered them. These new races, though

sprung, remotely from the rude and savage emigrants of Central Asia, were still of European birth. For many hundreds of years, they and their fathers had been possessors of the soil. Their complexion, forms, features, habits, manners, language, had all changed, and had conformed to their new countries and their climate.

Laura. When was it that the Turks first settled in Europe?

Merry. It was at a time—about five hundred years ago—when the nations had reached the condition I have just described, that the Turks invaded Europe. This people, like those we have described, originated in Central Asia, where are still to be found small tribes just like their remote ancestors. The present Ottoman Empire dates back for 850 years, when Seljuk, a Tartar chief, was compelled to quit the court of Bighoo, Khan of the Kipzack Empire—situated in what is now called Independent Tartary. He settled in the region of Samarcand, and there founded a small state. He was a man of great talents, and died at the age of 107 years. One of his grandsons was the famous Togrul Beg. The latter being upon the throne, sent an ambassador to Mahmoud, emperor of Ghizni, then a flourishing empire within the present limits of Affghanistan, and which had swallowed up a great part of Persia.

When Mahmoud asked about the country which the ambassador represented, he replied, "Send one of the two arrows I hold in my hand to our camp, and fifty thousand men will come to your orders; send the other

arrow, and fifty thousand horse will come; but dispatch my bow, and two hundred thousand will march hither at your command!" This reply is said to have filled the heart of the proud monarch of Ghizni with terror, for he seemed to foresee, what soon happened—the subjection of his own empire by the numerous and restless Tartars of the north.

Togrul Beg, conscious of his power, soon enlarged his dominions by the conquest of the territories adjoining him. He conquered the northern portion of the province of Khorassan, now a part of Persia, and then a portion of the Ghiznan empire, and was crowned as khan or king at Nishapoor, A. D. 1078.

Thus the dynasty of the Seljukian Turkey was founded, and this may be considered as the remote beginning of the Ottoman empire. Alp Arslan succeeded his father Togrul Beg, and greatly extended his dominions; he even had wars with the Greek empire, and took one of its emperors prisoner, whom, by the way, he generously set at liberty. Thus began the contest between the Turks and the Greeks, which ended in the overthrow of the latter, and the establishment of the former, in the capital of Constantinople.

James. What do you mean by the Greeks and the Greek empire, Mr. Merry?

Merry. The Roman empire was divided into the Eastern and the Western. Of the latter, Rome was the capital. This was overthrown in 476, A. D., as has been stated. Of the eastern Roman empire, Constanti-

nople was the capital. This continued as a great power till it was finally overthrown by the Turks in 1453.

James. I understand now: please go on with the history of the Turks.

Merry. Well: the Seljukian kingdom continued for nearly 150 years, at one time having conquered Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. At length, however, the monarchs sunk into insignificance, and became mere pageants of the Mogul emperors. But in the course of their wars, the Turks had established a small king dom in Asia Minor, the first sultan of whom was called Solyman. Under his successors this was mostly frittered away, and the greater part of their possessions passed to the hands of their enemies. But after a time a very curious event happened.

It seems that another Turkish chief, also called Solyman, fled from Tartary before the terrible invasions of the Mogul conquerors. The fugitives took with them their wives, children, sheep, and cattle. For seven years they found shelter in Armenia, but then, thinking that the storm of war was blown over, they set out to return to their home, which was then called Kharism —a county in Independent Tartary, and now called Bokhara. In crossing the Euphrates their leader was drowned. The command was divided between his four sons, and the whole tribe was thus divided into four bodies.

A leader of one of the bands, was called Ortogrul, and having about 400 people, he determined to make

his way back to the former possessions of his ancestors in Asia Minor. At this time, the several occupants of these territories were at war with each other, and Ortogrul justly concluded that he would have a chance of redeeming his fortunes among a people thus divided.

One day as he was marching along, he fell in with two armies in fierce conflict. Without stopping to inquire into the cause of the dispute, or the character of the combatants, Ortogrul took the generous resolution to help the weaker party. Accordingly he struck into the thickest of the fight with his warriors, and this unexpected assistance determined the victory on the side he had chosen. The conqueror proved to be the Seljukian chief, Aladdin. He was so much pleased, that he rewarded Ortogrul by the present of a district in the mountainous borders of Bithynia, well suited to the pasturage of the sheep and cattle belonging to the tribe. This took place A. D. 1280. But perhaps I had better stop; you look very sleepy, Peter.

Peter. Well, I guess I'll take a nap: but you can go on; you won't disturb me.

Ellen. Oh yes, do go on!

Merry. Well: it appears that at this time there was a Turkish sultan who held the city and state of Iconium, which was a fragment of the kingdom founded in Asia Minor, by Solyman. He was engaged in constant wars with the emperors of Constantinople, who not only held the territories formerly belonging to the Greek empire in Europe, but claimed all Asia Minor, as well as other

possessions in that quarter. Ortogrul soon distinguished himself as a warrior, and rapidly enlarged his dominions. Such was his fame that he was at length appointed commander of the forces of the sultan of Iconium, and he was thus enabled still further to extend his territories and his power.

Upon the death of this chief, A. D. 1229, his son Othman was chosen to succeed him, on account of his superior bravery. He is generally considered as the founder of the Turkish Empire, and which from him is called the *Ottoman Empire.* He was a favorite with the Sultan of Iconium, who authorized him to hold as his own any Christian lands or estates he might conquer. The young warrior did not fail to profit by this permission, and so rapidly did his territories increase that the Turkish emirs or princes, who held estates in that quarter, became jealous of him, and laid a plan for killing him.

This was to be consummated at the castle of a distinguished emir or chief, on the occasion of his wedding, to which Othman was invited. He was warned of the plot, and determined to have his revenge. So he accepted the invitation, but begged that his mother and her female attendants might be present. This request was granted. At last, the day of ceremony arrived, and the guests began to assemble. There now appeared a long train in female attire, but all closely veiled—proceeding towards the castle. They were said to be the mother of Othman and her friends, and therefore they were

admitted into the place, though the chief himself and his knights were gone to fetch the bride. But no sooner had these seeming women entered the castle than they threw off their veils, and to the horror and amazement of the people around, they were discovered to be the body-guard of Othman, armed to the teeth! In a moment they struck down the few soldiers that attempted resistance, and speedily possessed themselves of the place.

About this time Othman himself went with a chosen band in search of the bridal party. He soon found them, on their way to the castle. The bride was exceedingly beautiful, and her dress was glittering with the rich jewels of the East. Othman and his soldiers attacked the escort of the bride, and a fierce battle ensued. The bridegroom, who was greatly enraged, singled out Othman, and for a long time they fought together. Such was the terrible fierceness of the encounter, that the other combatants suspended their conflict, and looked on with mingled wonder and fear. At last Othman slew his competitor, and the bride was carried off in triumph. Thus he not only baffled the plot of his enemies, but he gained a castle and a large tract of territory. So that the beautiful lady might still be a bride, he gave her to his son as a wife, and she seemed to be very well satisfied with the arrangement.

James. That is really a very romantic story.

Ellen. It is rather bloody and violent, however.

Merry. Such is the character of all Eastern history, as well as all Eastern romance.

Ellen. Yes; and is it not wonderful that we are not shocked and revolted by such stories; yet, in point of fact, we seem to be fascinated by them?

Merry. It is certainly so. We read accounts, with great interest, of events and scenes, which were they actually to happen before our eyes, would sicken our hearts with terror and disgust. The reason is, that in these cases the imagination only paints the general view—the mere lights and shades—while it hides the details. In general, these scenes are represented as taking place in some distant region, perhaps in some remote age of history, and this distance of time or place, throws a veil over the grisly horrors of death and violence. If you look at a distant mountain, it seems smooth, and gentle, and soft, yet were you to visit it, you would find it made up of ghastly ravines, wild precipices, hoary forests, rugged cliffs, and dusky vales. Distance clothes it with the azure of the atmosphere, and hence the poet says,

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

There is in the human imagination something like this azure, which throws an enchanting mist over the blood, and agony, and terrors of history, and endows its scenes with the enchantment of romance.

Ellen. I am delighted to hear this explanation of what had often seemed so strange to me. But in regard to the bride you have just spoken of Mr. Merry, it seems to me no romance can make her appear amiable, for she seems all at once to have given up her

lover and taken another, and one who was probably concerned in the death of the first!

James. Why, of course, she thought it better to have a living husband than a dead lover!

Ellen. Oh, James, what a speech!

Laura. Oh, James, how can you talk so!

Ellen. Oh, James, you are a real Goth!

Laura. Oh, James, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Ellen. I'm astonished at you, James!

Laura. I couldn't have believed such a thing of you, James!

Ellen. I never heard such a speech before!

Laura. I can hardly believe my ears!

Merry. Stop, stop! No more of this. Why, you'll set the gas on fire, and our balloon will be burnt up, and we shall all be tumbled down some eight or ten thousand feet.

Peter. Well, Mr. Merry, suppose instead of taking a tumble we just stop and take something to eat. That's a long story you've been telling, and I am real hungry.

Merry. Your appetite seems to be always pretty sharp, Peter.

Peter. Yes, especially after a discourse on history, or geography, or philosophy. However, I listen to what is said, and perhaps I remember it as well as some others, who talk more about it.

Ellen. Perhaps you allude to me Peter?

Peter. No, I don't mean anybody in particular. But, see here, I have got every thing ready for our lunch!

Seth. That's right, Peter. I think you fill your office of cook very well.

All the Children. Yes, yes—Peter is an excellent provider for a long voyage!

Peter. Well, perhaps you understand now, why I talk so little: I have a good deal to do to take care of you. You laugh at me for being always hungry: I think you have pretty good appetites as well as myself.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Continuation of the History of the Turks.—The great Power of the Ottomans.—Capture of Adrianople.—Siege of Vienna.—The Turkish Power broken by Sobieski.—Cause of the Eastern War.—Ostensibly for the Protection of Turkey.—Really to promote the ambitious Views of France and England.—Siege of Sebastopol.—The voyagers approach that place.—View of the Allied Fleet.—Description of Sebastopol.—Symptoms of a Battle.

Ellen. You told us, Mr. Merry, how the Turks became established in Asia Minor, but you did not complete their history.

Merry. Very well—I will give you a brief sketch of the remainder. When Othman, whom I have mentioned, succeeded his father in 1289, his dominions were small:

but he was an ambitious and able ruler, and he rapidly extended his sway. His successors followed in the march of conquest. All Asia Minor fell before them, as well the adjacent countries of Syria. The mighty empire of the Saracens, founded by Mahomet, was overturned and finally swallowed up by that of the Ottomans. At last this growing power, which had now wrested from the Greek empire all its Asiatic dominions, passed the straights which divide Asia from Europe, and in the year 1360, made the conquest of Adrianople. Here they established the seat of their government, and continuing to make incessant war upon the emperor of Constantinople, finally took that city, after a desperate and bloody assault, in the year 1453. This has been the Turkish capital from that time to the present day. The Ottoman dominion continued to increase, until it became the most formidable state in Europe. All Christendom stood in awe of its power. It rapidly extended its conquests, until, at last, in 1683, having subdued the adjacent territories, its army laid siege to Vienna, the capital of Austria. At this time they suffered a fatal defeat from the Polish army under Prince Sobieski. They were consequently obliged to retreat, and from that time, the power of Turkey has gradually declined, until now it is a feeble and inferior state.

Ellen. And this war between England and France on one side, and Russia on the other, is for the protection of Turkey from the power of Russia?

Merry. This is the professed object of the war; but, doubtless, France and England have other things in view. Kings and princes are very selfish and very jealous. The rulers of France and England think Russia is too powerful and too ambitious, and very likely the Czar of Russia would really be glad to add Constantinople to his dominions; and, were he to do so, this would doubtless make him a very dangerous neighbor to all the surrounding states. So England and France have interfered, not so much for the benefit of Turkey as for their own. But, do you see that ship immediately below us?

Ellen. I see it; and I have seen a great many other ships as we have been sailing along over the sea.

Merry. But, take the glass, and look carefully down upon the deck.

Ellen. Oh, horrible!

Laura. What is it?

James. Let me look!

Seth. Why, what's the matter, Ellen?

Ellen. Oh, dear; the whole deck of the ship is covered with men, all wounded and bloody! What does it mean, Mr. Merry?

Merry. These men have been fighting at Sebastopol.

James. Where is Sebastopol?

Merry. There to the north; you can just see it, low down in the horizon.

James. And are those vessels which we see yonder, the allied fleet engaged in the siege?

Merry. Yes; but what a dreadful scene is this, on board the ship! Here are at least three hundred poor fellows, sent, here to die or, if they recover, they will most of them be maimed for life. One has lost an arm, another a leg, and another is so scarred in the face, that even his nearest friends would hardly know him.

James. And here is another ship, also loaded with wounded soldiers.

Laura. Oh, it is too horrible. What a dreadful thing war is!

James. It is very dreadful; but yet I want to go to Sebastopol and see the fighting.

Seth. And so do I.

Peter. And so do I.

Laura. But, won't it be dangerous, Mr. Merry?

Merry. How dangerous?

Laura. Why, it is said that the armies are continually discharging cannon, and mortars, and all sorts of destructive engines at each other. If one of their shots should strike our balloon, there'd be an end of us.

Merry. I think we can keep out of the reach of their shot. What do you think of it Ellen?

Ellen. The scene would be very fearful, but still very interesting.

Laura. And would you like to see it, Ellen? Are you not afraid?

Ellen. I am not afraid, for Mr. Merry will take good

care of us. I should like to witness what, after all, must be one of the most grand and sublime spectacles on earth—two great armies engaged in battle.

Laura. It is horrid enough just to think of men's killing each other: the sight of it would be too dreadful. And, besides, I am afraid some stray shot would hit us.

Merry. We can just sail along, and take a look: there is no danger in that.

Laura. Well, I should like to see Sebastopol, and the fleet, and the armies; but, if they begin to fight, you'll get out of their way, won't you, Mr. Merry.

Merry. I'll try to avoid all danger, at least.

Ellen. But, Mr. Merry, Sebastopol is still a great way off: while we are approaching, pray tell us about this war. You have told us how the quarrel began; but, why is it continued? Why don't the allies and the Emperor of Russia make peace?

Merry. It is often difficult, my dear Ellen, to understand the real objects of nations when they go to war. They usually set forth certain reasons or motives for their conduct, but these are not always the real ones. In this case, France and England say, as I have already told you, that Russia has been, for a long time, gradually conquering other nations, until, at last, it has acquired an extent of dominion and a degree of power, dangerous to the other nations of Europe. They say, also, that Russia wishes to conquer Turkey, and add this territory to its vast possessions. It was to prevent

this that France and England at first interfered; or, at least, such was their pretence. But, now, you will see, that Russia is not making war on Turkey, but the allies are actually making war on Russia.

Ellen. Yes, that is what I have often thought about: Sebastopol is a Russian city, and the Crimea, which the French and English have invaded, is Russian territory. The Russians, therefore, are defending their own country.

Merry. Yes, such is the aspect of the case now. In the first instance, however, the Russians marched into the Turkish principalities, and actually threatened Constantinople. The Turks defended themselves with some bravery, but they would have been overwhelmed, had not the allies come to their aid. These sent a large fleet into the Black Sea, consisting of many ships of war, which threatened the whole Russian coasts. They also dispatched large armies toward the scene of conflict, and these were marching to meet the Russians, when the latter thought it best to retreat. They therefore evacuated the principalities, and retired within their own territories. Russia then offered to make peace, and to agree never to invade Turkey. But by this time France and England thought they saw great advantages in crippling the power of Russia. Both England and France wished to destroy the Russian navy, for by that means their own power would be greatly increased. They would in that case become masters of the Black Sea, and without conquering Turkey, they

would be, in effect, its masters. Now Sebastopol was the great station of the Russian navy, and was the chief bulwark of the Russian power, in this quarter. The Czars seem to have foreseen the day when they might have to contend with the powers of southern Europe: so for many years they had been fortifying this place. You can now just see the walls of the city. If you look through the glass, you will observe that it is a stupendous pile of stone mason work, raised in solid masses one above the other, and all bristling with cannon. It is really one of the most formidable forts in the world.

Ellen. It is indeed wonderful; surely the allies can never batter down such immense works!

Merry. I am not certain of that: the huge cannon shot now in use, make sad havoc with mason work walls. But hark! I think I hear the roar of cannon.

Laura. Oh Mr. Merry, don't let us go any nearer.

Ellen. Don't be afraid Laura: I do so want to see the city and the besieging army. I should really like to see a battle.

James. And so should I. Dear me—here we are right over the fleet! What a set of black looking things these ships are, especially the steamers.

Seth. And see that cloud of smoke rolling out of the side of that ship.

Peter. Yes, and here comes the roar of the cannon.

Merry. The ships are actually firing upon the town.

James. Yes, and I can see puffs of smoke coming

out of the holes in the forts of the city. There—do you hear that yelling along the air? I suppose these are the sounds of the cannon balls.

Merry. Yes, and a strange hideous noise they make. Are you frightened Laura?

Laura. Yes, I am frightened, but still I want to see a little more of it.

Merry. Well, we will approach closer to the town. We have now a fine view of the place. You observe that here is a narrow opening from the sea into the land. It is a sort of bay and is surrounded by high, rocky headlands. This is the harbor of Sebastopol. On the southern side, is the chief part of the town, and here are the most powerful forts. On the northern side, there are also several strong fortifications. To the west is the mouth of the bay, and the open sea, and here are the allied fleets. The Russian ships are in the harbor; some of them, as you see, are sunk near its mouth, to obstruct the entrance, so that the vessels of the enemy cannot come in. To the south are the armies of the allies.

James. What an astonishing place: why, these forts seem like an immense city. Some of the walls are over fifty feet high.

Ellen. Dear me—I can see the people in the town, and the soldiers in the fortifications, marching about in all directions.

Seth. So can I—but they look like so many insects.

Ellen. Take the glass, Seth, and you will see that they are real men.

Seth. It is true. What immense numbers of soldiers!

Merry. Yes—but look yonder to the south: there are the allied armies.

Ellen. Oh, what a host! Why, they are spread out over the whole country for several miles.

Merry. Yes; it is indeed a sublime spectacle. There is something grand, yet awful in this game of war!

Peter. How long has the siege continued?

Merry. For about a year.

Peter. And have they been fighting all this time?

Merry. Yes; almost constantly.

Seth. Why, where do they get powder and shot for such constant and long continued warfare?

Merry. The government of Russia has been gathering ammunitions of war into Sebastopol for the last ten years. Thousands of tons of powder, thousands of cannons, thousands of fire-arms, and millions of cannon balls have been heaped up in the magazines of the place. Hundreds of ships have been employed for the last year in bringing supplies to the allied forces. It is said the whole earth, between the forts and the besiegers, is ploughed up, and paved with cannon shot, which have been hurled forth in this conflict.

Laura. Oh, it is really too frightful!

James. Don't be alarmed, Laura! We are up here at a good distance, and quite out of harm's way.

Laura. But it is said the sharp-shooters have rifles

which carry balls a mile or two, with deadly precision and effect. I have read accounts of these men creeping along near the forts, and picking off the Russian soldiers like so many squirrels. Suppose one of them was to put a bullet through our balloon?

Ellen. Do you really think there is any danger of that, Mr. Merry?

Merry. None whatever. You may rest assured, I will keep clear of all danger. I am anxious to remain here, for by the general activity which prevails in the camp of the allies, I am quite sure a grand attack is about being made.

James. You know we were told at Constantinople that the allies had carried their trenches close to the forts, and it was expected that they would soon attempt to take the place by storm. Perhaps they are now preparing for this.

Merry. Is is quite likely. The sun is setting, and I am inclined to the opinion that the assault will begin with the dawn.

Ellen. Oh, let us stay and see it.

Merry. What do you say, Laura?

Laura. Oh, I'm willing to stay; there is something fascinating about it, after all.

Merry. Well, we'll ascend a little, so as to get into a tranquil atmosphere; you can then all go to sleep, so as to be ready to see the battle to-morrow. If any thing happens I'll wake you up.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All Hands Awake.—A Night View of the Battle Field.—Sentiment and Poetry.—The Soldier's Dream.—The Morning.—A Battle.—Fearful Scenes.—A Sharp Shooter sends a Bullet through the Balloon.—A Catastrophe.

James. Are you awake, Mr. Merry?

Merry. Yes—but don't disturb the other children.

Ellen. I am awake.

Seth. And so am I.

Peter. And so am I.

Laura. And so am I. I have scarcely been asleep at all. It is so wonderful to look down upon the town, and see the lights here and there, while all around is an abyss of darkness. And then to look at the camp, and see the watch-fires scattered over the plain, for miles, like stars of flame, in a sea of night—is most striking.

James. You are quite poetical, Laura.

Merry. No poetry can come up to the actual scene.

Laura. And I can't but think, Mr. Merry, of the poor fellows here, each of whom has a home and friends —father, mother, brothers, sisters, living in their own country. Here they have hard fare, often in some miserable tent upon the bare ground: and they are liable, at any moment, to be called to battle in which they may lose their lives—or what is worse may be wounded and rendered cripples for life. Oh it makes me sick at heart to think of it!

Merry. This is a very natural train of thought, Laura, especially when looking down as we do, upon the actual scene of warfare.

Laura. It reminds me strongly of the touching poem of Campbell—the "Soldier's Dream."

Ellen. Oh I remember—it is most beautiful: repeat it Laura: it will be very appropriate here.

Merry. Yes, Laura: repeat the verses.

Laura. I will try to do so.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to rest and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn and sunshine arose on my way,
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,
In life's morning march when my bosom was young—
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay—stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn—
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

Ellen. These are very interesting, very touching lines, no doubt; but there is something more spirit-stirring in the "Battle of Hohenlinden," by the same poet.

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn but scarce yon lurid sun,
Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun
When furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in the sulpherous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Merry. These are very animating stanzas, certainly; they seem to paint the battle to the eye, and to enlist the feelings strongly in the contest, even without our knowing or caring which side is right or which is wrong.

James. Yes, there is something in it which interests me deeply—more than I can express. After all, I should like to be a soldier.

Laura. What, rush into a battle, merely for the love of fighting?

James. I do not know what the feeling is: but, Laura, have you not read Tennyson's lines describing the charge of the Six hundred British heroes, upon the whole body of the Russians?

Laura. I never saw them.

James. I read them in a newspaper at Constantinople. It seems that during a battle, through some

mistake, an order from Lord Raglan, the commander of the British army, came to Lord Lucan, the captain of the Light Brigade,—a portion of the British cavalry,—to advance and attack the enemy. Lord Lucan saw that the movement was like rushing into the jaws of death, with all his brave followers; but his heart told him that the duty of a soldier was to obey, and so—regardless of danger, he drew his sword, gave the command, and with his six hundred men, flew across the field like so many heroes, in the very face of the entire Russian army. The scene is thus described by Tennyson:

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward—
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Charge! was the captain's cry—
Their's not to reasoning why—
Their's not to make reply—
Their's but to do and die—
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred!

Cannon to right of them—
Cannon to left of them—
Cannon in front of them—
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the midst of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare—
Flashed all at once in air—
Sabreing the gunners there—
Charging an army while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre stroke,
Making an army reel,
Shaken and sundered,—
Then they rode back—but not—
Not the six hundred!

Cannon right of them—
Cannon left of them—
Cannon behind them—
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well,
Rode through the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred!

Laura. The description is fine: the terrible picture is placed very distinctly before the eye, and

we naturally sympathize with the gallant men, who thus, from a sense of duty and high emotions of courage, rushed to their doom. But still, there is another point of view: consider the result—look at the field after the struggle is over. Go there, and read the true history of war.

Merry. There is great justice in your views, Laura. War is at once sublime and revolting. There are two modes of viewing the theatre of war—the battle-field. One is to look at it in the mass, and regard only the great spectacle. Then it becomes grand, and fills the mind with great emotions. We only see the vast moving bodies—not as individuals—but as armies, directed by great minds, contending for great objects, animated by lofty and heroic sentiments. But let us take another view; let us single out one man, and suppose him a father, a son, a brother; a being full of feelings,—of hope, love, friendship: let us follow him. With his companions, he rushes into the fight, and we soon see him fall to rise no more. His hopes are quenched, his existence extinguished for ever. And the news of his death will go home to his mother, and his sister, and his wife, and his children, and the mourning of their hearts will never be put off! Of those who go into the battle with him, side by side, one drops on the field, his leg torn off by a cannon shot; another looses an arm, another receives a bullet in some more vital part of the body. And there they lie, the dead, the wounded, and the dying, in one

bloody bed together. The feet of horses pass over them: the earth around is ploughed up by raking grape-shot, or the more ponderous cannon ball. And here lie the poor creatures—the living even more wretched than the dead. Those are sleeping their last sleep—but these—the wounded—some shrieking in agony, some delirous in the coming spasm of death, and others still, who cannot die, and who yet have no better hope than to have their shattered limbs amputated, and then to go forth, maimed, crippled,—the image of God, in which they were created—despoiled, without hope and without remedy. And all this, which is but a feeble picture of the truth, is done to gratify the pride, the vanity, the ambition of kings. Thus, war viewed on the surface, so as to hide its realities, may seem sublime: but when we look closer, and read the history of war in the experience of individuals, it is cruel, brutal, detestable. But see that terrific flash of fire running along the whole line of the French army!

James. Yes, and hear that awful roar, like the sound of prolonged thunder.

Ellen. And see that cloud of smoke, rolling up from the plain, toward the skies.

Merry. I see—it is now tinged with reddish light,—the first break of day.

James. But how still it is yonder, after that terrible broadside.

Merry. Yes, but if I mistake not, you will soon



ATTACK UPON THE RUSSIANS AT SEBASTOPOL. p. 309.

hear it repeated. By the dawning light, I can see that the whole plain is alive with masses of men, moving toward the Russian forts. Here to the right are the French troops; to the left are the British. There—do you see that line of light, leaping along the whole front of the allied army? Hark—what a fearful sound—as if it were the voice of an earthquake!

James. And there it comes again!

Ellen. Oh, it is so light now I can see the whole allied army. They are rushing in a body against the Russian forts. At the same time a thousand cannon seem to be pouring their shot upon the enemy.

James. But why don't the Russians reply? They are as still as death!

Merry. Wait a minute, and you will hear from them. There they go!

James. It is grand! Do you see they have sent their shot right into the thickest of the French army? Why they are scattered like chaff!

Merry. Yes, for a moment only. Do you see them—the officers are rallying the men. They are again in good order. They advance!

Laura. God of mercy! Can these things be permitted? What demons men are when their passions are once roused by the sight of blood!

James. There come the English! I don't like them much, but still, I can't but feel a sort of pride in the red coats. How steady they go to their work. I wish I was one of them!

Merry. You see the French are attacking that great mass of batteries at the right, called the Malakoff fort. The English are attacking the Redan fort, here nearer and to the left. It is now one general battle. The whole field is covered with smoke!

Ellen. Still, I can see, here and there, through the openings in the cloud, the terrific struggle. Oh, it is wonderful!

Laura. It is dreadful.

James. It is sublime. I wish I was among them!

Merry. Which side would you take?

James. I really don't know which side: I should like to be in the thickest of it: it is so animating!

Laura. Oh, James, James, don't talk so: you shock me beyond measure.

Merry. Come, come, Laura: no quarrelling. James is a boy, and speaks and feels like a boy: you are a girl, and speak and feel like a girl. But see—the cloud of smoke is cleared away. The firing has ceased. The allies are in full retreat. Do you observe that British officer carrying a white flag to the Russians!

Ellen. Yes—what is that for?

Merry. He is going to ask for a suspension of hostilities, that the two armies may bury their dead. Let us go a little nearer, so that we can take a view of the battle-field. Open that valve, Seth: there—that will do! Now you find we are so close that we can see the poor fellows lying scattered all over the ground, as far as the eye can reach. What a ghastly

scene! See yonder—a whole heap of dead and dying men! And look here—directly beneath us—in the Russian forts! The whole line of entrenchments is reeking with blood. It is really too awful.

Ellen. Oh, we are observed, Mr. Merry. One of those sharp-shooters is aiming his rifle at us!

James. Yes, and there goes his bullet right through our balloon.

Merry. It is too true. Steady there, Seth—Peter! Steady! Why the gas is all rushing out. Draw that rope tight—tighter! It is of no use! The balloon is collapsing like a burst bladder! Dear me—we are descending right into the Malakoff fort!

James. Oh dear—Oh dear!

Laura. Don't be frightened, James. Let us all keep still, and Mr. Merry will do the best that can be done.

Ellen. We are now close to the fort. There is a Russian officer looking at us. See, he orders the soldiers to stand ready to receive us!

Seth. We shall all be taken prisoners!

Ellen. Well, I don't believe they'll hurt us. That Russian officer is smiling at us: see, he waves his hand!

Laura. That must be General Gortschakoff, the Russian commander. What a grand looking man!

Merry. There's no help for it: there we go: down—down—down———!

Peter. This is a pretty pickle!

* * * *

Here ends the story as given to us by Mr. Robert Merry. I am only able to add, that he and his party were kindly received by the Russians. In two days, having mended their balloon, they took their leave, and three days after, the Russians being driven from their forts, by the continued attacks of the allies, retired to the north side of the city, and occupied their entrenchments there.

The subsequent travels of our balloon adventurers, must be deferred for some future volume.

PETER PARLEY, *Editor.*